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TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XXIV.

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DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, JULY, 1890. No. 1.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The "Schoolmaster's Club" of Boston.

ONE of the best illustrations of the trend of sentiment, among teachers of our public schools and "unsectarian" educational institutions, is furnished by the report of a meeting of the "Schoolmaster's Club" lately at the Brunswick, a fashionable hotel in Boston. This meeting was not composed exclusively of country pedagogues, but was graced by the presence of a professor of Harvard; of a "classical scholar and writer of verse;" of the superintendent of schools at Worcester; of a Doctor of Philosophy; of the master of the Hancock School, Boston; and of a teacher of the High School in Cambridge. Col. Higginson and James Russell Lowell sent letters of regret, and were prevented from attendance only by imperative necessity; and, if they had been present, we have no reason to suppose they would have dissented from the general sentiment and spirit of the proceedings.

What strikes us forcibly, in reading the report of those proceedings in the Daily Globe, is the fact that not one word was said about the importance and necessity of moral and religious instruction and training for the rising generation. The subject which occupied the attention of the speakers was "the aims and methods in the study of literature." How a company of intelligent and learned teachers could discuss such a subject, without a single allusion to the danger arising from the pernicious literature of the day, with which the country is flooded, without a word on the necessity of creating and encouraging a sound and healthy literature, with good moral tendency, surpasses our comprehension. Can our readers believe that this distinguished company of educators not only did not advocate such a literature, but the poet of the occasion actually perpetrated some verses which were a slur upon doctrines held dear and sacred, at least, by the three hundred million Catholics throughout the world, and a distinguished speaker justified the reading of hurtful literature by the boys and girls of our schools, on the ground that the pernicious effects

would be counteracted by the public schools? It seems almost incredible. One would naturally suppose that ordinary prudence would dictate a judicious reserve on a subject so offensive to the moral sense of a large portion of the community. But the fact that the sentiments to which we allude were boldly announced, without a single word of dissent or protest, shows, we think, to what an alarming extent the teachers of our public schools and colleges are becoming impregnated with a corrupt and demoralizing paganism.

To show our readers that we are not doing injustice to the very respectable body, upon whose proceedings we are commenting, we transcribe here, first, a stanza of the poem to which we alluded, and which is said to have been read by our distinguished poet, Christopher P. Cranch, represented as "slender and white-haired," and who spoke of himself as probably the oldest man present. Pity, it is, that we cannot say his gray hairs have brought him wisdom. The report says:

"Mr. Cranch then read a poem which he had written recently, called the Hymn of the Sunrise, the general subject being the elevation of humanity in history. One stanza of the poem reads:

"Dull priest, of a doctrine degraded, that tells of a curse and a fall,
Of the wrath of a rancorous God, of a doom that is lurking for all,
Webs spun by a spider of fate, to catch the unwary and frail—
Your creed is a shell and a fossil—your preaching a fabulous tale!
When the world has vaulted in error, what else could the hierarchs say?
But the rise, not the fall of the race, is the wholesome belief of to-day."

This, it will be observed, is a direct and cruel thrust at our Christian faith. Then follows a thrust at Christian morals by a doctor of philosophy, William A. Lambert, who is said to have used the following extraordinary language:

"There is the literature of knowledge," said Dr. Lambert, "and the literature of power, whose purpose is to move, not to instruct. This latter we should teach.

"Boys read fight and adventure, girls read the affectionate and tearful, what an ancient maiden whom I know called soft books. Give the patient what he craves, it is nature's prescription. There is a danger in this sort of reading; but there is also an antidote in the schools, and who before me can cry *non peccavi?* No one. Then why should you fear its tendency?"

That language needs no comment, and these are the men who are trying to discourage parish schools, and to compel all Catholics to send their children to the public schools. We sincerely hope that those Catholics who have been inclined to favor the public schools, notwithstanding the law of the Church requiring them to send their children to their parish schools, and who have been slow to believe that there was any dangerous tendency in the public schools, will be convinced by the utterances of the "Schoolmaster's Club," which we have quoted, that they have been mistaken. There cannot be a reasonable doubt that the tendency of the public-school system in this country, as well as in France, Italy, England, and other European countries, is to "liberalism," which is nothing more nor less than infidelity, and tends directly, logically, and infallibly to Agnostic Atheism. In

France, they have actually introduced an Atheistic Catechism into their schools, and in this country a text-book was not long since rejected by a school superintendent, of the Schoolmaster's Club stripe, simply because it recognized the existence of God as the Creator of the world. The only hope of the preservation of our Christian traditions is in a resolute, loyal support of our parish schools, and the sooner our people learn this important truth the better. H. L. R.

What Men Like in Women.

BEFORE I shall have occupied the space allotted to me to talk in this familiar way with you, I want to answer a question which comes to me from one of the Journal sisters. She asks: "What are the qualities in women which men most admire?" I will tell you.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women.

Men like in the first place amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and the knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being.

They like sympathy — which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like a knowing how to grow old gracefully.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by the bye, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies, and quiet colors; not by showy colors or designs.

They like intelligence; but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion, a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them; who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes; who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly, and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it.

They like women to be affectionate — there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how repressive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not like a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

St. Anne de Beaupré: The "Auray of Canada."

More than two centuries ago, Mgr. de Laval, the illustrious Bishop of Quebec, gave this remarkable testimony as to the devotion towards St. Anne, then existing amongst the people of New France.

"We confess," he says, "that nothing has more effectually assisted us in bearing the burden involved in the pastoral care of this infant diocese, than the special devotion manifested by the inhabitants of these countries towards the good St. Anne, a devotion which we are confidently assured distinguishes them amongst all other people."

This devotion has increased proportionately with the growth of that infant colony. In 1665, Marie de l'Incarnation wrote as follows to her son, Dom Claude Martin:

"Seven Leagues from here," she wrote from Quebec, "is a village called Petit-Cap, where there is a Church of St. Anne; our Lord has wrought great wonders there in favor of the mother of the most Blessed Virgin. There paralytics walk, the blind recover their sight, the infirm, whatsoever their infirmity, are restored to health."

So wrote the saintly religious in the latter part of the seventeenth century. So may it be written now nearing the close of the nineteenth.

Somewhere about 1658, the parish of St. Anne may be said to have had its origin, when the Fathers of the Society of Jesus said Mass and administered Sacraments in improvised chapels. They were, indeed, its first pastors. There is a tradition tolerably well authenticated by the finding of certain remains, that many years subsequent to this date a chapel had existed. The tradition further asserts that at a remote period some Breton seamen, in fulfilment of a vow made when in peril of shipwreck, had constructed at Petit-Cap, some distance from the present Basilica, a rude frame building as a shrine to St. Anne. Their thoughts had evidently turned to distant Auray, and the patroness dear to their childhood.

In 1660, a pious *habitant*, in gratitude for some favor received, gave the ground for the building of a church, the corner-stone of which was laid by M. d'Aillebaoust, governor of New France, and the site of the church solemnly blessed by the Vicar-General of Quebec, M. Vignal. It was begun by M. Thomas Morel, at that time curé, and completed by M. Filon. Cures are recorded from the very beginning, the first being that of a laborer, Louis Guimont, who, suffering from a painful malady, went in a spirit of faith to place three stones in the foundation of the new church. He was instantly cured. These, and many other authenticated prodigies, are related in a pamphlet, "The Miracles of St. Anne," published some ten years after the erection of the church by the curé, Thomas Morel. In 1668, Father Henri Nouvel, a Jesuit Missionary, received from the Cathedral Chapter of Carcassonne, in France, a relic of St. Anne, a portion of a finger-bone. It was accompanied by this inscription, in the hand-writing of the

Bishop of Petra: "*Impulit nos hujus ecclesiæ celebritas in qua jam plura miracula ope beatæ Annæ perpetrata sunt.*" *

Scarcely was the church erected when pilgrims began to flock thither. The savages were no less numerous nor no less devout than their French-Canadian brethren. The pious traditions of the spot were borne to them in their distant settlements by Jesuit and Recollet; and they came from the far extremities of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from the shores of the great lakes. On these occasions, multitudes of canoes covered the surface of the water, in the neighborhood of Beaupré, and such was the fervor, we are told, of the children of the forest, that they were known to drag themselves on their knees from the landing-place to the church, no inconsiderable distance.

In 1787, the church was almost entirely rebuilt, pilgrimages became more numerous than ever, and for nearly a hundred years cures and prodigies of various kinds were multiplied. In 1871 it became necessary to rebuild once more. This time the bishops of the Province called upon the faithful of their respective dioceses to assist in the work. The result is the truly magnificent temple, which has replaced the rude frame building of the Breton Mariners. In 1876, His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, amid a great concourse of priests and people, solemnly transferred the relics from the old church to the new, the church wardens carrying a canopy of crimson and gold over his head, while the elders of the parish bore the picture, which so long had hung above the main altar, and others disputed for the privilege of carrying one of the crutches or other ex-voto. The hearts, which had been presented by the bishops of the several dioceses, were also transferred, to hang before the new shrine of the Saint, as they had done before the old. In this year of 1876, on the 7th of May, our Holy Father declared St. Anne to be the special Patroness of the Province of Quebec without detriment to the title of St. Joseph as Patron of all Canada.

It was the good fortune of the writer to visit St. Anne's on two occasions, the first being that of a public pilgrimage, which is well worthy of description, the second, privately, when there was more opportunity for detailed observation.

One bright and warm July morning, we boarded the steamer, which was in waiting at the wharf, in Montreal, to convey the swarm of human beings to their pious destination. With those then on board, and many who joined us at various points along the route, I learned that the pilgrims numbered fourteen hundred. They were a motley collection; amongst them the crippled, the diseased, the blind, and the deaf. One might suppose that every form of human misery was there represented.

The St. Lawrence was gloriously blue and bright as we set sail over its broad bosom. The vivid sunlight of a typical summer day lay on the wharves, the Custom-House, and on the ancient Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, which was the first stone edifice erected in Montreal, with its figure of Mary looking out over the waters.

*The celebrity of this church, in which several miracles have already been worked by the intercession of St. Anne, has moved us.

Villemarie was a city worthy of its name, that morning, with the towers of Notre Dame rising boldly into rivalry with the verdure-clad Mt. Royal.

As we left the shore, the pilgrims burst into a full and lusty chorus, "Ave Maris Stella." I may here remark that the French-Canadians, even of the humbler sort, have a peculiar talent for music. As they formed the majority on this occasion, the chorus was by no means unmelodious. With the singing of that hymn began, so to say, the regular business of the pilgrimage. There were numbers of priests on board to direct the exercises. The beads were recited at intervals of about half an hour, after which came the singing of hymns, especially an old French-Canadian *cantique*, in honor of St. Anne, which runs somewhat as follows:

"*Vers son Sanctuaire*
Depuis deuxcents ans,
La Vierge à sa Mère
Conduit les enfants
En touchant la plage,
Nos pères Jadis
Lui firent hommage
De ce beau pays.
Puisque le Saint-Père
A nous vous donna
Montrez vous la Mère
De ce Canada."

These and innumerable other stanzas each followed by the chorus:

"DAIGNEZ, ST. ANNE, EN UN SI BEAU *jour*,
De vos enfants agreer l'amour."

Every three or four hours we had a short discourse from one of the priests. And so the day wore on. At every village, which we passed, the steamer put in to shore, and a new band of pilgrims came on board, always accompanied by the curé of the parish. At Boucherville, a pretty village situated a short distance from Montreal, and noted as having itself a pilgrimage-chapel of the Sacred Heart, half the population joined our ranks. Their curé was, indeed, one of the chief organizers of our pilgrimage. It was evidently a gala day for Boucherville. The church bells pealed their merriest, flags were everywhere displayed, and the *habitants* came trooping down to the shore, whether to embark or bid God-speed to their more favored brethren. The scene was picturesque to a degree, and quite a feature of it was the Clerks of St. Viateur in their foreign-looking semi-monastic dress. They have a college at Boucherville, and from this college came a respectable detachment.

Then we went on past Repentigry, Varennes, L'Assomption, and a dozen other quaint little villages, every one of which gave us its quota of pilgrims to the good St. Anne. Even after the darkness had set in, our boat still stopped, and our pilgrims still continued to come on board. And always we set sail again with the invocation of "The Star of the Sea," each time the chorus swelling louder and fuller. By nine o'clock, or thereabouts, these interruptions had ceased. The

stillness was, thereafter, broken only by the sound of prayer, or of song. At half past seven, the last sermon was preached, and the priests then took their places at confessionals, sometimes improvised at the door of state-rooms. There they remained, relieving each other all night long. The day had darkened slowly, and the glow, so exquisite, of a Canadian sunset, had lit the sky westward, and faded, reluctantly. The river, as the light was withdrawn from it, seemed to grow broader and broader, causing its shores to disappear farther and farther from sight, as if it grew impatient of its boundaries and longed to thrust them aside. In the darkness the scene, both on the river and on board the steamer, became more and more impressive. The hymns began to have an almost weird effect, the chorus echoing through the starlight.

"Le ciel en est le prix
Que ces mots sont sublimes
Les plus belles maximes
Voilà tout le compris."

Somewhat before midnight, most of those who had been fortunate enough to secure cabins, went to bed. Mattresses and pillows were also brought, and improvised beds made upon the floor of the saloons, where tired pilgrims stretched themselves to snatch a few hours' rest.

A few of us, oppressed by the heat, went out upon the fore-deck, and there remained long, long, after midnight. It was a strangely solemn scene; that mighty river, so vast in the darkness, rushing on with so resistless a force. Above, the deep blue of the sky, thickly studded with stars, shining down on the apparently immeasurable waste of waters. From out its depths, memories seemed to arise of sterner times in this new world of ours, when the St. Lawrence, the life stream of this northern civilization, played so great a part in the drama then being enacted by soldier and missionary, by trader and colonizers.

At half past three in the morning every one was astir for prayers, which were then said aloud. The principal saloon had been transformed into a kind of Oratory, with a great statue of St. Anne presiding. At its foot knelt two impressive figures; we had left them there after the sermon of the night before, and there they still remained. One was a crippled man, the other an aged woman.

After morning prayers, one of the priests arose to say a few words upon a subject, which, I think, is of sufficient interest to mention here. Archbishop Bourget, who ranks so high in the history of the Canadian Church, had just then died. He had expressed the intention, before his death illness had seized him, of accompanying our pilgrimage. So the priest announced that as death had prevented the holy prelate from visiting St. Anne's, we were taking with us a golden heart, symbolic of his, which was to be left at the holy shrine. He invited us to write our names on slips of paper, to be enclosed in the heart, and left with it, to all time, as a remembrance of our visit. The proposal was eagerly hailed, and much emotion was manifested by the French-Canadians, who regarded Mgr. Bourget as a saint, and even in his lifetime credited him with the working of miracles.

Between four and five o'clock we reached Quebec which lay gray and ghostly in the white light of the dawn. The citadel frowned down upon us, and the time-worn walls seemed solemnly to remind us of their antiquity. The streets were, of course, deserted, and the usually populous Dufferin Terrace was unenlivened by the presence of a single lounger. Here we bade farewell to our steamer, the Canada, and embarked on two little boats lashed together, the Pilgrim and the St. Nicholas. As we rounded the sharp point, and steered towards Pointe Levis, we caught a magnificent view of the citadel, thence we steamed on and on, past historic places where martyr and general, Huron and Iroquois, voyager and cavalier, have written their stories imperishably. As the echoes of *Ave Maris Stella* and *Daignez Ste Anne* died away, the day began to brighten, and the early sunlight to glisten on the tin roofs of Isle d'Orleans, itself resting greenly on the surface of the water. Very shortly we found ourselves nearing that lovely shore, so justly called Beaupré, so exquisitely green, so delightfully undulating is it. In the distance were hills thickly clad with verdure, the falls of Montmorency sending up their showers of glittering spray, smiling shores covered with prosperous farms, and the spires of village churches, while the river, still broader here than elsewhere, formed a perpetual enchantment. A few moments, now, brought us within full view of the church, nestling in the shadow of the Laurentian hills. Its bells rang out a greeting to us, and we landed with much bustle and excitement. The priests rushed forward first, each hoping to have time to say Mass in the short space at our disposal. We had to pass over a wooden bridge, which one of the settlers with a trace of Yankee shrewdness had built as a speculation. As somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand pilgrims visit Beaupré during each summer, and each one pays toll, the speculator is, no doubt, well repaid.

We thronged into the church, from which another pilgrimage was about going out. Masses began at every altar, the lay-pilgrims, one, and all, communicating. After Mass we advanced to the altar to kiss the relic of St. Anne. Those who had special infirmities went afterwards to the sacristy to have the relic applied. After Mass, there was a rush for breakfast, which many of us took at the convent. Then the blessing of pious objects, a short stroll through the village, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and we were again afloat. My second visit to the shrine gave me an opportunity, as I have said, of examining more in detail, the church and the village. On this occasion, we set sail from Quebec on an ordinary market boat; there was some delay as to our starting, which gave the writer an opportunity to slip away through some of the narrow winding streets of Lower Tower, till she found herself in the square, before the historic little church of Notre Dame de Victoire. In front of it, the square is full of booths, displaying a motley collection of merchandise. In the wall of the church, on either side of the entrance door, is a tiny shop, wherein china, and divers other wares are for sale. The interior of the church is pretty and bright looking, its most striking feature being the altar,

which consists of a series of towers in brown and gilt, representing the Turris Davidica. I cannot stop here to dwell upon the connection between this little temple and various events in Canadian history, from one of which, an important victory gained, the church took its name.

The market-boat soon carried us off, and, in less than two hours, landed us at St. Anne's. We went straight to the convent, where the feminine portion of our party were hospitably received. The convent is under the charge of the gray nuns, as these Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul are familiarly called in Canada. It stands upon an eminence difficult of ascent to man and beast, but affording a magnificent river view. In the bright moonlight of that night at St. Anne's, I looked out from the upper gallery of the convent upon the vast expanse of the St. Lawrence, the low-lying shores opposite, misty with distance, and the hills of the Laurentian chain extending southward as far as the eye could reach, and there was nothing to be desired in beauty of prospect.

The village of St. Anne proper consists of but a single street, extending along the river bank, and on the slope of the mountain the people, numbering some one hundred and fifty families, give a total of eight hundred communicants. These simple *habitants* know little or nothing of the great world. They keep the primitive customs of early days, and poverty, drunkenness, and crime, are almost unknown amongst them. The church, recently created a Basilica by our Holy Father, is the centre of life in that little village of Beaupre, and many of the houses bear some outward sign that they are prepared to offer hospitality at very moderate prices to pilgrims.

The church, the presbytery, and the sacristy, occupy a conspicuous portion of the village street. In the rear of the latter is a species of shop, where pious objects and mementoes of the spot are sold. On the opposite side of the street is the chapel of processions, which stands upon the site of the former church. It is constructed out of the materials of the old church, and contains some of its memorials, chiefly pictures, more quaint than beautiful, usually representing escapes from shipwreck, or the like. One, consisting of a group of miniature portraits of the Queen of France and her children kneeling before St. Anne, is probably of some artistic value. The altar is extremely ancient. The chapel itself being on a height, bears some resemblance to the Scala Sancta of St. Anne d'Auray.

The presbytery is a handsome cut-stone building, erected by the Redemptorist Fathers, who have become so identified with St. Anne's, and to the zeal and courtesy of whom pilgrims are so much indebted.

The Basilica is one hundred and fifty feet in height by sixty-four in breadth, and gives the impression of being much larger. The interior decorations are rich and in a somewhat florid style. The eight altars are donated by the bishops of the several Canadian dioceses, the high altar being the gift of his eminence, Cardinal Taschereau. The lateral chapels, that is to say, the decorations, as well as the altar and statue in each, are owing to the generosity of individuals, or of com-

munities. That of St. Francis Xavier is the gift of the Jesuits, another of the Oblate Fathers, another of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, another of the diocese of Three Rivers. The Stations of the Cross, each one a fine basso-relievo, are given by families or individuals. In the sacristy, among other objects of interest, is an engraving presented by the celebrated French-Canadian writer, the Abbé Casgrain, to the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the parish of St. Anne's. It is a very ancient engraving, and as the quaint device inscribed upon it declares, is the true portrait of Friar Didace Pelletier, a lay brother among the Recollets, who died in odor of sanctity in the Mission of New France, in 1669, and whom God has honored by various miracles. Over the high altar hangs the well-known picture of St. Anne, attributed to Lebrun. It represents the Eternal Father, with St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin, having two pilgrims at their feet. Below are the arms of the donor, the Marquis de Tracy, at that time Viceroy of New France. The picture was given in gratitude for a narrow escape from shipwreck. A silver lamp, which also dates back to those primitive days, was presented by M. de la Chenaie, another of the worthies of the French régime in North America, and a silver reliquary, by Mgr. de Laval. A crucifix of massive silver remains in eternal remembrance of the Cid of New France, the Sieur d'Iberville, the most distinguished of a family of heroes, who won their laurels both by sea and land.

In the sacristy is still shown the chasuable worked by the royal hands of Anne of Austria for this sanctuary *d'outre mer*. It is richly wrought in gold and silver, red being the groundwork. The vandal hand of time has touched it but lightly, although the brilliant court, within whose circle it was fashioned, has faded almost into a myth. This, with two pictures, painted by Luc Lefrançois, Recollet, who died in 1665, and presented to the Church by the Bishop of Petra, are the chief memorials which bear date in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. Amongst the more modern ones, besides those already noted, is a gorgeous banner, used on state occasions, and presented on St. Anne's Day, 1875, in the name of himself and a number of subscribers, by Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec. Six richly gilt hearts hanging around the shrine contain the names of the chief benefactors of the Church in the respective dioceses of Canada. Three of the principal families of the parish are represented by gorgeous, stained windows in the chancel.

Thus the old and the new are ever blended at St. Anne's, and names and memories remain interwoven with it which are also imperishably connected with the history of Canada; for, amid the hosts of pilgrims that have worshipped there, came Laval, the baron-bishop of the proud line of the Montmorencys, who sacrificed the splendors of a luxurious life at court to evangelize the children of the forest; came de Tracy and de Fontenac, d'Iberville and d'Aillebaoust, with the devout chieftains of the Huron or Algonquin, as well as the Jesuit heroes, who have made the very name of New France immortal, and the Recollets, who, so brief their stay, though so hard and perilous

their lives, have seemed to glide, shadow-like, through early Canadian annals.

The Basilica contains two sacred relics of St. Anne, the first, a portion of the finger-bone already mentioned. It is wrapped in a precious veil, which is declared to be neither of wool nor linen, but of a tissue between the two, and enclosed in a rich reliquary, guarded by angels in gilt, and adorned with *real* precious stones. The second relic was brought from Rome by Rev. M. Raliberté, Curé of Saint Michael de Bellechasse. The parish also possesses a valuable relic of St. Francis Xavier, besides relics of St. Remi, St. Valentine, St. Deodatus, St. Benedict, St. Amantis, St. Cesarius, St. Eulalie, and others.

In the central nave stands the statue of St. Anne, of great height, and placed upon a pedestal, so as to be seen distinctly from all quarters of the church. Around it are displayed a bewildering number of offerings made to the shrine, each one in gratitude for some favor received, jewelry and other valuable ornaments, hearts of gold and silver, spectacles, staffs and crutches. Of the latter there are four pyramids constructed, of the same height as the great pillars of the church. One rarely enters the Basilica at any hour of the day without finding in prayer at the base of the statue some of the afflicted, and by their earnestness of mien, and the fervent clasp of their uplifted hands, one realizes that faith is there. Never did that calm, majestic figure of St. Anne appear more impressive than in the dusk of an August evening, when we answered the summons to night prayer, usually recited aloud at half-past seven. The church was dim, except for the light of the Sanctuary lamps, and the faint reflection of a dying sunset, playing in ghostly fashion through the naves. It was still; only the subdued voice of the religious, in the pulpit repeating the night prayers, broke the silence. The worshippers were few, compared to the multitudes who thronged the edifice at morning; but they seemed intensely earnest. I took away with me that evening my most distinct and most solemn recollection of St. Anne's.

I have said nothing, as yet, of the fountains, one, in the square outside the church, of cut stone, surmounted by the statue of the Saint; the other, more primitive, in front of the ancient chapel. These fountains have been truly a stream of living water. Numberless beings, stricken with the varied infirmities to which humanity is subject, have come thither to be made whole. Thousands of pilgrims visit the Shrine every week of summer, or as long as navigation lasts. They come from busy centres of American commercial life, where one might suppose the nineteenth century and its material spirit entirely prevailed, and the hard hands of toil are clasped at the feet of the Mother of Mary. They come from brilliant scenes, where life wears its holiday garb, and hands that have only touched the rose-leaves of existence, are uplifted, too, in supplication. Miracles are seen on the occasion of every pilgrimage. They are become so frequent and so numerous as scarcely to create surprise. The account of authentic cures are published month after month in the Annals of the Good St. Anne. Deaf-mutes recover speech and hearing, the lame

walk, and the blind see. Nowhere has the power of God been more abundantly manifested. Truly, "God is wonderful in his saints," and as if to confound the unbeliever, with his favorite objections of faith-cures and nerves and imagination, children in arms, and toddling little ones, are constantly the object of the good saint's protection. The "Auray of Canada" is well worthy of its title, and of the recognition which our Holy Father bestowed upon it. In September, 1887, the crown of gold, the gift of Leo XIII., was solemnly placed upon the statue, by His Eminence, the Cardinal, in the presence of a great multitude. The faith of the people seemed at that moment recompensed. Two hundred odd years of devotion to this glorious patroness, in which the Dominion of Canada has outrivalled *la nouvelle France*, was then sealed with the approbation of the highest authority upon earth. All that remains for the church of Beaupré is the ceremony of consecration which in a few short weeks will take place. From the mustard-seed cast upon these shores by the Breton sailors has arisen this mighty tree.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

Lines

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF THE REV. C. P. MEEHAN, IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

In this lone spot lies dreamless sleeping,
With still hands folded o'er his pulseless breast,
One who on earth fulfilled a noble mission,
Ere star-crowned angels called him to his rest.
Yet, why sleeps he neglected in this silent shade?
Where black obscurity in triumph reigns;
Where memory droops for lack of generous aid,
And cold indifference unmoved remains.
Since first they placed him in this cheerless cell,
Hither I've wandered ere the close of day,
Oppressed with grief to find not a line to tell
The stranger for whom to stop and pray.
Spring flowers will deck this mount with plenty,
The summer birds with sweetest music call;
But who will not perform a sacred duty,
To erect a monument, and make known to all
Where lies the man whose fame ascended
Like incense, sacred, pure, sublime,
Whose name and works, though life be ended,
Shall live beyond the bounds of time?

Dublin, April 29th, 1890.

R. M. S.

A LAMP is broad at the top and narrow at the bottom; that is the shape of our heart, which we must always keep open to heavenly things and good thoughts, but closed to things of earth.—*St. Catherine of Siena.*

Did He Go to Canossa?

It seems to be conceded, by the world at large, that Prince Bismarck has been obliged to recede from the proud position in which a powerful intellect, an unbending will, a concentration of purpose impossible to a man of ordinary mould, and a life-time of incessant toil had placed him as the real monarch of the united fatherland, the autocrat of European policy, the mighty chancellor whose proud but silly boast years ago was: "We will not go to Canossa."

What did he mean? Why should he draw a parallel between himself and Henry IV., whose long and bitter persecution of the saintly Gregory VII. has written his name upon the pages of history blackened with an ineffaceable stain. Ambitious, unprincipled, arrogant, utterly selfish, was the career of that German monarch who afforded Bismarck a comparison by which to express his own determination of crushing and persecuting the Church of God to the bitter end, and of flinging to the winds the gentle but unyielding remonstrances of the Vicar of Christ.

Henry IV., of Germany, was not a Protestant, because the whole of Europe was Catholic at the time he lived; but his Catholicity was of a very doubtful character. The aggrandizement of his own dynasty was dearer to him than the peace of Christendom. When God raised up in the person of the saintly Hildebrand a pontiff, able to cope with the evils which afflicted the Church, and determined to suppress the wrongs which the violence of monarchs and the weakness of clergy and people had allowed to take root in the heart of Catholic Europe, the German king rebelled. He was unwilling that the Pope should rule; in other words, he was not willing that the bishops and clergy living in his realm should enjoy that liberty for which the Church has ever contended.

He raised the standard of revolt; he put up an anti-pope; he attacked Gregory; and, by the hands of accomplices, he even attempted to murder the Holy Pontiff.

Henry did not appreciate the power of faith in the hearts of his people, nor understand the weakness of his position should their loyalty to conscience and to their sovereign come into conflict; but when the excommunication of the Pope placed him in his true light before them, and they beheld him no longer as a Christian king but as an obstinate, ungrateful son of the Church, an outcast from his father's house, then he found in them no longer the blind, slavish rabble he had been wont to look upon as dumb instruments of his ambition. He found his power leaving him, his troops melting away, his friends estranged, his hopes destroyed. He found that for the sake of policy he must make concessions; he must humble himself to avert the certain ruin which awaited his ambitious projects. He therefore made known his determination of going to Italy and paying homage to the Holy Father.

Had not the king become reconciled to the Church before a year

of his excommunication expired, he would have lost his right to the throne; for, not only did the laws of Germany take away the throne from an excommunicated sovereign, but the German emperors always sought to be crowned by the Pope in person. De Maistre tells us that the emperor was deemed to hold his august character from the Pope, and to "be truly emperor only by the imposition of his hand." Henry IV., though often styled emperor, was never consecrated, and had no right to a higher title than that of king; but he endeavored to usurp the power, not only of an emperor but of the Pope himself.

In January, 1077, Gregory VII. set out to meet his persecutor, with an escort furnished by the pious Matilda, of Tuscany. Having reason to suspect treachery and violence from the German king, he retired into the fortress of Canossa, where he awaited the arrival of Henry, who was received not as a sovereign, but as an abject penitent, being obliged to spend three days in penance and humiliation, before coming to the presence of the Holy Father. The king then abjured his errors, expressed himself as ready to give any satisfaction required, and solemnly swore to abstain from further hostilities against the Pope.

How badly these promises were kept, how wicked and hypocritical was the subsequent career of the ambitious monarch, are matters of history. And how his example and his humiliation were both imitated a few years after by another oppressor of the Church, Frederick Barbarossa, is also a familiar story to the reader. Many years later, a French emperor, flushed with victory, and blinded by pride, said contemptuously of the venerable Pontiff, Pius VII., "Does the old man think that the muskets will fall from the hands of my soldiers at his command?" And the sad story of Napoleon's retreat over the frozen plains of Russia, showed how terribly this silly vaunt recoiled upon the head of the vain boaster.

Sometimes error seems to prevail, and the children of the Church wait long years for the dawning of deliverance; but the war waged against the Catholic Church in Germany, though bitter, was short-lived. Scarcely a score of years has passed since the King of Prussia, the proud victor of the Franco-Prussian War, received the crown of Emperor of United Germany, in the palace of the French kings at Versailles. Seldom has a conqueror in modern times met with greater success than that which followed the arms of William; and for this success he deemed himself, in great measure, indebted to his trusty and vigilant henchman, Prince Otto Von Bismarck.

As king of Prussia, he had treated his Catholic subjects kindly and justly, and, by the constitution of 1848, had guaranteed their liberty and independence, placing them upon an equality with other religious denominations recognized by the state; but the growing power and influence of the Church under this regime of liberty alarmed alike the Protestants and the infidels of Germany, and in an evil hour the "Kulturkampf," or "battle of progress" was commenced by Bismarck, endorsed by the emperor and supported by the power of the empire.

The first step in the secularizing of Germany was the suppression of the Catholic division of the Ministry, in July, 1871. Protestants were given absolute control of Catholic institutions, and a law against liberty of speech in the pulpit was enacted. The clergy were not even to have the poor privilege of expressing disapproval of these arbitrary measures.

Then came the religious orders in charge of schools and charitable institutions; how were they to be bound and gagged? The problem was quickly solved by driving them out of the country, first the Society of Jesus, then the others; and the world was presented with one of the strangest spectacles ever dreamed of; educators banished in the name of education, scholars driven from the land in the name of culture, helpless women made homeless and destitute in the name of progress.

In 1873, the celebrated "May Laws" were introduced into the Prussian Landtag by Dr. Falk, the new minister of Public Worship. These laws gave to the state entire control of the education of the Catholic clergy, the appointment and removal of priests, the approval of ecclesiastical censures and penalties, and the right to enforce these unjust measures by fines and imprisonment. The statutes of the Prussian constitution, which were violated by these new laws, were repealed. The years 1874, 1875 and 1876 witnessed the enactment of even more severe measures, until, in 1878, all but three Episcopal sees in Germany were vacant, and hundreds of thousands of people were left without the comforts of religion.

The Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, and the Bishops of Paderborn, Treves, and Münster were first impoverished by heavy fines, and then thrown into prison like common malefactors. The clergy who refused to elect successors to them were fined, and in many cases, imprisoned; priests were not allowed to perform the slightest religious function without the authority of the state; and the greater part of the Church property was bestowed on "old-Catholic" bodies, who, though few in number, and without influence, were encouraged by the government simply because they were cut off from the communion of the Mother Church.

But the German Catholics were made of sterner stuff than their oppressors imagined, and although deprived of their schools, their bishops, and their pastors, they showed an unbroken front to the enemy, and quietly, but steadfastly, protested against these iniquitous measures. From the very outset, Dr. Windthorst and Herr von Malinkroft led a spirited and undaunted opposition, and such was the union among their followers, that in the very year after the passage of the first of the obnoxious Falk Laws, the Catholics, or Centre party, gained thirty-seven representatives in the Landtag, and forty-two in the Reichstag.

The faithful laity provided, whenever possible, for the support of their destitute priests, and scornfully rejected all invitations to elect successors to those who had been unjustly and tyrannically removed. They saw their property torn from them and divided

among apostates; they saw their temples desecrated by sacrileges, their dearest friends dying without the consolation of the last Sacraments, and themselves persecuted, despised, and insulted; yet not a single parish proved unfaithful to religion, or disloyal to country. What a page of mingled shame and glory to write upon the history of an enlightened nation of Central Europe in the nineteenth century. a decade of crushing, grinding, unrelenting persecution on one side, and of unswerving patience, fortitude, magnanimity on the other! When we remember that among the victims were the very men who had done most by their valor, virtue, and patriotism, to secure German unity and greatness, the very women who had bound up the wounds of the soldiers on the field of battle, and nurtured the helpless orphans of those valiant men, slain for their fatherland, the recital is yet more astonishing.

Bismarck and the old emperor soon learned by bitter experience that where the wheat is rooted up, the weeds must thrive. They found that the gravest result of their attempt to destroy the Church in Germany was the spread and encouragement of socialism, especially among the working classes. Alarmed at this new danger, Bismarck began to think of conciliating the Catholic party, which had steadily advanced in power until it held the balance of power in the Prussian Landtag. In 1879, Dr. Falk, of odious memory, was compelled to resign. After some preliminary negotiations with Pope Leo XIII., a "Catholic Relief Act" was passed, in 1880. This was followed by a gradual lightening of the penal laws, until the "May Laws Amendment Bill," passed in 1886, virtually put an end to the persecution in Germany.

The action of Bismarck in accepting the arbitration of the Holy Father between Protestant Germany and Catholic Spain, in the matter of the Caroline Islands, was a surprise to many. "We will not go to Canossa," he said, "but if the Pope decides that our pretensions to the Caroline Islands are not just, we shall not contest with Spain the possession of the Carolinas." A wonderful combination of weakness and wisdom is this declaration; the weakness of the braggart, and the wisdom of the philosopher, an acknowledgment wrung almost unconsciously from this self-contained man, that the Pope is, by force of his position as Father of Christendom, the natural arbiter of the nations.

The death of the aged emperor, followed so soon by that of his son, left the imperial dignity to a comparatively young man, the present emperor, whose character, it is said, was formed by the old chancellor. Bismarck had instilled into the heart of the emperor's grandson that bitter hatred for foreigners which did not spare even his own mother. He had inoculated him with his own unscrupulous ambition, and his determination to rule the German Catholics body and soul. The young emperor, it was said, was a mere puppet in the hands of his old tutor; he would never take the bit in his mouth; and so long as Bismarck lived, it mattered little what kind of headpiece ornamented the empire, for the real monarch breathed in the sturdy

frame of the iron chancellor. So spoke the wiseacres of a few short months ago.

But the pupil had learned more than the old preceptor ever thought to teach him; and with the fiery vehemence of youth, he cast off the shackles and proclaimed his independence. Prince Bismarck's resignation of his high office created a ripple of excitement throughout the civilized world, and it was at first supposed that old age and feeble health were the reasons of his withdrawal from the management of state affairs; but it transpired later that his resignation was desired by the emperor, and was considered essential to the well-being of the realm, which needs the moral support of the Centre party to oppose the gigantic strides of socialism.

The Centre party demanded measures to which the chancellor objected, namely: the return of all religious orders, religious teaching in the schools, and the guarantee that the concessions made will be irrevocable, and not discretionary. This policy is no more than common justice; but it is a direct antithesis to that of Bismarck, whose rule was to govern, not by just and conciliatory measures, but by "blood and iron." He has come, at last, face to face with his old antagonist; the GOLIATH of modern tyranny has met the DAVID of the Church of God.

And how will these two men compare in the light of history, Bismarck and Windthorst, the mighty chancellor upheld by the military power of the great German Empire, and the delicate, but intrepid leader of a "forlorn hope." The contrast in the physical appearance of the two is very striking. Bismarck is tall, erect, muscular, with a big, loud voice, a fierce moustache, a military tread; Windthorst, a man of dwarfish proportions, delicate and stooping form, a thin, piping voice, a clean-shaven, wrinkled face. In character, the contrast is not less striking between the man of "blood and iron" and the man of soul and principle, the representative of despotic power, and the champion of religious liberty. Bismarck was seventy-five years old on the first of April, 1890; Windthorst is three years older. Bismarck has been for years the actual dictator of German policy; Windthorst, who is a learned advocate, was, before the Union of the German Empire, the leading power in the government of Hanover, and has been for more than twenty years a member of the German Reichstag, and the leader of the opposition party.

It is said that the leader of the Catholic party is the only statesman in whom the mighty chancellor recognized an opponent to be feared and respected; nor was his intuition at fault, for Herr Windthorst to-day dictates to the young emperor the concessions on which the safety of his imperial crown depends, while Bismarck, in retirement, meditates bitterly, perhaps, upon the mutations of human affairs, the irony of fate, and the hopelessness of the task which so many have tried before him, and many more will attempt as blindly and vainly, the destruction of the Church of God.

AGNES HAMPTON.

To a Relic of the True Cross.

HAIL! fragment of that saving tree
Planted by some heavenly hand;
Angels surely must have sown thee,
Sent hither from the "better land."

No passing breeze e'er cast the seed
Into the soil that gave thee birth;
A destined tree thou wert, indeed,
Ere thou hadst peered above the earth.

Sage old witness of His travail!
Reverently we greet thee here:
Woful the tale thou dost unravel,
Most holy relic sad and dear!

Mute witness of His sighs and tears!
Companion of His thorny way!
Dread goal of His terrestrial years!
Whisper His story, if thou may.

Tell us, when first on thee He gazed,
What grief was mirrored in His face:
Tell all until, on thee upraised,
He died within thy fast embrace.

Ah! thou didst bear a cruel part
In that harrowing scene of woe;
Crushing the life's blood from His heart;
Plying thy torture, sure and slow.

'Twas thou didst lean with so much pressure
Upon His meek and gentle form;
And, reeking with His life's best treasure,
Didst sink Him mid that guilty swarm.

Thou, too, didst feel His nervous throbbings,
When writhing 'neath each cruel smart,
And didst hear the subdued sobbings
Gushing from Mary's broken heart.

Hail, blessed relic! fruitful tree!
Source of our dearest hopes below:
'Tis meet that we should honor thee,
Thou antidote of Eden's woe!

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

ONE day spent in humble self-knowledge, even though it should cost us bitter affliction and tears, is a greater grace from Our Lord, than would be whole weeks passed in prayer.—*St. Teresa.*

The Andover Review and the New School Policy.

ONE of the most painful subjects of contemplation for the earnest Catholic, at the present time, is the fact that the general aspect of the movement in favor of parish schools, supposed to have been inaugurated by the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, is such as to give great encouragement to the opponents of those schools and lead them to hope that, by a change of tactics and a more conciliatory policy towards Catholics in the public schools, the whole Catholic movement may be blocked and in the end all the Catholic children, even those who are now in parish schools, will be educated in the public schools as they are now conducted.

There is no use in blinking the question; Catholics have got to look the matter squarely in the face and ask themselves whether they are doing their duty, whether they are manfully and loyally standing up for the Church, and by every means in their power are striving to carry out her behests, and contributing to her honor and prosperity, or are actually throwing their influence on the side of the enemies of the Church, who are laboring with might and main to destroy her influence by weaning the laity from the clergymen, thus introducing discord and disloyalty, where all should be peace and harmony and united action.

These remarks are suggested by an article in a recent number of the Andover Review, on "Parochial Schools in Massachusetts." That article is based upon statistics gathered by the Boston Daily Advertiser. The reports come from school superintendents, supervisors, members of school boards, and others, and are believed to include all the parochial schools in the state, with the exception of a possible few opened lately. The enumeration of towns and cities is interesting, but cannot here be repeated. The object of the writer is to show the really small proportion of parochial to public schools, and the small proportion of children attending parochial schools, where they have them, to those attending the public schools. The percentage of attendance in parochial schools in the entire state is reckoned at about 12.3 per cent. (39.301 to 320.000). It is believed to be really less then that, as the number of pupils over fifteen years of age is not included. The report says: "It appears, then, that the extension of the parochial schools has been considerable only at a few centres, and has not reached nine-tenths of the towns of Massachusetts at all; and, that in those centres, there is accommodation for only a fraction of the children, even of Catholic parents. In Boston the children of Catholic parents number about thirty thousand, of whom only 8,000 can be accommodated in the parochial schools. Even in Holyoke, where there are only 1,638 Protestant children out of a total school population of 6,402, there is room in the parochial schools for only about 3,000, so that one half the pupils in the public schools are Catholics."

The report continues: "The zeal of the Catholic clergy for Church schools is general, if not universal; but the laity are not sufficiently in sympathy with the priests to be at the expense of building and maintaining independent schools for their children." The writer then makes a suggestion which seems to have been the key-note of the new policy which has since become so popular, and which is now being pursued with so much zeal by the opponents of parochial schools, especially by the "Boston Public School Union." There is little probability, he says, that the activity of the laity in building parochial schools will be increased, if a few simple and sensible conditions are complied with by Protestants. One condition is to keep and increase the efficiency of the public schools, and he repeats the popular fallacy, "Thus far, there has been no question of the superiority of the public over the parochial schools." He had not then seen the fact of recent occurrence that four public cadetships were carried off by the pupils of the Catholic schools in competition with those of the public schools, who were all left quite in the vocative. He goes on to say: "This is so well understood by Catholic parents, that, of their own accord, they seldom remove their children from the public schools, and very often after removal at the request of the priest, children are sent back again to the schools from which they have been withdrawn." This, of course, cannot be denied, and it is as sad as it is true. "Let there be intelligent direction," continues the writer, "in respect to text-books, teachers, school hours, manual training, the usefulness of studies, and the subordination of method to result, and there is little doubt that the large majority of Catholic children will remain in the public schools."

This is their hope. For this they are laboring with untiring energy and zeal. For this they recommend a complete change of policy. The word has gone forth, and is being passed along the whole line: "Avoid public discussion and agitation against Catholics; let there be no discrimination against Catholic teachers. They have an advantage in teaching children of their own faith, and their participation in the work of instruction removes one objection from the mouths of the priests." And on the subject of the influence of the priests, the writer continues: "There are causes enough, and more than enough, to counteract the efforts of priests in behalf of Church schools. The excellence of public schools, the advantage of association with Protestants, the political equality of this country, and unwillingness to be taxed again for what is already provided, are among the causes which work effectively against the establishment of a separate system of education. We repeat what we said a year ago on this subject: The Church does not control the people in all things, and is not the only interest in their lives. By pursuing the conciliatory course thus marked out, the prediction is confidently made that the public schools will continue to do an important work for the children of Catholic parents. This opinion is backed by reports from numerous superintendents from various parts of the state, all recommending the same policy, all speaking encouragingly and hopefully of the final

triumph of the public schools on the ground that the laity are not with the clergy, and that the parochial schools will, in the end, be compelled to succumb for want of adequate support."

Now it is more than five years since the Plenary Council promulgated the law requiring parochial schools to be established in every parish where it was practicable. Here we have an apparently reliable report showing that the percentage of attendance in parochial schools in Massachusetts is only about 12.3 per cent.; that more than half the children in the public schools are Catholic; and that there has, on the whole, been no recent increase of parochial schools at all corresponding to the increase of public schools and of population. It strikes us that these facts, even if proximately true, present a very grave subject of meditation to us all.

The first question, it seems to us, which we should put to ourselves, is: Are we all doing our duty in the premises? Ought we not to have had more schools than we have? Could we not have had more, if we had more fully realized the tremendous importance of Catholic education, and if our hearts had been more thoroughly enlisted in the work?

The second most serious and important question is: What shall be thought of those recalcitrant Catholic laity, who, by their conduct are giving encouragement to the enemies of the Church to persevere in their unholy and unjust work of opposition? A great contest is going on between the Church and her enemies. It is not parochial schools, as such, that our opponents wish to destroy. They have nothing to say against Protestant parochial schools, — it is *Catholic* schools which they wish to destroy, and their motive is simply hatred of the Catholic religion. They do not want our children to be educated Catholics if they can help it, and they are determined to prevent it if they can. Their most hopeful inspiration, at the present time, is derived from the fact that there is a certain number of Catholics who are ready to betray their Church, and side with the enemy. Is it not about time for this thing to stop? Is it not a shame and a disgrace that the great Catholic cause, which every faithful Catholic has so much at heart, should be put back, weakened, and betrayed by a few thoughtless, inconsiderate, and disobedient children, whose sympathies are more with the enemy than with their own coreligionists? Is it too much to say that we really need, and it would be well for us all to pray earnestly to Almighty God for a great revival on the parish school question?

TAKE CATHOLIC PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.— Catholics usually buy and read the daily papers, because they take great interest in politics and business matters. But Catholics should remember that the salvation of their souls is of far greater importance than either politics or business, and that good reading is highly conducive to their spiritual welfare. Those Catholics who regularly read Catholic papers are far better instructed in their religion, practise it more faithfully, and are more willing to make sacrifices for its sake, than the Catholics who, reading only secular papers, take but little interest in what concerns their religion and their souls.

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

PART IV.

Up to the early years of the present century, it appears to have been assumed that Catholic funeral ceremonies should be legally performed exclusively by the Anglican minister. Judge Pinsent writes: "Under the loyal and peaceable administration of Bishop O'Donel, of revered memory, and prior to that time, no difficulties appear to have arisen, and the double rite passed, at least, as a harmless function." But our old church-builders, thank God, were, in the main, neither loyal nor peaceable (in the A. S. sense) when their religious rights were invaded, and presently the governor was disturbed by rumors that these incorrigible Celts had taken to holding their funerals by night, in order to avoid the service of the quasi-legal church. Presently they began to bury by day, in open defiance of the established custom. In October, 1810, Governor Duckworth complained to Bishop Lambert that a certain corpse had not been brought for interment at the fixed time. "Mr. Rowland waited a considerable time in vain, and the corpse was brought after he had gone away, and interred without a minister." Seeing that these intractable Celts would not conform to burial as by law established, it was judged expedient to graciously concede them "full and free right and permission accordingly to bury their own dead." The common mind becomes almost stupefied in contemplation of this "gracious pleasure of H. R. H., the Prince Regent." To give full effect to this most gracious act, the governor laid off a small plot to be used as a Catholic cemetery. The Celt had planted another foot within the entrenchments of hoary Intolerance.

A second Father Whelan, also a Franciscan, came to Placentia in 1808, and returned to Ireland in 1810. In the latter year, Father Andrew V. Cleary came to Placentia, and remained there till he died in 1829. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. Hearn, who was ordained in 1814, and who had served as curate to Father Cleary. Father Hearn was another zealous missionary. He had charge of the whole coast, from Placentia west towards Cape Ray. Nor did he exclusively confine his labors to the hardy fishermen who were his chief charge. I will cite an extract from a lecture delivered in 1875, by the Rev. M. P. Morris, who was then building a noble church at Oderin, in the district once depending on the indefatigable Father Hearn, but now supplied with twelve priests, and seventeen churches and chapels. Father Morris said:

". . . There is yet another name, whose deeds unknown to history are assuredly chronicled in the Book of Life. I allude to Father Hearn, one of the earliest apostles of Newfoundland, whose labors found their appropriate outcome amid the rugged scenes of my missionary home. With the zeal of a Columbanus, he smiled at the obstacles of nature, and sustained by his abiding charity found his way to the children of the forest, and taught the gospel of love and faith beneath the roof of the wigwam. More than fifty years ago, with his gun slung on his shoulder, to protect his life, and accompanied by a single

Indian, he rejoicingly told his message to the people. . . . Whether History ever condescend to recount his deeds, or Silence continue to guard his fame, it affords me unwonted pleasure this evening, to accord him this tribute of long-deferred justice." *

Father Hearn died about 1831, and was buried at Placentia, beside Father Cleary, with whom he had been associated in life. In thoughtless boyhood, while waiting for catechism lessons on Sunday, I have often seen the old people piously kneeling and praying beside the resting-place of the brave old confessors, and taking as mementos the grass and clover which grew on their graves.

In 1811, Dr. Lambert visited Ireland, and on his return brought with him the Rev. Thomas Scallan, who succeeded him. The ensuing years saw a great outflow from Ireland to Terra Nova. In June, 1815, according to the Annual Register: "The arrivals from Ireland which have exceeded any in the custom-house books, exclusive of those vessels which have made no return, are 3,026 men, and 373 women to this harbor [St. John's] alone, but the numbers far exceed the returns. *The captains have brought out so many that they are ashamed to return them.*" Between the years 1812–16, St. John's doubled its population. Codfish sold at high prices, and the high wages given fishermen attracted large numbers of immigrants. The peace ensuing on the Treaty of Paris destroyed this abnormal prosperity. Many of the large mercantile firms became bankrupt, and their fall meant the ruin of many small dealers. Employment failed for hundreds, and starvation stared them in the face. Many of the most destitute were deported to Ireland, and many more sent to Halifax. *At this very time*, the state of Massachusetts (having happily bidden farewell to loyal tomfoolery), was offering a bounty for each Newfoundland fisherman induced to settle within its borders. If the most gracious despots who had hitherto prevented the people from doing anything but catching fish had but let them severely alone, many of the Irish immigrants would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, have attached themselves to the land, and when this financial crash came, they would have proved a reliable sheet-anchor to steady the island till it had weathered the storm, and there is little doubt that the country would now have three times its present population, or perhaps even more. What our country lost by this enforced deportation is seldom thought of, — much less appreciated, — in summing up the results of our servile abjection before regal bawbles.

The first ordination of a priest in Newfoundland took place in 1816; the subject being Mr. Nicholas Devereux, a young man brought there by Dr. Scallan. He served at King's Cove, Harbor Grace, and Burin, and died in 1845. Father Whitty arrived in 1817, and died in 1822. He was uncle to that Father Whitty, S. J., who, in 1855, was Cardinal Wiseman's vicar-general, and who ministered at the death-

* Father Morris was a worthy successor of Father Hearn. He died 1st August, 1889, aged thirty-seven, and has, we trust, entered into the reward promised him who is faithful unto death. For five years previously he had been director of St. Thomas' Orphanage for boys. When a malignant fever crept into the home, he devoted himself entirely to the stricken children, until worn out with fatigue, the brave priest succumbed to the fever. *Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord.*

bed of that noble Englishman and unswerving Catholic, Frederick Lucas.

Father Scallan, third bishop of Newfoundland, was also a Franciscan, and had been associated with Dr. Lambert at St. John's, in 1812, but he had returned to Ireland, and was in his convent at Wexford, when he received, in 1816, the Papal brief appointing him Bishop of Drago, *i. p. i.*, and Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland. When he arrived in St. John's, he found but seven priests in the vicariate, although the number of churches was steadily increasing. The priests were: Fathers Yore, A. V. Cleary, Sinnott Brown, W. Hearn, Fitzgerald, and Power. Among other priests who had been there for short periods, were Father Philip Lariscy, a native of Tipperary, who from Newfoundland went to Boston, and there erected St. Augustine's Mortuary Chapel, in 1818.* In 1820, Labrador and the island of Anticosti were detached from the diocese of Quebec, and united to the vicariate of Newfoundland. Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, had recommended this change to Pius VIII., those places being so remote from the settled parts of his diocese. Bishop Scallan assented to the arrangement, although he saw little prospect of being able to afford any spiritual assistance to the Catholics of that region. Later on Labrador reverted to the original jurisdiction, for the Canadians who went there always looked to the mother Church of Quebec for light and consolation. In 1821, an agitation was begun for local self-government, but it took ten years of persistent clamor before the claim was admitted by the British government. Even then only a halting, unworkable fraud was given. This is the true spirit of British freedom, which concedes nothing in the shape of Reform, till Revolution, with armed hand, is thundering at the door; whose policy is an incitement to agitation and encourages disorder; and, finally, when the commonwealth is menaced with "red ruin, and the breaking up of Law," tardily and grudgingly gives what it cannot longer withhold, and gives that little as *un*-graciously as possible. The elective assembly which was eventually conceded exercised no control over the executive, and thus was social discontent given a new lease of life.

In 1824, two men, named Butler and Lundregan, were publicly and brutally flogged for *contempt of court.* But by this time the dawn of liberty was irradiating even the lonely shores of Terra Nova. It was felt that this outrage should seal the doom of autocracy. The indignation aroused thereby led to the establishment of the Supreme Court. Thus it seems that the blood of Irishmen made for civil liberty as well as religious freedom in Newfoundland. Doubtless there was balm for their wounded bodies, as well as mental consideration in their tortures, in the reflection that they were subjects of a country where

> "A man may speak the thing he will."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "A land of settled government;
> A land of old and just renown,
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down,
> From precedent to precedent."

* *Vide* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Vol. XX., p. 124.

In 1827, Dr. Scallan visited Rome, and was favorably received by Pope Leo XII. and the officials of the Propaganda. On his return, he made a visitation of Placentia Bay, and administered confirmation in many of the harbors. But his health was steadily failing, and in the following year, finding himself unable to perform his duties, he asked for a coadjutor. He wrote to the Propaganda detailing the difficult circumstances under which missionary duties were performed in the island, the paucity of priests, and the labors imperative upon a bishop who would fulfil his duty in its entirety; and as a man who was not afraid to bend his back to the burden, he instanced Father Michael Anthony Fleming, for many years the principal missioner in St. John's. In accordance with this recommendation Father Fleming was appointed titular of Carpasia and coadjutor to Dr. Scallan, by whom he was consecrated at St. John's, on Oct. 28, 1829. Dr. Scallan was of mild and gentle manners, and was a great favorite with the mercantile classes, the government officials, and the ascendency party in general. He carried his conciliation to such an extreme that he is even mildly censured by those who rarely object to loyal obsequiousness. He allowed many other things to be done which would seem inexplicable were we not told that he was suffering from softening of the brain. As it was, a censure came from the Holy See; but he being on his death-bed when the document arrived, its contents were mercifully withheld from him. But all his conciliation tended to induce indifference, and to degrade Catholic worship to a level with the doings of the conventicles where crowds roam from one meeting-house to another, as whim or caprice dictates, or as the latest novelty in declamation attracts them. Thus Dr. Mullock afterwards wrote: "A mawkish liberality induced those Catholics who had pretensions to gentility to despise the prohibition of the Church against going to heretical worship. It was, in fact, quite usual, at that time, to go to Mass in the morning, and to *Church* (as it was called) in the evening, to compliment their Protestant friends." All this toleration, conciliation, and other abominations, were a source of great anxiety to Father Fleming, and, as we shall see, made much trouble for him when it became necessary to tighten the reins of discipline. Those wretched *pretensions to gentility* can always be relied upon to make trouble. Good care was taken, by British fair-play, to tempt these miserable slaves of genteel pretensions, for at this time government salaries, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, were paid to the professors of the *genteel* religion, while the sum of four thousand dollars was considered a just distribution to the Catholic body, numbering fully half the population. When Bishop England visited Wilmington, N. C., in May, 1821, he found a similar laxity of practice amongst Catholics there. But in their justification it could be urged that they had not seen a priest for several years, which was not the case in St. John's. During the Episcopacy of Dr. Scallan the old order of things was slowly but surely giving place to the new. The people (heretofore like birds of passage who rested their weary wings in a temporary refuge) were beginning to feel as if they had some permanent interest

in the island. Some fitful attempts were being made to encourage education; a house might be built or repaired without gubernatorial license; and the prohibition against settlement in Britain's oldest colony was falling into innocuous desuetude; and as freedom inevitably tends to an elevation of spirit, we are not surprised to learn that a warm religious feeling was excited among Catholics. At this time Terra Nova was divided into five ecclesiastical *districts*, viz.; Placentia, Ferryland, St. John's, Harbor Grace, and King's Cove,— which latter comprised the bays of Trinity, Bonavista (and Fogo and Twillingate Islands), Notre Dame Bay, and the whole north-eastern shore to Quirpon in the extreme north of the island. At the other extremity the Placentia district extended west to Cape Ray. But the Catholic body was consolidating itself, and there was every prospect that it would soon be a recognized factor in the affairs of the island.

Michael Anthony Fleming was born near Carrick, Tipperary, in 1792. He was ordained priest in 1815. At the pressing invitation of Dr. Scallan, he came to Newfoundland in 1823. He was strong and robust, a man who cared little for personal comfort and ease, one who could undergo hardship without suffering ill effects therefrom. The era at which he assumed the guidance of the struggling Church in Newfoundland was of such importance to coming generations as does not frequently occur. His physical powers and mental gifts seemed to have marked him out for the work which lay before him. Given such a time, and such a man, and great things might be expected; noble conceptions materialized, and given natural form, and thus we have the grand Cathedral of St. John's, an epic in stone, which is an enduring memorial of Dr. Fleming, and an eloquent witness of the generosity of the handful of Catholics who were his joy and his crown.*

When O'Connell won Catholic Emancipation, it was not alone the Celt in Ireland who benefited thereby. All over the earth, from Cork to Calcutta, and from Newfoundland to New Zealand, its moral effect was spread in an ever-widening circle. How could it be otherwise? Is not Ireland's glory our glory? Her misery our shame? Her victories our triumphs? Have not all the difficulties which beset us in the New World arisen from our Motherland being a discrowned Queen,— a Niobe of the Nations. But the dawn of another era was nigh. Slaves look up! Freedom is at hand! The foul hyena, Tyranny, shall suddenly retire, growling and blinking in the fierce white light which streams from the flame-tipped pinions of the angel of Democracy,— bright harbinger of a coming time when the different classes of mankind shall meet together in amity; governed by the impulse of an honorable and mutual esteem; an esteem not founded upon insolent domination and a resultant cringing subserviency; an esteem broad-based upon mutual respect and forbearance,— respect for collective rights and forbearance towards individual prejudice; an esteem which is intolerant of nothing save hypocritical make believe. But tyranny

*Catholic Americans who count their faithful by millions may better appreciate what the few Catholics in Newfoundland have done, by recalling the fact that even in 1890 the total Catholic population is only about equal to the civic population of Rochester, N. Y.,— while the total population of St. John's is considerably less than that of Camden, N. J.

died hard in Terra Nova, under the benign *ægis* of the British drum beat. Just as in Ireland, it was one thing to make statutory declaration that Catholics were entitled to complete equality before the law; it was quite another thing to give practical effect to this declaration. Dr. Howley (p. 259) instances how the autocrats kept the garrison commander, the Catholic Col. Bourke, from taking his seat in the Council of which he was member *ex officio*. Previous to Catholic Emancipation, he, being a Catholic, could not sit; after Emancipation, he was told that the Penal Laws did not extend to Newfoundland, and that the Act of Emancipation did not, therefore, elevate the status of the Catholic body! At the present time, the verdict on this affair would be, that when a man puts the *flexor* and *extensor* of his strong right arm at the service of the oppressor of his Faith, his Country, and his Race, he richly deserves whatever insult may come to one who is guilty of such *disloyalty* to the dignity of human nature.

It can easily be inferred that it was no slight task which lay before Dr. Fleming, in his earnest efforts to elevate the Catholic body from the slough of degradation into which they had been pushed. The task was a herculean one. The traces of "those penal days" have not even yet been completely erased, nor do I see how men can boast of being *emancipated*, who stagger under the incubus of loyal professions towards a sovereign, because that was the fashion in days when the monarch could say with truth, "I am the State."

But we have changed all that. It would not harmonize with the ballot and statutory general elections. Then we are forced to ask: If through age or infirmity the sire should prop his tottering footsteps by the aid of a walking-cane, does it follow that his strong, healthy son should hobble through life on crutches? I think not. In a country which is self-governed there is only one effective sovereign, and he is the leader of the party in power. He makes laws and unmakes them; appoints officials and displaces them. In the criticisms which I may hereafter pass upon the state of affairs in my native country, I have no word to say against the brave and much-maligned fishermen who ought to be their country's pride. They are daring, honest, and industrious, and if they do not make themselves more felt in public affairs, there are many causes to explain their apparent indifference. All their surroundings are against them. Scattered in handfuls over an immense coast-line, with few opportunities for concerted action, with limited educational facilities, it speaks well for their innate energy that they have overborne so many obstacles. Like the rustics celebrated by the poet:

> "But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
> Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er enroll;
> Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
> And froze the genial current of the soul."

Chill Penury is bad enough, but there are worse plagues. There is no important centre of political activity outside of St. John's, and it is cursed by the baleful influence of Government House, with its

At Homes, *Levees*, and *Balls*, all of which possess an over-mastering attraction for the briefless barrister, the anxious attorney, the place-hunting politician, and all the other toadies who are impelled to cut fantastic tricks before high Heaven; tricks which compel all well-wishers of this brave and historic country to ask themselves: "Was it for *this* that priests were hunted like wolves; brave men harried and banished; houses burned to cleanse them from the contamination of *Massing;* men brutally flogged for contempt of some jack-in-office? Assuredly not so! A thousand times no! These struggles were meant to insure that Terra Nova should be a land of *free men*, and not a land of puling imbeciles; that we should hold up our heads with manly port, and never, *never* forget the struggles of our fathers, —

"Till time shall veil in twilight haze
The memory of those penal days."

I cannot say too much in praise of the hardy, fearless fishermen,— men of tarry hands and storm-stained faces, — trained from childhood to combat wave and wind; "piratical-looking gentlemen in sou'-westers and guernsey jackets," but true heroes every man. Heroes of the truest type in the uncomplaining spirit with which they face hardships and dangers to win daily bread for their wives and children. Against the jibes and sneers of an insolent upstart, we may set the grave and well-considered tribute which Bishop Mullock, after twenty-three years' experience, paid to "the hardy, daring sons of the soil; men nurtured in danger, rocked in the tempest; men to whom the severest hardships are only sport, who know no danger; who tread the frozen ocean with as firm a step as their native soil, and yearly undergo, without a murmur, more danger than usually falls to the lot of the most daring, through their entire lives." * J. W. O'R.

* But the danger finds them and they perish. The census for 1884 shows orphans, 7,336; widows, 5,729; widowers, 2,369. When to these mournful figures we superadd the scores of brave young men cut off in the promise and flower of their youth, we may be able to estimate some of the influences which retard the country.

Castle Garden, New York.

GEN. JAMES R. O'BEIRNE, First Assistant Commissioner of Emigration, under the new arrangement of the Treasury, is, by experience and education, qualified to fill almost any position in the gift of the government. He is a newspaper man by profession, won his title in the regular army during the war, is of fine presence, a finished orator, and socially very popular. Castle Garden ceased to be the depot for incoming immigrants after the 16th of April, and the old force of clerks and attendants will, most probably, be transferred to the new buildings to be erected on Ellis Island. During its use for emigrant purposes, nine million persons have been landed and sheltered within Castle Garden. The site was first used as an old Dutch fort, and continued as a fortification down to 1824, when it became a beer garden. Later it was altered and made into the most popular music hall in America, and within which such voices as that of Jenny Lind and Catharine Hayes were heard.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER V.—POSSIBLE INDUSTRIES.

Paper Manufacture.—Its Past History.—Ballyclare Mill.—An Envelope Factory.—No Technical Training.—Foreign Designs.—Prohibitive Railway Charges.—Dairy Produce.—A Philanthropist.—Creameries.—Dairy Colleges.—A Much-Needed Reform.—Suggestions for Improvement.—Mineral Wealth of Ireland.—Ancient Testimony.—Gold and Silver Mines.—Peasant Gold Seekers.—Coal Fields.—Inefficient Working.—Concealed Coal Beds.—A Hopeful Prospect.—Iron Resources.—Abortive Attempts.—Copper Ore.—The Rio Tinto Mines.—Irish Marbles.—Their Beauty and Variety.—Dean Stanley.—St. Patrick.—A Dublin Omnibus Company.—Belleek China.—Porphyry.

THE manufacture of paper was once a flourishing industry in Ireland, but, after the year 1826, when the duty was taken off, the paper trade collapsed; there was no capital to support it. At the time of the abolition of duty, Irish merchants were not disposed to intrust their money to any concern which could benefit their country; the habit of waiting for government help created a nation of paupers. Belgium and other countries have now usurped the paper trade, in the carrying on of which there is no law which puts Ireland in an inferior position to England. Paper is made of rags, wood fibre, straw, and other materials, and though Ireland is not a wood-producing country, she can grow larches, from which the wood pulp is extracted, as well as Sweden and Norway. Irish rags, at present, go to America and England; Ireland could buy esparto grass from Spain, Morocco, Tunis, and the northern parts of Africa, just as reasonably as England. Besides, Ireland possesses abundance of water power. Belgium does not produce wood pulp any more than Ireland; she gets her raw material mostly from Germany.

Before 1826, all the paper employed in the manufacture of newspapers in Dublin was made at the old Bawn mills at Tallagh; now they get their stock from Bristol and Lancashire. The great bulk of the paper used in the Times comes from the latter place. If the same skill and capital were brought to bear on it, the paper manufacturers from the South of Ireland ought to be able to live on as well as those of Lancashire or Belgium, using the same raw materials. A few isolated houses here and there could not resist the foreign competition; this knocked on the head all small manufacturers, who were not in a sufficient number to support each other. If an Irish trader wanted stationery, and bought at one of those mills, he could get but one article, so he sent to London, where several could be supplied at the same time. The consequences were, that a few mills that survived made paper, sent it to London and had it brought back and sold in Ireland. No enterprise has been exhibited in this direction, and numberless opportunities have been lost.

Ireland, owing to her extensive bogs, has a large quantity of peat; this is capable of being turned into several uses, among the rest, the construction of brown paper. The difficulty in this case is, that peat must be saved in dry weather, and the climate of Ireland has few fine days; still this is not so formidable a difficulty, if artificial means are employed. The only flourishing paper mill at present in Ireland is one at Ballyclare, near Belfast. This concern gets its material from

Glasgow, and is at present doing a fair trade. Coster, Johnson & Co. do an equally good business in paper bag making; what is wanted is a resuscitation of the paper mills. We can judge of the value of this industry by the fact, that the amount of duty paid on it, in 1825, reached the sum of £823,000. About this time there were several paper mills on the Dodder, of which McDonald's is now the only surviving firm. There is a large manufactory of envelopes at present in Dublin, giving employment to three or four hundred hands, but there is no earthly reason why a much larger number should not be in existence. One of the defects in this industry is the same as in all others, a want of technical education; there is no skilled labor in the country, and a proof of this is seen in the fact, that not a single specimen of decorative paper is made in Ireland. All wall paper is now imported; France and Belgium rule the market, owing to the superiority of their designs. If the people of Ireland would only study the example of Continental countries, and that of the states of America, they would combine their savings and build up capital in People's Banks enough to draw on.

The material and the market exist in Ireland, but the people elect to put their savings in banks which exploit them to England, and help to build up the industries of every country but their own. The railway rates have also helped to sink the paper industry; carriage from Manchester to Calcutta being much less than from Manchester to Cork. Through rates favor a parcel from London, but will not do so from Dublin. It is cheaper to send direct from London to Mallow than from Dublin to Mallow: further comment is needless.

Among the industries which require more extensive development is that of dairy produce. Canon Bagot, of Kildare, has adopted this as his special hobby, and his name must be permanently connected with it. In order to qualify himself for advancing this branch, this benevolent and large-hearted divine visited all the butter-producing countries of the continent, to study their methods. On ascertaining how the foreign production exceeded the Irish, in quality and price, he first applied to the railway authorities to reduce their rates. In this appeal Canon Bagot was more successful than the promoters of any other industry in the country. How he softened the stony heart of the railway company should be made known. His next step was to set about teaching dairy farmers the best process of making butter. Dairy-maids were put under proper instruction and received certificates when proficient. The services of trained dairy-maids are now in great demand. This worthy gentleman complains bitterly that the council of the Royal Agricultural Society do not afford him the amount of co-operation necessary in his educational work. He has further induced dairy farmers to combine and send their cream into factories. Creameries are now established, producing excellent results. They are conducted much on the same principle as cheese-making in Switzerland; each contributing a share to a general receptacle, when the manufacture takes place, and getting paid out of the general result, according to the proportion supplied. This method works well, and what

now is needed is a multiplication of those creameries all over the country, where cattle and grazing lands abound.

In several parts of the continent, dairy colleges have been founded, under government inspection. Sweden, Denmark, and Germany have their colleges and professors, where the teaching is conducted in a thoroughly scientific spirit. If the industry is to prosper in Ireland, it must be on commercial principles, in order to compete on equal terms with the foreigner. Canon Bagot calls on the government to further the plan he has initiated, and we heartily support his appeal. The Commissioners of National Education in Ireland show an utter disregard of their duty and what they owe the country, in refusing to hold a periodic examination of the students from the hospital creamery. The Parliamentary representatives should bring this matter before the House, and put pressure on the commissioners to forward a movement so beneficial to the country. Much credit is due to Canon Bagot for his earnest and patriotic services. The clergy of all denominations should take the hint and see what they can respectively do to forward other industries. They have leisure and opportunity, and their appeals for assistance would be duly appreciated by the country. Canon Bagot sums up his instructions in the three following suggestions, which speak for themselves:

1. Educate by dairy colleges and schools.
2. Establish factories and creameries.
3. Prohibit, by making it felony, the sale of butterine as butter, and have it classified as such, passing through Her Majesty's Customs.

The mineral wealth of Ireland is small compared to that of other countries; but it ought to be a source of employment which it would be criminal to neglect. If a sufficiency of skill and enterprise were applied, it might serve to foster industry as it does in other countries. The most ancient records of Ireland show that gold was discovered at various times. There are no less than seven auriferous districts to be found in Derry, Antrim, Carlow, Wicklow, and other places; the most important gold fields, however, are those of the latter county. Ancient gold ornaments are common in the country, the most remarkable find being in the bog of Allen, on the borders of Tipperary and Limerick. According to the annals of the four masters, gold was worked in the reign of Tighernas, A. M. 3656. During the Norman conquest, England was called to pay into the exchequer of Normandy a sum of 23,730 marcs of silver, while Ireland had to contribute as her share, four hundred marcs of silver and two hundred ounces of gold, a large quantity for those times. In the reign of Edward VI., the silver mines of Wexford were worked for the Crown, by German miners. About the beginning of the present century, gold was found in no less than fifteen different clays, but so disseminated in rock formation as hardly to be worth working with the indifferent machinery then in existence; the gold discovered was washed from the matrix by mountain streams. In 1852 thirty-two thousand ounces of silver were discovered, and, since 1790, over seventy thousand pounds worth of

gold has been found in Wicklow alone. The discovery of nuggets, some twenty-two ounces, in the streams, excited the curiosity and cupidity of the people; the numbers who went gold searching caused the government to prohibit their discursive operations, on the plea that peasants were assembling for unlawful purposes. The Kildare Militia were sent down to disperse the gathering, and secure as much of the gold as they could. Soldiers, however, are not the best miners. Their efforts had the effect of rousing the government to send down special agents to examine the locality. When the rebellion of '98 broke out, the soldiers were provided with other employment, which caused their being withdrawn; up to which time their operations had resulted in a profit. After the rebellion, the search was resumed, mostly in the direction of drift gold from the neighboring hills; it was badly conducted; the men unskilled, the appliances clumsy; the experiment proved a failure. The operations of the troops resulted in a find of £3,675 7*s.* 11 1-2*d.*, but the peasantry were more successful in finding in the streams alone, drift gold to the value of twenty-five thousand pounds. Separate attempts to discover the lode were made, from time to time, without success. In India, the government employ competent persons to report on all the gold fields of that country. The same should be done in Ireland. If a systematic search were organized, not in the spirit of the rulers of 1796, but with a view to the material prosperity of the country, a better result might be expected. One or two small works should be erected, where samples might be secured and reliable essays made with improved machinery, before this possible industry should be abandoned. It may be a trivial matter to state that tradition, for three thousand years, has identified gold with the county Wicklow; that the sources of gold were known to the natives at a very remote period, and that there still exists abundance of gold ornaments, for the importation of which no foreign source can be assigned. These, with the discoveries already described, justify at least more scientific examination. Undoubtedly, there are many less profitable fields for the employment of capital.

Of coal and iron there is great abundance, the Leinster coal-fields covering an area of 61,440 English acres. The coal beds here are eight in number, in various layers. The first have been worked out, but the lower have not been touched. The Tipperary coal-fields are twenty miles in extent. In Cork, Clare, and Limerick there are numberless indications of coal, but the most important coal-fields are to be found in the county Tyrone. This coal burns rapidly with flame and evolves great heat. The dimension of the field is six miles by two, and covers an area of seven thousand acres. From twenty-two to thirty-two feet of solid workable coal has been found within one hundred and twenty-five fathoms of the surface. The best of the coal-fields are found in the Connaught district; the Arigna mines, notorious for jobbery and mismanagement. The causes which led to the failure of the Arigna Coal Company might have acted as forcibly in Staffordshire or Myrther, and may be removed by a better system. Regarded from the most modest computation, the quantity of coal available is

sufficient for domestic trade. Lough Allen district contains twenty thousand acres of coal, calculated to yield not less than twenty million tons.

As most of the Irish coal beds are deeper than those generally worked, the quality of the mineral has not been ascertained. Of what is known, it is estimated that the coal of the northern provinces is mostly bituminous, or flame giving, while that of the south is anthracite, which burns without flame; the latter coal is useless for household purposes, as it is difficult to light and requires a strong blast to keep it up; it is, however, useful for smelting and manufacturing processes. The output of coal from Kilkenny was as follows:

In 1881	75,399 tons.
" 1882	82,714 "
" 1883	83,711 "

The Leinster coal-fields are badly situated with regard to railway accommodation. The coal-fields in Munster are perhaps the largest in the United Kingdom. At present, not a single colliery is at work on them. The Tyrone coal-fields are the most important in Ireland, covering about seventeen thousand acres. Only two or three inferior collieries are at work there. The output from this mine was:

In 1881	16,562 tons
" 1882	12,520 "
" 1883	11,709 "

The quantity of coal taken is seen to decrease, owing to the inefficient manner in which the mines are worked. This process, from want of education on the part of miners, deficient machinery, and a sort of hand-to-mouth method of conducting operations, together with the want of proper facilities of transit, has led to a decline. The Tyrone and Kilkenny mines are the most valuable. The products do not equal in value those in Durham or South Wales, but are quite good enough for manufacturing purposes. There is also an extensive coal field at Castlecorner, on the borders of Carlow and Kilkenny, which has not been worked, mainly for want of railway accommodation. Parallel lines of railway run within ten miles of the mine, but no attempt has been made to connect this valuable property. The estimated quantity of coal in the whole of Ireland is as follows:

Antrim	12,000,000 tons.
Tyrone	30,000,000 "
Leinster	118,000,000 "
Tipperary	24,000,000 "
Clare and Limerick	15,000,000 "
Connaught	10,000,000 "
Total,	209,000,000

The concealed coal beds, at a depth of three thousand feet, are about twice that of the visible. No capital or energy is directed towards them. The coal fields of Ireland cannot be worked at a profit until

the mineral is more valuable than at present. Coal must grow dear, on account of the increase of depth and the rapid rate at which it is now extracted. English and Scotch mines, in the nature of things, must get exhausted: in Lancashire they are now working at a depth of three thousand five hundred feet. If any perceptible diminution takes place, it will bring the coal fields of Ireland to the front. That day may not be far off; when it comes, if iron can be equally developed, it will be the making of Ireland, enriching her beyond the dream of avarice.

The iron resources of Ireland have been entirely neglected in modern days, though the smelting of this commodity, in former times, helped to strip the country of her splendid woods. Iron ore is discovered in several districts; its quantity is practically inexhaustible, and of greater purity than that found in England. Large quantities are found in Derry and Antrim, but there are indications of iron in several counties. In the absence of fuel, this ore cannot be converted into iron, so that, at present, ironstone is imported from Cumberland, Barrow-in-Furness, and Glasgow. To make successful ironworks, it is necessary to have both limestone, coal, and iron ore close together. The two materials exist in Ireland in close proximity; but, owing to deficiency of transit, want of skill on the part of miners and managers, proper appliances for working, faith on the part of the people, and trust in the honesty of those engaged in the operations, nothing is being done. Of those known, the most important iron fields are to be found in the Antrim hills. Antrim possesses an area of one hundred and seventy square miles, capable of supplying several million tons of iron. In 1880, there were about 231,132 tons of pisolitic iron ore developed. There are also extensive iron mines in Cavan, Leitrim, Longford, and several other counties which have not been closely examined. In Lough Allen district, several abortive attempts were made to establish an iron industry. The first was made by a Mr. O'Reilly, who started a very successful manufactory of bar iron, made with charcoal. Another experiment was made in 1830, known as the Arigna Iron Works. The Arigna mine failed through jobbery, overloading the business with an amount of expenditure quite disproportionate to its resources, speculating and swindling in Ireland and London. The failure to develop was not due to causes which would discourage future operations. At Creevella, a third attempt was made by a Scotchman; this failed through pure incompetence, the persons who managed the concern not understanding the business. They used a furnace with a wide throat, which would burn a whole coal-field in a few years. These people made coke so roughly that, what ought to have given seventy per cent. of heat, only gave them thirty, by their method of working. The history of the whole scheme is discreditable.

As regards copper, this ore has been found in several counties in more or less quantity; but the recent discoveries in Spain and Portugal, to say nothing of North and South America, have checked the development of Irish copper mines. The importation from the Huelva mines, in Andalusia alone, is more than ten or fifteen years' importation from

Ireland in its most prosperous times. So far as exportation is concerned, we have no mineral copper. Not many years ago, over fifty thousand tons of copper ore were raised in the south-west of Ireland; as late as 1883, the supply fell down to one hundred and eighty-three tons. This was due partly to the old mines being worked out, but mainly to the introduction of foreign ore. All over Ireland, deposits of copper have been found, but neither enterprise nor capital has been applied to develop it. The Rio Tinto mines, with their almost inexhaustible deposits, have entirely squashed the Irish mines. The Geological Survey has done much to reveal the existence of iron and coal, but has thrown no light on the existence of the mineral veins of lead, silver, and gold. These kinds of lodes are mostly discovered by accident, or by people on the spot; silver and lead are found mostly together; small quantities have been found in Limerick, Cork, Tipperary, Wexford, Dublin, Armagh, and Wicklow, mixed with clay and slate. None of the old mining plans from former days have been preserved. The number of persons engaged in mining has diminished by more than one half, within the last ten years, and, whatever the mineral wealth of the country may be, there are no government authorities which have any knowledge of it.

Ireland is rich in marbles of a very varied character. In olden times, nothing but white marble had any value, but since color in decorations has become more the fashion, there is every chance that Ireland may develop a profitable industry in marble. There are several quarries of this material to be found in Kilkenny, Down, Donegal, Cork, Mayo, Armagh, and Galway. The green, or serpentine, of the latter county is very beautiful, with its varied tints and vivid colors. The quarry where it is found is awkwardly situated, in the heart of the Ben Beolagh mountains, and by the shores of Lough Corrib, about thirty-five miles from the town of Galway, and some distance from the sea. A block of this exquisite marble, worth three hundred pounds, was left for six months in a ditch, owing to the difficulty of removal. In Armagh, there is a dove-colored marble, and another, reddish-brown with yellow tints, which, when polished, presents an attractive surface. In Cork, some splendid marble for balustrades can be raised. Both white and black marbles have been found in Sligo and Roscommon. In fact, different kinds of marble can be found through the length and breadth of the country. The firm of Sibthorpe & Son, of Dublin, have done a great deal in getting the red marble of Cork, and the green of Galway into the market; but the charges of the railway companies are crippling the hands of these spirited employers. For decorative purposes, a good deal of marble is imported from Italy, Belgium, and Devonshire. In the last century, Ireland was celebrated for her marble mantle-pieces, but it is a matter of regret that most of them were transported from Italy, and not of Irish origin; marble quarries were never developed in Ireland. At present, Irish gentry and peasants systematically undervalue the products of their own country, and those that can afford it, import foreign commodities. If the marble quarries were opened, there is no lack of skilled artisans in Ireland to work

them. Some Irish marble has been used in the new Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as in the Museum of Oxford. It is gratifying to know that the sculptors and carvers in both places were Irish, and the excellence of the work is unquestionable. At present, there is a great demand in America for carved objects in Irish marble, of which a profitable industry might be made, if taste and skill were brought into requisition. But it is idle to offer any suggestion till the railway companies make a change. When it is stated that it is cheaper to bring marble from Italy to Dublin than from Cork to the same place, enough has been said in the matter. The wonder is, that Irish marble is not more in demand for ecclesiastical purposes. The late Dean Stanley expressed a desire to ornament St. Paul's with the variegated Galway marble, but this desire did not lead him to disburse the money himself, though he left a large sum at his death to strangers. The dean had fine taste, but small generosity. The authorities at the Brompton Oratory erected a rich marble altar to St. Patrick, without a foot of Irish marble in it. If the saint can take cognizance of earthly doings, and possesses anything of the warlike spirit he exhibited on Croagh Patrick, when wrestling with the demons, he is not likely to listen to any prayers put up from that altar by those who despise the country he loved so well.

In the matter of slate, Wales has the advantage of most countries, importing to Dublin, Germany, and all the central ports of the continent. Yet the quarries of Killaloe and Valentia are capable of furnishing slate of a fine quality; only ten thousand tons of this material have been worked in the year. Irish architects follow their masters in the insane folly of depreciating the products of their country; they decline to use Irish building material, preferring Bath stone to Irish freestone, Welsh slate to Killaloe, and Bridgewater bricks to those of King's Court. Perhaps the perversity of the national manner cannot be better displayed than by stating that the Dublin Omnibus Company imports hay from Holland, and when some of this commodity is wanting in Cork, it is shipped to Dublin, goes back to Liverpool, and from thence it is reshipped to Cork and, marvellous to say, gets there cheaper than it would if landed in Dublin and taken across the country to Cork.

There is only one china work of importance in Ireland; the railway companies have effectually killed all the others. Belleek, in the county Fermanagh, turns out excellent specimens of artistic design, which have won the approval of high potentates. Ireland is not particularly rich in clay beds, but is not worse off than Staffordshire in this respect, for granite, flints and silicious materials can be found in the country, such as Staffordshire imports from Russia, America, and the South of England. There are a few rich clay beds in Ireland, so there is no reason why she should not prosper in the manufacture of china. Belleek sends most of her beautiful wares abroad to Rome, Paris, Vienna, and America; three fourths of her best work go to the continent; very little finds its way to the home market, the Irish preferring cheap pottery from Glasgow. Belleek is badly situated, too

remote from a seaport; the cost of coals, in consequence, makes the work dear. Specimens of this pottery were to be seen at Olympia. The Parian work is superior to anything produced in England, owing to the very fine character of the felspar of Fermanagh. Irish china is warranted to last; the glaze does not crack, while it bears the heat better than Minton's. It is a pity that the manager of this important work should not take his designs from old Irish MSS. and not from Italy. The emblazoned manuscripts are better than anything produced; besides, a revival of old Irish designs would be a credit to the country. For some time, the fortune of the Belleek factory was in a doubtful condition; but owing to the national movement, the enterprising company who have now taken it in hand are giving employment to many in the neighborhood and showing signs of increased vitality. The railway company killed the small pottery at Coalisland, and is doing its best to cripple Belleek.

In Ireland, there are also to be found some splendid specimens of red porphyry, in the Curlew mountains, the nearest approach to the verde antique of Italy; the same also is seen in Lambay Island. This precious material has not been worked. Ireland may never become a manufacturing country to anything like the same extent as England and part of the continent; a remunerative system of industry would, however, find many of the necessary materials in the country. The depressed state of the mineral and other interests may be in part attributable to the absence of mining and technical schools in the country, and, consequently, very defective knowledge as to the nature and extent of such properties as the country possesses. It is only from a thorough and practical treatment that we can hope to maintain our position in the face of the overwhelming competition from abroad.

Chapter VI., The Lace Industry, in our next.

Future of the Electric Motor.

JOSEPH WETZLER, in his article in Scribner's on the "Electric Railway of To-day," concludes by making the following prediction: "With the advantages of the electric railway so clearly pointed out, and so unquestionably demonstrated in actual practice, it would not be unsafe to hazard the opinion that, in ten years, at the farthest, there will not be a horse-railway in operation, at least in our own country. The horse will then be once more returned to his legitimate field of labor, and the street-car passenger will be transported at an increased speed, and with all the comforts of easy riding, in cars propelled and lighted by electricity; while it is by no means improbable that, with further work on the line indicated, the passenger may step aboard a train in New York at ten in the morning, and eat a five-o'clock dinner in Chicago on the same day. Enough has indeed been accomplished to show that electricity is destined to be one of the most powerful factors entering into our social conditions, and that the ease of distribution and convenience of power afforded by it must bring forth changes in the social order which are even now hardly realized."

The Late William Collins.

THE following spirited and characteristic poem from the pen of the late William Collins was read at the unveiling of the monument, dedicated to the dead of the Irish Brigade, on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, July 2, 1888, and published, as part of the account of the day's proceedings. It attracted considerable attention at the time, and has been generally considered one of the best poetic productions of its lamented author.

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN DEAD OF THE IRISH BRIGADE,
WHOSE MONUMENT WAS UNVEILED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1888.

Peace spreads her wings of snowy white
O'er Gettysburg to-day;
No sound is heard of coming fight,
No marshalling for the fray.
War's grim battalions dream no more
At morn the foe to greet;
The long, long, fitful strife is o'er,
And we as comrades meet.

We meet in love, and, hand in hand,
Above our brothers' graves,
We pledge true fealty to the land
O'er which our banner waves;
But while its folds in glory swell
And proudly flaunt the air,
We think of those who fought and fell
To keep it floating there!

Of those who in their manhood died
To blot out Slavery's stain,
And rear aloft in all its pride,
Fair Freedom's flag again!
'Tis ours to raise this cross on high
Above the Irish dead,
Who showed mankind the way to die,
When Truth and Freedom led.

They came from a land where Freedom was only known by fame,
Where slavery's spell, like a breath of Hell, had banned and barred her name.
Where the brave man moaned in fetters and the patriot wept in thrall,
And red with the blood of martyrs the despot ruled o'er all!
But when on Freedom's soil they stood and saw her banner soar,
And heard the foeman's mustering shout re-echo on our shore,
They leaped, as leaps the lightning's flash athwart the storm-tossed sky,
For that old flag, with bosoms bare, to triumph or to die!

This soil is the grave of heroes! It is not common mould!
Each foot is dyed and sanctified with the blood of the brave and bold;
And an incense rises from their graves to light us on to fame,
And mingles in each patriot soul and sets his heart aflame,
And nerves the veriest slave that e'er shrank from a tyrant foe,
To leap to life with armed hand, and give him blow for blow —
To strike the despot to the death though bulwarked round in steel,
And right with fierce and desperate strength the wrongs that brave men feel!

Here, on the field of Gettysburg, where treason's banner flew,
Where rushed in wrath the Southern Gray to smite the Northern Blue,
Where'er that Blue, by valor nerved, in serried ranks was seen
There flashed between it and the foe the daring Irish Green!
And never yet on any land rushed forth to Freedom's aid
A braver or more dauntless band than Ireland's brave Brigade.
Pause on their graves! 'Tis holy dust ye tread upon to-day,
The dust of Freedom's martyred dead whose souls have passed away!

No more the ringing bugle blast
Shall fright the trembling air;
No more the squadrons hurrying fast
To meet the charge — perchance their last —
Amid the battle's glare.
Their pride, their strength, all, all are past,
In peace they slumber there,
And comrades true beside them lie,
Who, oft on field and flood
Fought in the strife for liberty,
And sealed their faith in blood;
But never yet beat hearts as proud
As those which Ireland gave —
Night's sable mantle was their shroud,
The battlefield their grave!

But though from earth have passed away
Their spirits bold and true,
And tombed in cold and senseless clay
The hearts that bounded warm and gay
In war's wassail — every fray
Where men could dare and do,
Their deeds will shine in Freedom's ray,
To fright the foeman on his way,
While tyrants stand appalled;
Their name and fame shall last for aye,
And brighter burn from day to day,
Till the sun sinks into eternity,
And the Judgment Roll is called!

Enormous Cost of Public Schools.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, preached at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., on the 17th of March. We make the following extract from his discourse: "But by loyalty to truth and conscience, they have acquired a power higher than that of mere knowledge. There is a civilization above the civilization of mere science and material progress. It is the sublime civilization that springs from adherence to principle — religious principle which would sacrifice every human consideration to a sense of loyalty to God. It is that power that nerved the heart and the arm of the Jewish patriarch, as he raised the knife of sacrifice to strike down 'his only son whom he loved, Isaac,' at the stern behest of the Great Master of life and death. This is the civilization which has preserved the youthful vigor and joyous heart of this people. Physically, mentally, and religiously, they have the elements of future greatness; a chaste generation, they are physically and mentally strong; a believing generation, they have the faith whose doctrines control passion, and awaken hope and inspire sacrifice. Hence, at home and abroad, they have a glorious future."

Letter from the Leper Settlement.

KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, April 9, 1890.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Donahoe: — Allow me to rectify an error which appeared in the April number of your excellent magazine, p. 393. I am made to say that "there is much suffering" on Molokai! In a "private" letter written, December last, to Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, I deplored the slow coming of the Franciscan Sisters in assuming full charge of the Boys' Home, founded at Kalawao, by Father Damien. As a consequence, things were unsettled, and the boys somewhat neglected. For this the Board of Health was in no way responsible, as the care of the orphan boys had been given and accepted by the Sisters since July, 1889.

I blamed no one, only I stated a fact, and did express my sorrow at the things being so. My words, from a particular import, have been given a general one, and applied to the whole settlement, whilst I spoke only about the Boys' Home, and not about the settlement in general. I regret very much such a mistake being made public, as it is injurious to the Board of Health, and to myself. To say that there is much suffering here, and to attribute the same to the Board of Health of the kingdom, would be altogether unfair and unjust.

For the benefit of the public in general, although my intention is not to write an article about the lepers of Molokai, I will say that the Hawaiian government provides sufficiently for the lepers; many improvements have been made of late years, many cottages built, a home for orphan girls and unprotected women, the Boys' Home enlarged, water pipes laid through the whole settlement, everywhere it is needed, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, which, in itself, is a great blessing, as the supply of pure water is abundant the whole year round.

The lepers, materially speaking, are well taken care of by the Hawaiian government and its Board of Health. The unfortunates get enough to eat and to wear, besides cottages to live in, free to all, without any distinction. Of course, there is room for small private charities for the weakest and most sickly among them, as coffee, tea, canned fruits, etc., are things very acceptable to those too far gone to relish much the common fare, although wholesome and sufficient for the more healthy ones.

Leprosy, in many cases, is painless, till the disease comes to its last stage. Lepers do not suffer in ratio of their external sores. The appearance and smell of these is more loathsome than the internal sufferings. Outside people imagine that Molokai is a place where woes, sufferings, and miseries reign supreme; but, believe me, it is far from being such a dreadful place. People here, like everywhere else, like to live as long as they possibly can, — no matter how ugly they look. Human nature is everywhere the same; to an observer, it looks quite

funny to see young leper girls, and young leper women, half-rotten, very careful about the way they look, as to their dress and hair, so as to be noticed, and attract the attention of males no better looking than themselves. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, says the old motto. Poor, simple people! What a curse has civilization brought upon them!

Once more let me assure you, Mr. Editor, that the Hawaiian government is able and willing to take care of the lepers here, and that it does not lack in its duty so far as material assistance goes.

I may add, in all truth, that the Hawaiian government and its Board of Health have not received the credit and praise they so well deserve for their kind and humane treatment of the lepers, both native and foreign.

Thanking you, dear sir, for your kindness in sending me your worthy and instructive magazine, I remain, very sincerely yours,

FATHER CONRARDY.

P. S. I have also written to the Catholic Sentinel, of Portland, Oregon, to rectify the same erroneous statement, which I read in its columns a few days ago.

Irish History and Literature in our Catholic School-Books.

III.

REASONABLE people would naturally suppose, that, at present, when we are within a decade of the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era, that religious prejudices and bigotry would, at least, begin to fade away, and give a troubled world some peace. But no; even in this favored land, where the people are governed by a Constitution that affords full freedom and protection to all men alike; here, where the people govern themselves, where the hand of Nature is ever bounteously outspread, and where all are welcome to share in those gifts, provided they perform their share of the work to entitle them to this rich reward; here, where every blessing that could be desired is obtainable, and where the people should live in harmony and accord, the demon of religious strife and hatred is as active and as full of evil portents as in old monarchical countries where the power and stability of thrones is often due to the prevalence of this license on the part of a bigoted majority.

The religious prejudice and hatred, here alluded to, is specially and particularly aimed at Catholics, at their religion, and at the Supreme Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, the Vicar and representative of Him who founded the Church. If the Catholics were a sect they would escape all this, even if they were pagan, and steeped to the tips of their noses in the most abominable superstitions. But it is because they are Catholics that this undying enmity towards them is ever present. Catholics, it is true, are increasing in numbers, power, and influence; but they cannot help this

increase because it is natural, just as the New Englanders could, if they wished, help their sterility because it is unnatural. Increase in population means increase proportionately in means, and increase of means denotes ability to build more churches and charitable institutions of all kinds, having sweet, divine charity as the foundation of all good works for the benefit of the sick, the feeble, and the aged, the young, the orphaned, and those requiring reformation.

Much of the hatred borne to Catholics, and the chief part of the abuse that is flung at them, proceeds directly from, or is generated by, the local secular press, and, subsequently, becomes intensified through the instrumentality of such publications as the Churchman, the Christian Union, the Christian at Work, and the Christian Intelligencer, that never permit an opportunity to escape them without some novelty in the manufacture of mendacious charges against the Catholic Church. Why do those papers, and others like them, continue in such an evil course? Most probably it helps their trade, or they may be moved thereto by a passion of jealousy, or both causes may be present to influence them.

Would they persecute the Catholics as in days gone by? So it would appear. They never tire in "proving" that the Catholic Church is opposed to the "spirit" of our Constitution and the institutions of our common country, forgetful that Catholics were present at the birth of the Constitution, as they were present at the discovery of the continent, and when they only were present, for the sects as yet were not even a fœtus in the womb of time.

Well, if persecution is in store for the Catholics of America, let it come, provided only that the Catholics are as well able to cope with the letting loose of the powers of darkness as their forefathers were for three hundred years after the breaking out of the Protestant Revolution in Europe.

Are Irish-American Catholics as well able to oppose a persecution, should it appear, as their immediate predecessors? Alas! that would remain to be seen; and if they were not, the cause might be sought for in the weakness of their Catholicity arising from the defective nature of their training, and the evil of their sectarian surroundings.

Where do we find the noblest examples of those who dared and died for their faith, if not in the History of Ireland, and what account of those brilliant examples do we find in our present American Catholic school-books? As a rule, there are none. Now, to thoroughly instruct and stimulate our Catholic youth, we should be able to show them how a persecuted people lived for generation after generation, born in slavery, dying in slavery, suffering from the cradle to the grave, outcasts from society, except the society of themselves, tortured, pitch-capped, triangled, hung, shot down like dogs, or burned in their homes, simply because they were Catholics, and, when the hour came, arising from their slavery, boldly and defiantly demanding redress, fighting for it, working for it, and finally obtaining it, because their enemies foresaw and dreaded a civil war, if redress were refused!

In two previous articles, under the heading of the present article,

the religious and heroic aspects of Ireland were briefly treated, for the purpose of showing what a storehouse Ireland presented, containing the richest materials, to supply, in part, the literary exercises of our class-books in Catholic schools; in part, only, as admitted heretofore, American matter taking precedence of all other selections. But after that, Irish history and literature should be made as prominent as possible for the benefit of Irish-American children, who cannot be too well instructed in things belonging to the Catholic country of their fathers, those men who were denied and shut off from the acquirement and privileges even of an elementary education, because they were Catholics.

Every one has heard of the penal laws against Irish-Catholics; but very few are aware of the number and enormity of those laws. It is not necessary to go into details concerning them just now, although their presentation usually conveys a salutary lesson. It is sufficient to state that they ran through a period from the days of Elizabeth to those of George III. However, it may be stated, in passing, that ignorance was imposed upon the Irish people by the force of those laws: Thus, a Catholic family employing a Catholic teacher was fined fifty dollars a month for trying to educate themselves, and the teacher was fined ten dollars a day for every day he gave instruction to one or more persons. If a Catholic, seeing that education was denied his children at home, sent his child to a foreign country to be educated, he was fined five hundred dollars, and the child was disabled from ever inheriting, purchasing, or enjoying lands, or profits, goods, debts, legacies, or sums of money either in England or Ireland. If a Catholic was present at Mass he was fined three hundred dollars, and any Catholic priest who returned from his place of banishment beyond the seas, was liable, at any moment, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Catholic school-masters, wherever found, were tried for felony. Any two justices might call any Catholic before them to declare on oath where and when he last heard Mass; who were present; be compelled to give the name and residence of any priest or school-master he knew. Refusal meant a year's imprisonment in a felon's cell.

There was many a year's imprisonment, and many a felon's cell had an occupant, for traitors were almost unknown. The poor hunted *Soggarth* came back from "beyond the seas," and took his chances of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

What a faith was theirs who withstood this persecution for three centuries!

Burke said of those laws: "The most refined ingenuity of man could not contrive any plan or machinery better calculated to degrade humanity than this terrible code." The French law-giver, Montesquieu, was more bitter still in his characterization of the same laws. He said: "This horrid code was conceived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell."

And, yet, the moment this terrible code was relaxed, the Irish emulated each other in the work of opening schools, although these were of the most primitive order; and, in a comparatively short period

of time, the youth of the country progressed with marked intelligence in every branch of popular education. Their progress was most wonderful, and, to-day, no people, as a class, are more anxious for the intellectual welfare of their children, than the Irish and Irish-American people. None more ready than they to make and endure sacrifices for their children's education; and they certainly would consider that education wanting in much of its value and importance, if the history and literature of Ireland is overlooked in the school-books used by their children.

Short sketches of the lives of great men are very attractive, and make splendid reading for young people. Few countries have produced greater men than Ireland, and that, too, in almost every walk of life.

Reference has been made in these articles to Irishmen renowned for their sanctity, and to patriotic Irish warriors. The instances quoted were necessarily very few in number, for the world has long since recognized Ireland as the Island of Saints, of sages, and of warriors.

No one will question the oratorical product of Ireland, nor the beauty and value of Irish poetry. Indeed, some people think that Ireland has produced too many orators, and too many poets, and that the scientific, or sterner class of matter, has been left behind by Irishmen. Such is not the case, however. Ireland has also been rich in men of science. Tyndall, the great scientist, is an Irishman, and a townsman of Black, the distinguished and celebrated chemist, both being born in Belfast. Black was the companion of Montesquieu, while Brownrigg, Cavendish, and Dr. Priestly were his eminent disciples.

Thomas Frye, of Dublin, was the first porcelain manufacturer that England could boast of, and Sir Hans Sloane, one of the greatest botanists, was a "rattlin' boy from the county Down." This Sloane was the first man to make Europe acquainted with the botanical treasures of America. He was big enough, although a "mere Irishman," to be the successor of Sir Isaac Newton, as the President of the Royal Society of England. He died when nearly a hundred years old, and left a library of fifty thousand volumes, a museum containing twenty-three thousand curious coins and medals, — these are often of great use in history and philology, — and a collection of thirty-six thousand specimens of natural subjects. It is interesting to remember that these valuable collections formed the foundation of the British museum, of which England is so proud, and which is certainly one of the greatest institutions of the kind in the world.

Oh, no; Irishmen were not behind in the sciences.

Robert Boyle, Earl of Cork, the friend of Galileo, was the inventor of the air-pump, and a great scientific writer and worker.

Dr. Berkley, the Irish philosopher and humorist, left his native country to teach science in America. He used to preach at Newport, R. I., and bestowed a hundred acres of land and a large library, to Yale College.

Pope sang of him:

"To Berkley every virtue under heaven."

But Pope was sometimes extravagant in praise of his friends.

Hugh Hamilton, the Protestant bishop of Ossroy, was a great natural philosopher, as was also William Hamilton of the county Antrim, whose work on the basaltic strata of the coast of his native country, including the Giant's Causeway, had a continental popularity.

These are but a few gleanings from the scientific galaxy of Irishmen; but they are sufficient to show that the intellectual product of Ireland, in modern times, was not behind that of any other country.

The poets of Ireland are world-wide in reputation, not all of them, but some of them. Perhaps Ireland has had too many poets. There are not wanting those who incline to this belief. Some hold that poetry is the first intellectual effort of a people; others again are of the opinion that it is a sign of a nation's decadence. Perhaps both of these classes of critics are wrong in their conclusions. Ireland has almost always been known as the Land of Song, and the title is becoming and suitable:

"'Land of Song,' said the warrior bard."

The author of the Minstrel Boy stands head of the Irish poets. He was the friend and companion of Byron, who sang of him in heartiest strains:

"Wert the last drop in the well,
As I gasped on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink."

It is nearly a century now since Moore began a translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He was then only sixteen years of age, and was born in 1780. He was the friend and companion of Emmet whose name he immortalized in that beautiful melody:

"Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his ashes are laid."

And of Mary Curran, Emmet's sweetheart, he wrote that other delightful melody:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

The subject was, indeed, romantic and thrilling, and called forth Moore's happiest muse. His Irish Melodies are as well known in the German universities as they are known in Ireland; so the writer of this article was informed by Dr. Julius Rodenberg, of Berlin, a gentleman of rare attainments and no mean poet himself. Perhaps some of Moore's poetry might be found worthy of a place in our Catholic-American school-books! If not found worthy of such high distinction, some gems might be gathered from the works of men like Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Thomas Davis (the Minstrel of Mallow), Charles Mangan, Gerald Griffin, Samuel Lover, Dr. Drennan (the war bard of '98, and the first poet to make use of the term "Emerald Isle"), Frank Davis (better known as the "Belfast Man"),

O'Mahony (Father Prout), Lady Wilde (Speranza), Denis Florence McCarthy, or Aubrey De Vere.

This is but a sprinkling of the better known of the Irish poets, but it is abundantly sufficient for present purposes.

If Ireland led the van in poets, she was also great in orators, jurists, and statesmen.

Edmund Burke, who introduced a new style into English composition and eloquence, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan — what a name to conjure with — the Irish Shakespeare who gave us the Rivals and the School for Scandal, two of the best comedies on the English-speaking stage, were men of lasting fame, whose brilliant achievements will brighten throughout the ages, giving to our literature the unmistakable stamp of genius. Sheridan's impeachment of Warren Hastings still stands unrivalled, and as Pitt, speaking of it, said: "It surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Fox and Byron impoverished the language in their efforts to speak words of admiration and praise of Sheridan.

Moore sang of Sheridan, thus:

"Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave."

They gave Sheridan a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, the English did, after leaving him, in his declining years, to starve and battle with the world. The eclipse of Sheridan's life, at the end, was as densely black as its meridian was bright. He was the friend and boon companion of George IV., when Prince of Wales, one of the grossest and most depraved princes of Europe. Sheridan's fate was not altogether undeserved, but the light and fruits of his wonderful genius shine forth, undimmed by the excesses of his poor humanity.

The world has long since acknowledged the wonderful and enduring power of Irish oratory. Oratory and patriotism often go hand in hand, and, as Ireland was a nation of patriots subjected and enslaved, and cruelly deprived even of the power of raising the means of resistance to slavery, especially during this century, it was to be expected that the burning thoughts of the unfettered minds of her sons should find expression in the eloquence of oratory. Such men as Grattan, Flood, Sheil, Fox, Curran, Burke, O'Connell, Whiteside, Meagher, Phillips, Burgh, Lucas, and Charlemont, have shed a wondrous glory around Ireland. A critical examination of the efforts of those, and such like men of Ireland, will stand the test alongside those of any other nation, ancient or modern. No finer thoughts expressed, or clothed in more beautiful language, can be found in the utterances of men, than are to be found in this school of Irish orators.

No school-book ever yet compiled, where selections of oratory form a feature of the book, can be called perfect without containing extracts from those master minds of Ireland.

There need be no hesitation in asserting that much of the matter,

poetical and oratorical, to be found in most of our Catholic school-books, is simply rubbish compared with the clean-cut classic gems of Irish poetry and oratory.

There is more true poetry, fine poetic sentiment, breathing, and burning with the true golden fire, in Gysippus, by Gerald Griffin, in a sonnet, by Maurice Egan, or in the lyric songs of John Boyle O'Reilly, than could be found in the majority of compositions spread over the weary and desolate waste of pages in our school-books.

The authors, historians, novelists, preachers, musicians, painters, sculptors, civil engineers, engravers, dramatic writers, artists, and men of genius in every walk of life, that have found their birthplace in Ireland, are too numerous and too well known to dwell upon. Those specifically named are brought to view for the purpose of affording a glimpse of the vast power such men possessed, and, by implication, to show the necessity of quoting from their works, or their lives, the brightest examples that can be placed before the pupils of any kind of school, college, or academy. Quotations might be made from the works of some, and examples given from the lives of others; but such a task would be too extended for the purpose of this series of articles. Enough has been shown to convince any one of the necessity of enriching our Catholic school-books, and enhancing their literary value by making copious, and even extended extracts from the history and literature of Ireland. PETER MCCORRY.

Not Love the American Flag!

FATHER WALWORTH, rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y., is the son of the great Chancellor Walworth, of New York, and the grandson of a hero of the American Revolutionary war. In a sermon recently preached by him in his church, he alluded to the storm of bigot abuse that is at present being poured on the Catholic Church for maintaining parochial schools, and to the charges of disloyalty and lack of love for the American flag that are uttered by some of the bigots. A report of Father Walworth's sermon says: Here the orator raised himself to his full height. "Not love the American flag!" said he. "Dear brethren, that charge comes hard to me and you. Under that glorious banner my grandfather stood when it was first born. Under it and under the eye of Washington he stood at White Plains, in Hale's division, which bore the brunt of the second day's battle. From the foot of that hill where he fought beneath that same flag, he saw Howe's army sullenly retreat back to New York. Under that flag at Minnesink he rode into the ambuscade which the wily Brant had planned, and from which a fourth part only of his regiment returned alive. And others of his blood, in that and later wars, have marched in dripping uniforms under the same banner. That banner floated over the church and school-house which I served during the late Civil war. Which of you have not something of the same story to tell of relatives and friends? Are there no vacant chairs at your table to remind you of fathers, sons, and brothers who fell under that flag? Did we love it once and love it now no longer?

Convents and Unhappy Marriages.

Rev. Canon Searle, preaching in England, said he was for many years chaplain of one of the largest convents, and was well acquainted with the convents of that country, and of the continent. He had heard of some nuns who had been expelled from convents, but had never heard of one escaping, or trying to do so. A case occurred, some years ago, of a nun, who had brought an action in the Court of Queen's Bench, of Westminster, against the Rev. Mother Superior of a convent in Hull. Why did she bring that action? Not because of being a prisoner, but for being turned out. They might read in the papers, in the sad and disgusting records of the divorce courts, of miserable wives, of young and innocent girls being forced by their parents, not into convents, but forced by their parents into the arms of vile, profligate men, for the sake of money and title, and they might hear of these poor victims ending their days in the lunatic asylums. They were not nuns, but the married women of England. He could testify, even as regards this life, that nuns were the best and most contented of their sex. They were wedded to their spouse, the Church, by their vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; they administered to the sick by their prayers and help; educated the girls of the noblest and humblest families. It was a very difficult thing for any one to become a nun. It was very much easier to get out of a convent than to get into one, because they knew that ladies of high rank and education and fortune, did not really admit any one amongst them about whose vocation they were not satisfied. They heard about convents being inspected. Convents were constantly inspected by those who have a right of access; by the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, friends and relatives of the inmates,—many of them, he was going to say most of them, men and women of the highest rank, and of the most ancient and noblest families of England, who had kept the faith of their ancestors, or had been within the last few years converted to it.

O'Connor and the Bear.

When the late General Crook was a first lieutenant, he served in the far West. "Among our new men," says one of his comrades, "was an Irishman named O'Connor, who was filled with the love of hunting game. One day he got leave of absence to go on a short shooting trip, and that was the last we heard of him for two days. Then a detachment was sent out in search of him. The scouts tracked O'Connor to a hill far into the woods, and in the frail, topmost branches of this tree, the recruit was found lashed tight to a limb. Below him was a bear, which made off on our approach. 'What are you doing up there, sir?' I asked. 'Watching bear,' was the answer. 'It didn't seem much afraid of you,' returned Lieutenant Crook, laughing heartily. 'Oh, no,' said O'Connor, unabashed; 'you see I was watching the bear, and the bear was watching me.'" O'Connor had slept in the tree all night, having tied himself so that he could not fall.

SHRINE OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRE. (See page 4 for full description.)

How to Reach St. Anne's from Boston. Most of the pilgrimages take place during June, July, August, and September. Last year over sixty-nine thousand pilgrimages visited the Shrine during July and August. The Feast of St. Anne is celebrated on the 26th of July. Trains leave Boston, from the Fitchburg depot, at 9 A. M. daily, except Sunday, arrive at Montreal at 8.30 P. M.; leave Montreal at 10 P. M., arrive at Quebec at 6.30 A. M. Trains carry passengers to door of the church. The office of the company is at 211 Washington street, Rogers' Building.

Correspondence.

THE KNOW-NOTHING RIOT IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:

My attention has only just been called to an article in your Magazine of October, 1889, entitled "The Know-Nothing Riot in Providence, R. I." After making due allowance for the graphic and rather sensational vein in which it is written, I yet find so many glaring misstatements of facts that can easily be verified by persons still living, that it has left upon me the unwelcome impression that if the other statements made in it are not more accurate than those to which I shall presently refer, then, indeed, the "annals" of a convent must be of very doubtful value as historical records. I notice, however, that although the article is signed "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," yet very few paragraphs are given in quotation marks; and I therefore venture to think that it is, in reality, mainly the work of a compiler, who, having no personal knowledge of the facts, has thrown them together in a rather careless manner; probably confused Miss Newell with some other person, and drawn largely on his imagination for many of his statements.

Being a member of the Catholic Truth Society, recently organized in this city, I feel strongly impelled by a sense of justice and truth, to send you several facts in my possession which may tend to throw light on an important chapter in the history of Catholicism in America. As the heroine of the riot has always remained a sincere and devout Catholic, is now the wife of one of our most prominent citizens, and has been a most intimate friend of the writer and his family for more than twenty-five years, my facilities for obtaining the following facts have been unexceptionable.

In the first place, then, the tragic account of her elder brother's sudden death, after returning from a ball one night, is pure fiction. It did not occur till some three weeks after the ball, and was the result of a severe cold caught about a week after it. He was confined to his bed for several days before his death. The testimony of his living relatives is naturally better evidence on this point than the alleged "annals" of a convent with which he had no connection. In the second place, the "professor at the High School" had nothing whatever to do with exciting "Miss Newell's curiosity" to know Mother Warde. It was through one of her girl companions that their meeting was brought about.

The compiler next states that the Know-Nothing riot occurred "on a clear, frosty evening in November, 1855," and that the bishop appeared attired in "a straw hat and a linen duster," surely a costume slightly out of keeping with the season! Now, Miss Newell entered the convent, March 11th, and left it on Aug. 3d, 1855; hence it does not seem possible that the "riot," which was avowedly for the purpose of rescuing "the beautiful Yankee lady," did not take place till three months after she had gone! She declares it was in March or April of 1855.

Again, the compiler seems to take particular pains to convey the idea that Miss Newell was not the "young" lady that the mob supposed her to be. He declares positively that "she was no longer young; being, to put it roundly, between thirty and forty." Now, as Miss Newell was born on Dec. 4th, 1833, it is easy to see from a very simple calculation that she had just passed her twenty-first year, at the time of the riot. If Mother Warde were still living she would doubtless remember that Miss Newell had delayed her entrance to the convent a whole year, in order that she might attain the age of legal independence, namely: twenty-one years.

The compiler is also very particular to state that Miss Newell's "personal qualifications did not include beauty nor brilliancy." Of course, I do not know how the young Puritan girl of twenty-one summers may have looked in the habit of a nun, or how far her brilliancy may have displayed itself in her conversation as a novice; but this much I do know — and I make the statement

without consulting her — that during her long residence in this community, where she is known to thousands, she has always passed for a woman of decided beauty, and a conversationalist of unusual brilliancy. In regard to her mental "qualifications," I remember once to have heard it remarked by Father McGoldrick, now bishop of Duluth, then pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish in Minneapolis, one of the directors of our Public Library, and an omnivorous reader himself, that she was probably the best read woman in the state of Minnesota.

This compiler further says: "The convent was saved by prayer and confidence in the divine protection, though the arm of flesh was not wanting;" but he entirely neglects to state, what possibly was not known to the Sisters themselves at the time, but what was certainly known to every man in the mob, namely: that the real bomb-shell that disconcerted the plans of the rioters and "took the wind out of their sails," as Governor Anthony expressed it, was a note written by Miss Newell herself, and published in the Providence Journal of either that morning, or the morning before. After stating her extreme repugnance to appearing in print, and justifying it only on the ground of duty towards her friends, she refuted the absurd charges that had been circulated regarding her forcible detention in the convent to secure her small fortune; and concluded with the following words: "I simply ask, in this land of boasted liberty and equal rights, to be allowed to follow my own inclinations." Had these charges been true, no liberty-loving American, with a spark of manhood in his nature, could have felt or acted much differently from the mob under the circumstances. It is only just to the American character to suppose that the majority of that mob really believed the charges to be true; for the simple denial of them over the supposed victim's signature was all that was needed to allay their excitement and bring them to better resolutions. Surely this is a striking illustration of the force of the divine maxim: "The truth shall make you free;" and another proof of the sound, practical common-sense of the true American when once the light of truth has dawned upon his intellect.

The description of the mob attributed by the "annals" to an eye-witness, who declared that "perfect order prevailed," is probably quite correct, as it tallies very well with the recollections of Miss Newell. As she and Mother Warde were the first persons summoned from the chapel to observe the gathering crowd outside, it is probable that her observations were as correct and reliable as any one's. She remembers it as "a very tame mob." Though, of course, the slightest accident might have aroused it to fury, yet to her it was plain that the original plan had been entirely abandoned; and the vast majority had been drawn to the scene more from motives of curiosity than of mischief.

Thus it is evident that the chief actors in any great event often see things in quite a different light from those who are not in the secrets; like the novices in this case, who were "unconscious of danger."

WILLIAM F. MARKOE.

Minneapolis, Minn.

NOTE. The writer of the above communication mistakes the author of the article criticised. SHE is no less the author of the three volumes "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy."

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
May 22, 1890.

THE favor of your presence is respectfully solicited at the unveiling of Gregori's group, "The Sciences," in the Dome of the University of Notre Dame.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America, will preside.

A poem will be read by William P. Coyne, A. M., of the Royal Irish University, and an address will be delivered by William J. Onahan, Esq., LL. D., of Chicago.

The ceremony will take place on Thursday, May 29, at 4 P. M.

T. E. WALSH, C. S. C., *President.*

Mr. Donahoe regrets that he could not attend on the interesting occasion. Nevertheless, he is grateful for being remembered.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT,
460 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, May 18, 1890.

TO THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MENS' SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Gentlemen: — The sixteenth annual Convention of our National Union will be held, God willing, in the city of Washington, next October. Although the date is still far in advance, it behooves us to begin at once our preparations for the proper organization of this assembly. The summer is a time when very little work can be done. The month of September will be too late for successful efforts. The gentlemen of the Washington societies are already in the field, making energetic preparations. They will do everything they can to cheapen railroad fares, and to provide for the delegates the very best hotel accommodations at the lowest possible expense. Furthermore, although they know the large-hearted hospitality with which we have ever been entertained, nevertheless they go so far as to guarantee that the National Union has never met so hearty a reception as will be given it in our country's capital this year.

We must not permit ourselves to be outdone in zeal by our prospective hosts.

All the societies affiliated with the National Union are hereby requested to make ready at once, to elect their delegates, and to suggest to the executive committee, through the secretary, Mr. John P. Leahy, matter for discussion at the Convention.

Furthermore, all Catholic Young Men's Societies, throughout the country, not yet formally members of the Union, are hereby respectfully and cordially invited to enter its ranks.

The National Union, as I understand it, is not an organization separate from the individual societies. It is an amalgamation of them all, in which each organization retains entirely its individuality, while contributing largely to its own welfare, and to the general benefit of the movement in favor of the young men. Its direct objects are:

First, to strengthen every society that enjoys its membership. New York state, by herself, would be a small and insignificant nation. Rhode Island would be of less importance still; but, as parts of the great American commonwealth, each obtains a new power and majesty, and acquires a voice in deciding the destinies of the world.

Secondly, to foster the spirit of fraternity among our young men, throughout the length and breadth of the land, so that whenever questions arise which involve the interests, or the constitutional rights of the Catholic people, they may be found shoulder to shoulder, with one mind and one heart, defending the cause of justice and of truth.

Thirdly, to elevate the tone, and to improve the efficiency of the individual societies everywhere, through the friction of many minds, and the interchange of experiences. In our Conventions the weak learn from the strong; and often, indeed, the strong learn from the weak, on the principle that a grindstone can sharpen a knife although incapable itself of making delicate incisions.

Fourthly, to put the movement for the benefit of the young men so clearly and so favorably before the public, that he who runs may read the necessity and the practicability of caring for our golden youth.

We hope, and we confidently expect, that the October Convention will be attended by representatives from every Catholic Young Men's Society in the United States. What a glorious spectacle it will be if we can gather, then and there, a thousand delegates, to place this beautiful work on a secure footing forevermore; and to show the world that the young men are the very bone and sinew of the Catholic Church in America.

Let no association hesitate on account of not having been enrolled from the beginning. Come in as soon as you can. Have your name placed on the roll at once, without waiting for the time of the Convention. You are needed, you are wanted in the ranks and at the head.

Any information that can be desired will be most cheerfully given by the National Secretary, Mr. J. P. Leahy, No. 13 School street, Boston, Mass., or by the undersigned whose address is given above.

We will be very grateful also for any information that can be sent us with regard to the number, the names, and addresses, of the different societies in the various sections of the country.

This is a great cause. It began in humility. It has thriven in difficulty. Its complete success will be brought about only with great industry, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm. It is an off-shoot, a corollary, of the sentiment which feels that Catholic schools are of absolute necessity for the preservation of the faith of our people. Let us bend our energies to it. We may not live to see the complete realization of our ideals; but we will contribute something, at least, to their bringing about. Trusting to your immediate and generous co-operation, I have the honor to be,

Sincerely and fraternally,

Your servant in Christ,

MICHAEL J. LAVELLE, *President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.*

OFFICE OF CITY ATTORNEY.

PORT HURON, MICH., May 22, 1890.

PETER MCCORRY, *My Dear Sir:*—I have just read your article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June, 1890, upon "Irish History and Literature in our Catholic School-Books." I have also read many other articles from your pen. I now wish to thank you and assure you that you are serving Ireland more effectually than many of her statesmen, because your work is sure to bear good fruit, and be enduring in its effect. We have much to do in literature. Our young men are not students. Their marvellous physical vitality rarely tones down to close intellectual work. Our people do not purchase the production of our best writers. Publishers must feel disheartened,—the country dance, the base-ball field, and even the bar-room have attractions for young Irish-Americans which literature seems unable to supplant. Ask a group of young people with Irish names what they think of Songs, Legends, and Ballads, by John Boyle O'Reilly, or Statues in the Block, or In Bohemia, etc., and you will soon detect an ignorance deep enough to make you blush for them if they are too innocent to blush for each other. You can extend the range of inquiry into such names as Gilmary Shea, Rosa Mulholland, Margaret F. Sullivan, and even Father Ryan, with no better success; but they will be up on Paddy Ryan, John L. Sullivan, Mike Muldoon, or Jake Kilrain, and they may be able to name every famous catcher of base ball in America, and give you the exact time of each race horse.

I was at our state capital last week and saw the programme of a play "All Nations." Ireland was not forgotten. A stocky damsel, named "Bridget O'Flannagan," with a broom and big feet, personated Erin. She sang three stupid verses, "How I Captured Mike," etc. The same play at Saginaw is reported to have had this identical Bridget with three pigs upon the stage, all well patronized and praised. You must not think I saw nothing but error; on the contrary, I am proud of our people even in their waywardness. I would gladly change them into serious, reflective souls. They are splendid, even in their savagery, and are slowly coming into better ways. Their possibilities are unbounded, and if their energies could be guided aright, they would soon change the face of public thought. You are amongst the few who tell them plain facts. And again, you have my thanks. Your friend,

O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

A Reminiscence of Father Meehan.

ONE day, Richard Dalton Williams, who was then a medical student in St. Vincent's Hospital, entered Father Meehan's rooms where he produced a splendid tress of rich, golden hair. This he explained, in sorrowful tones, he had just taken from the head of a beautiful peasant girl, who had that day died of consumption in St. Vincent's. After some conversation Williams sat down at Father Meehan's table, and with scarcely any expenditure of mental labor, he wrote one of his sweetest poems, that touching and pathetic one which opens with this verse:

"From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there;
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair."

A Catholic Press Association.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent interview with the editor of the Church News of Washington, D. C., relative to the duties and trials of Catholic editors, expressed himself most emphatically in favor of their enjoying the widest and broadest liberty of speech and freedom of debate, and deprecated the habit, sometimes indulged in, of fault-finding and of disagreeable personalities in general. No class of people can more safely indulge in freedom of discussion than Catholics, whose faith is grounded upon the revealed word of God preserved in the infallible Church of Christ.

Debate on Catholic subjects is like the swinging of a pendulum whose vibrations may be as divergent as the poles, and yet, after a while, the pendulum itself will come to rest in the centre of gravity. Thus also, the views of different writers and speakers may seem at first utterly divergent; but, as discussion advances, and the truth becomes more and more distinctly visible, all come to rest, finally, at the centre of truth. It is a great pity that Catholic writers have found themselves so handicapped, fearing lest too bold an utterance might bring down upon them the censure of other writers, or even of ecclesiastical superiors. Better risk making a mistake now and then, than dwell forever in narrow, restricted limits, where freedom is unknown. A mistake is easily corrected, and an adverse criticism is likely to do more good than harm.

His Eminence referred to the warm debates which took place in the third Plenary Council, when some of the bishops were on one side and others directly opposed to them, even when very important subjects were being considered; still these topics were finally determined satisfactorily to all. Speaking of a bishop indorsing or approving of any particular journal, he said he did not believe in it, as the paper would bring out the bishop, not the bishop the paper. With that remarkable foresight and breadth of thought for which the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore is known throughout the world, His Eminence, evidently, appreciates the good work the Catholic press is doing, and desires it to extend its usefulness, to discuss questions boldly, intelligently, in a true Catholic spirit of toleration, and, above all things, to avoid the narrow selfishness sometimes seen in the conduct even of religious papers.

These views of His Eminence call to mind the National Convention of Catholic editors which met at Cincinnati on the first Wednesday of May. The Convention was not a very large gathering; but what it lacked in numbers was made up for by the earnestness and enthusiasm of those who represented most of the Catholic journals of our country. About thirty-nine periodicals reported either in person or by letter. Among those who sent words of greeting and encouragement were Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., of the Catholic World, and Mr. Patrick Donahoe, of Donahoe's Magazine, the veteran editor of America. Those who were there evidently came for work

and not for play, and in the two days' sessions, they laid the foundation of what we hope may expand into a grand and noble structure,—an associated Catholic Press.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. F. W. Graham, of St. Joseph, Mo., and Father Graham and Mr. Condé B. Pallen, of St. Louis, were elected president and secretary. On motion of Mr. Milton E. Smith, editor of the Church News, of Washington City, a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution for a permanent association of Catholic editors and publishers. The same committee was also instructed to name officers for the new organization. The result of their deliberation was made known in the afternoon, when a constitution, at once simple and comprehensive, was discussed and adopted by the body to be known hereafter as "The Catholic Press Association of the United States;" and the following-named gentlemen were recommended for officers: Mr. Condé B. Pallen, president; Rev. J. H. Conroy, vice-president; Rev. F. W. Graham, treasurer; and Mr. James De Laney, secretary. They were unanimously elected.

The constitution sets forth, as the object of this association, the promotion of a closer union of those engaged in Catholic journalism, the elevation of the tone of our newspapers and periodicals, and the building up of the general interests of the Catholic press. It also provides for the prompt interchange of important information among its members. Any editor or business manager is eligible to membership, but each journal shall be entitled to but one vote.

A committee of resolutions was appointed to consider the great subjects of the day: the school question, the temporal power of the Pope, and socialism. Informal discussions were indulged in on various topics, such as the use of patent plates, the interchange of items of information and correction, the purchase of printing outfits for the use of Catholic publishers. The most spicy debate of the convention was the one which grew out of the motion to select a place for the meeting of the Association, in 1891. Mr. O'Brien, of the Catholic Mirror, suggested Chicago; Mr. Milton E. Smith, of the Church News, invited the Convention to meet in his own city, the National Capital. Mr. James De Laney, of Brooklyn, placed New York in nomination. Pittsburg was also suggested; but after three ballots, New York was selected as a compromise. When we consider the hospitality of Washington, and its peculiar advantages for the assembling of national conventions, we are not prepared to say that the selection was the best that could have been made; still, we hope and believe the next convention will be a thoroughly successful one.

The discussion of the more important matters was deferred, as the committee determined not to prepare these resolutions hastily, but suggested that the officers of the association issue an address to be sent to the bishops, and to all Catholic newspapers. This forth-coming address is looked for with great interest by all connected with the work. The necessity of co-operation among our publishers, and of unity of sentiment and action on the part of Catholic writers, is too evident to need demonstration. It is to be hoped that all Catholic

papers and magazines will enroll themselves in the society, and work unselfishly for the noble ends proposed by its founders.

It behooves the Catholic writer to discuss, fully and freely, all great subjects. Timidity and indolence should be unknown to him, but poverty and he are likely to be good friends. Let this, however, not deter the worker who feels called upon to labor in the field of Catholic journalism; for to him who is brave enough to bear unflinchingly "the burden and the heat of the day," to learn the weary lessons and drink the bitter draughts that shall be set before him, there will yet dawn a bright day when he shall enjoy a well-earned rest and a well-merited reward, if not in this world, in one which shall endure forever.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Two Noble Statues.

THE bronze equestrian statue of General Lee which is the work of the well-known Parisian sculptor, Antonin Mercie, was delivered over to-day, says the Herald's European edition, 13th ult., to Colonel Burgwyn, representing the state of Virginia, who has just arrived in Paris. In company with Colonel Burgwyn and M. Mercie, a Herald correspondent visited the *ateliers* of Thiebaut Freres, where the statue is now standing, and where it will remain on exhibition for three days preparatory to being shipped to America.

"Splendid! Splendid!" was the delighted exclamation of the Southerner, as he looked for the first time upon the majestic features of the great commander. "The likeness is perfect, and everything about the statue is true to life. The sword the General carries is an exact representation of the original, and see how his boots rest in the stirrup, entering very slightly."

"What are the dimensions of the statue?" asked the correspondent of M. Thiebaut.

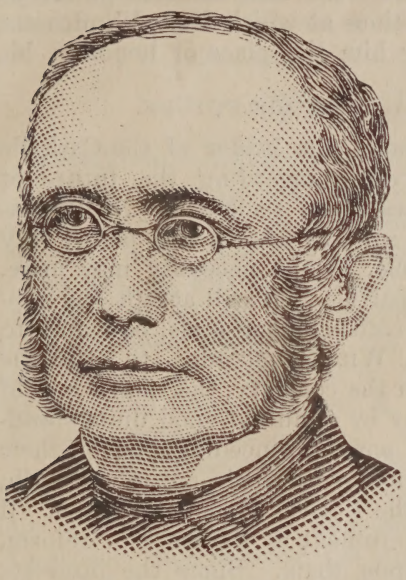
"It is 6.60 metres high, 7.15 metres across, and weighs 7,000 kilogrammes, or about eight tons. It was cast in eight sections, the largest being the horse's body, which alone weighs 3,950 kilos. The casting on that section was a most difficult and delicate operation."

The statement that the statue had been cast in eight pieces seemed scarcely credible, so perfectly had the joints been made. The date fixed for the unveiling was May 29. Colonel Burgwyn invited M. Mercie to be present on the occasion, and the sculptor said it would give him sincere pleasure to accept the invitation, and he would make a great effort to do so.

A formal notification of the readiness of the American government to accept the monument of Lafayette was given to-day to MM. Falguiere and Mercie, the sculptors, by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister. A professional report as to the compliance in technical details with the requirements of the contract had been stipulated for, and this was made to-day by Mr. Simmons, the American sculptor, from Rome. Gen. Lee's statue was unveiled, as mentioned above, amid the rejoicings of thousands of spectators from all parts of the South.

Herr Windthorst.

THE GERMAN CATHOLIC LEADER'S SUCCESSFUL CAREER.



HERR WINDTHORST.

HERR LUDWIG WINDTHORST, the renowned Catholic leader of Germany, was born Jan. 17, 1812. He attended the "Carolinum," in Osnabruck, and he continued his studies at Gottingen and Heidelberg. He became an advocate, and then syndic and presiding member of the consistory at Osnabruck; he afterwards became Ober-Appellatinsrath in Kalbe, and from 1863 to 1865, he was Minister of Justice at Hanover, finally being nominated and installed as Chief Syndic of the Crown, in Kalbe. From the years including 1849 to 1866, he was a member of the Assembly of the Estates of the Realm, and, in 1851, president of the Second Chamber of the same. Herr Windthorst next became a member of the Constituent and the regular Reichstag; and, since 1867, he has been a member of the Prussian House of Deputies.

WHAT AN AMERICAN PAPER SAYS.

The New York Tribune gives this lively description of Germany's Catholic leader: Preparations are being made among the clerical opposition to celebrate, in a suitable manner, the seventy-eighth birthday of Herr Windthorst, the only member of the Reichstag in whom Prince Bismarck recognized a foeman worthy of his steel. Nothing is more strange than the contrast between the two men. The one, a burly giant in stature, with a big, loud voice, and a heavy tread, always arrayed in his uniform of a cavalry general, with boots and spurs complete; the other, a little old dwarf, almost hunch-backed, with a singularly ugly, yet clever face, watery eyes, that are hidden behind a huge pair of blue spectacles, a monstrous toothless mouth, from which issues a thin, piping, wooden-kind of voice, and clear-shaven cheeks, in every fold and wrinkle of which there seem to look a sarcasm or an irony in store for the chancellor. It is this ugly little dwarf, however, who is the temporal representative of the Pope in the German Empire. It is he who is the despotic leader of the Catholic party in German politics — a party of the most heterogeneous nature, since it is composed of great feudal princes and lords, of prelates and priests, of landed proprietors, Poles, Hanoverians, and even a sprinkling of socialists. All these are ranged under the banner of the little old man, who was formerly prime-minister to King George of Hanover, who succeeded

in blending his loyalty to the overthrown Guelph dynasty with the most unquestioned patriotism towards the great German Empire, and who, although three years older than Prince Bismarck, seems destined to survive him. The chancellor treats with him as from power to power, and at the parliamentary receptions at which Herr Windthorst is his guest, makes a point of giving him the place of honor at his right.

WINDTHORST'S VIEWS REGARDING THE FUTURE.

To a correspondent, Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in Germany, lately gave his views regarding the future of Germany, his party, and upon the question of socialism. No permanent coalitions will be made, he has said, by the Centre party, only certain combinations, from time to time, as the necessity may arise. The Centre party stands between all parties, and will accept the support of any other party, when certain contingencies arise, best able to support it. They have no wish, Dr. Windthorst adds, to offer the government systematic opposition. On the contrary, the Centre would prefer to further the affairs of Germany by a mutual good understanding with the government, without, of course, conceding one of their principles. Especially will they support, with their entire strength, the policy of social reform begun by the Kaiser. It is the duty of all parties, he believes, to support the government in the work of reform, and to protest against every attack upon them. Since the interests of Germany are those of peace, and can be furthered by peace, and peace alone, the new Reichstag will support the peace policy of the government to the best of its ability.

LABOR CONFERENCE.

With regard to the Labor Conference, Herr Windthorst regrets that Russia and America did not take part in it. "I and my friends," he said, "were delighted at the Kaiser's having taken the initiative now as the Pope had done. In this matter, the Pope and the Kaiser are as one. If I had been president of the United States, I should have sent one of the ablest men in the country to watch and report about the success of the conference. The growth of socialism may be attributed here, in a great part, to the waning interest in religious matters, an indifference fostered by a lack of religious instruction in schools."

A GOOD PROGRAMME.

Herr Windthorst, the able leader of the Centre or Catholic party in the Reichstag, announces that his new Parliamentary platform will demand the re-establishment of the Catholic division of the Ministry of Public Worship, the abolition of school supervision wherever conflicting with Catholic toleration, and the entire nullification of the intolerant Old Catholic laws. Dr. Windthorst will also move for the abrogation of the laws interfering with Catholic religious orders, and the settlement of monastic communities in the empire. He will also take steps to procure the repeal of the law prohibiting the entry of the members of the Society of Jesus into Germany.

Herr Windthorst has had an exceptional honor bestowed upon him, and an honor, too, that has come from an unexpected quarter. He has received the Order of Christ, from the hands of the Pope, the highest decoration that it is in the power of his Holiness to give to a layman. Herr Windthorst is called the King of the Reichstag.

The Color Line.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND CONTENDS THAT THERE IS NO SUCH LINE.

THE following is a full synopsis of the sermon preached in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, May 4, by Archbishop Ireland. For the information of those who may not be aware of the fact, we will state that St. Augustine's Church was built by the colored Catholics of Washington, and is used by them. It is one of the handsomest churches in the national capital, and its congregation may be said to be the *elite* of the colored people of that city. The rector of the Church is Rev. M. J. Walsh, who has several assistants, the parish being a large one.

The Archbishop read the Epistle and the Gospel for the day, and then proceeded to deliver his sermon. He said that it was with feelings of pleasure that he came among the Catholics of the parish of St. Augustine, and enjoyed the privilege, at all times, to speak to his colored fellow-citizens; for in them he saw a people seeking to obtain their rights. They were, by Heaven, entrusted with the working out of the problem of charity, benevolence, and religion; and it was a pleasure to assist therein, with a few words, in that great work put upon them by Providence.

THE CHANGES FROM A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO.

Twenty-five years ago this country was afflicted with the scourge of slavery, and no Christian could look back on that condition of affairs and think of it without feelings of deep shame for humanity. Providence had demanded a change, and it came, and since then how great the transformation had been! Changes had taken place that gratified the friends of the colored race, and, at the same time, surprised those who had pronounced such things impossible.

The question of the race problem was not yet fully solved. It was the subject of discussion on all sides. Repeated solutions had been suggested, but without successful results. The problem of the colored brother was a great one, but it could be solved, and speedily. There remained some of the old-time spirit that had existed in the days of servitude; but it was fast disappearing, and with its departure came another and better one that gave the colored man higher consideration with his fellow man.

He contended that it was the white people who now stood in need of lessons in charity, benevolence, justice, and religion, and who had permitted unreasonable causes and prejudices to sway them. He was prepared to say that there was no such thing as a color line, except in the minds of those whose intellects were clouded by unjust

reasoning. The solution of the question was that they should look one another in the face as members of the same family, children of the same God, and all living under the same teachings of religion, reason, and virtue. Because of the simple accident of color, it did not follow that they were to be treated on different lines religiously and socially.

THE COLOR OF A MAN'S SKIN SHOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

They were all of the same ancestry, alike in the possession of souls, and being God's children, it was entirely a matter of accident whether they were black, white, or red. It was wrong to neglect attention to substance and direct it only to the accident, and of all accidents in life the one of color was the least important. It was strange that men were entirely indifferent to color except that of the black man, and he must say that he felt ashamed that prejudices of this kind should exist, especially here in the United States which so proudly boasted of being a republic where freedom and fraternity were the corner-stone of the structure.

It was the glory of this country, that no matter what the race or nationality might be of those here, they were all free men, and in their homes they worshipped at the altar of liberty. But he wished to know if they carried out this boon, and conceded the same right to others that they enjoyed.

AMENDS DUE TO THE COLORED PEOPLE FOR PAST WRONGS.

Slavery times were over, and if there were praise or blame due in connection with bondage, it was to be laid at the door of those who still held prejudice against the race; and they were censurable, also, who once held slaves to still desire their return to serfdom.

That was a memory of the past, and America should speak with bated breath of its slavery days, and strive to have the world forget that such a thing ever existed on this continent, and should now, in every way possible, make amends to the colored people, fully recognizing them in the enjoyment of all their rights, for the treatment given in the past, backed by sentiments of mutual justice, and, at the same time, showing appreciation of the great forgiveness existing in the hearts of their colored fellow-citizens, or otherwise they would be unfit to enjoy such recognition.

He said that he was ashamed to-day of humanity, for the prejudices it entertained against any class of its fellow-citizens.

He referred to the teachings of the Catholic Church, and said that in the house of the Almighty no question was asked as to color, and the equality of all men was the corner-stone of its tenets. The Church had early gone to work and put forth the doctrine of the equality of all men, and through its instrumentalities it had ended in there not being to-day a slave in all Christendom. It had taken ages to accom plish this task, but the success was certain and durable.

PREJUDICES THAT CATHOLICS SHOULD NOT ENTERTAIN.

In some places those who had been slaves were received into the Church, made priests and bishops, and, by the power of the Almighty

had been placed above those who had been their masters, and taught that they were all brothers with God.

In latter days the Church had taught in all places that each man was a child of God; that he must recognize every other man as a child of God, and as his equal, and unless they did they could not be recognized by the Father of all as their Father.

Whenever Catholics gave way, and yielded to these prejudices, they contradicted the teachings of their hearts, given by God, as to equality and fraternity. Let some, if they would, think themselves better than the colored people; but, at least, he said, let Catholics, who had been made to see that all were equal before God, extend the right hand of fellowship to their colored brethren, and say that there was not and could not be a color question between Catholics, and that was the true and only solution of the problem.

No church is a worthy temple of God where a place is marked off for colored people. It is a shame and a scandal in a temple of God when a man, because of his color, is driven to an obscure corner, or to a loft. They who so exercise prejudice against their colored brethren contradict the principles of justice and charity of the Father of Mercy, who lives on the altar. No institution that closes its doors on the colored orphan is worthy of the name charitable or religious.

THE DAY OF JUSTICE IS AT HAND.

There were men in Congress and upon the rostrum who babbled about the colored man and talked sheer nonsense, and the day was near at hand, despite all that had been and was being said, when justice would be done. God's hand was uplifted in behalf of the colored people. The recognition of the colored man was coming. The day was near when the prejudiced ones would be ashamed of their action, and when the colored man would not be discriminated against in the church, hotel, college, or business pursuits.

The part of the colored man was that of patience. Great movements were slow of accomplishment, and it took time to effect great changes. He bid them be patient, and assured them that their recognition would be in accordance with their merits. Then there was something further necessary on their part. They must learn and act, and show themselves worthy of religious and social equality. Educate both themselves and their children, for education was a power in the land, and they must have the power to assist in gaining their rights. He bid them be economical and saving, and accumulate sufficient to purchase homes. No matter if ever so small, the man who owned his home enjoyed a spirit of independence that had to be recognized and commended. He charged them to be loyal subjects to the state, show themselves capable of self-government, and law-abiding citizens. If they had grievances they should state them, and seek redress where it should be given, and in a proper spirit.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR A RACE PREJUDICE.

Judiciously and sternly must they stand for their rights, and in so far as party was concerned, they should find out which one was

willing to give them their rights, and to that party extend their franchise. If they did this, they would find that in every part of the country they would be sought out, and in conceding their rights that of recognition would be given. In closing, he said that the Church had been the first to take them under its protection, and whatever else happened, they must not forget their duties, and that salvation, socially and eternally, was in the Catholic Church. I know no color line; I will acknowledge none. I am not unaware that this solemn declaration of mine shall be deemed by many upon whose opinions I set high value, as rash and untimely, yet I fear not to make it, for I believe I am right. I am ahead of my day. But the time is not distant when Americans and Christians will wonder that there ever was a race prejudice.

Boston Catholic Union.

THE members of the Boston Catholic Union, with their wives and lady friends, marched into the brilliantly lighted parlors of the Brunswick House, evening of the 19th of May. The president, T. B. Fitz, Esq., presided at the banquet; and on rising extended a warm welcome to the members who had come to celebrate the second annual banquet of the union, and, after referring briefly to the aims and purposes of the association, introduced Rev. Dr. J. W. McMahon as the orator of the evening. The reverend gentleman expressed himself as highly gratified with the work of the union, and said that the whole archdiocese of Boston was deeply indebted to its members. He forcibly illustrated the good to be accomplished by making Catholic practices of the highest type the guide of all their actions when dealing with their fellow men. He urged them to be true and upright, in order that their labor might be crowned with that success which comes of conscientiousness. Speak the right word at all times; it is your duty to do this, and it is also your duty to spread it broadcast, if it is the word of God. No enlargement should be made of it nor curtailment: there is no room for a mugwump Catholic. You must be a Catholic through and through. We have nothing to be ashamed of or to conceal. But you will say we have the clergy; it is their duty to expound and speak the word. True, there are many places and many occasions where the voice of the priest never penetrates. The social atmosphere our young men are breathing is against the Church, and here is a field for the honest worker; it is work fit for any association of this kind. We have been making rapid increase in numbers, but what have we done in the way of social progress? This is a question we must consider in the future. We are still strangers in this land, although we don't know it, and there are numbers who look upon us as such. The Church in the United States has three classes of enemies — first, the fanatics and firebrands; secondly, those who are ready to be our friends, except when it affects their pockets; thirdly, men who are Catholics in profession, but make use of that profession to lift themselves up, and place their followers in the market-place

and sell them for what they will bring. In speaking of Protestants, he said that the prejudice against the Catholic Church was due to early training. Let them see our hearts, and they will there find we have no strife with them. If they prosper, we are glad; if they are unfortunate, we sorrow. When they misrepresent us, our hearts are wounded. They rend us in the squabbles of politics and traffic, never looking up to us — always looking down upon us. We want to be friends of theirs as the country is broad enough for all, and the flag which floats above us is no less honored by the Catholic than by the Protestant. Loud applause followed the eloquent remarks of the speaker.

Rev. Fathers Boland, Currier, C.SS.R., and Bodfish briefly addressed the banqueters. Remarks were also made by Col. John C. Linehan, Judge Walsh, Hon. E. J. Flynn and others.

Protection of Immigrant Girls.

A GREAT Fair was opened in New York on the 11th of May, and continued several weeks. Cardinal Gibbons was present at the opening. His body-guard was composed of Hon. Joseph J. O'Donohue, Hon. William R. Grace, Hon. Thaddeus Moriarty, Lawrence J. Callanan, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, Hon. John D. Crimmins, and others of equal standing. Mgr. Preston shared the honors with the distinguished Prince of the Church.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ADDRESS.

Montesquieu, who cannot be suspected of undue partiality to the Church, has well remarked that, while Christianity was intended to provide for man's happiness in the life to come, it succeeds better than any other institution in contributing to his welfare in the present life. We need not go beyond the limits of your great city to find a forcible illustration of this truth. There is no phase of human suffering or misery for which we do not provide some remedy or alleviation. You have infant asylums for the very young, protectories for boys and girls, and homes for the aged, besides hospitals for all ages. And those who apply for admission are not asked what is their color, their religion, race, or nationality. They are not asked, "Are you Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, native or foreigner?" But, "Are you a suffering member of humanity? If so come in, and we will take care of you." And thus, from the cradle to the grave, the Church is a nursing and sheltering mother. She rocks the children in the cradle of infancy; she lulls them to sleep on the couch of death. And recently, ladies and gentlemen, a new work of benevolence has been added to the long list of institutions of charity which adorn your metropolis. A new gem has been placed upon the fair brow of the

QUEEN OF CHARITY

that reigns in your imperial city. Nor do I know of any enterprise that has a stronger claim on your sympathy and support than the

home for immigrant girls. A few years ago, in passing through Ireland, I witnessed a scene which I shall long remember. I saw a number of young men and women who were about to emigrate from their native village to a foreign land. I saw the tears they shed and the deep sorrow stamped upon their faces; I heard the cries of lamentation which rent the air as the train moved away that was to bear them to the nearest port from the familiar scenes of their youth and the loved ones at home, whom they were destined, perhaps, never to meet again. And how many of these young maidens, after escaping the perils of the sea, and landing on our shores, become a prey to the land sharks that invest your city — more cruel and voracious than the monsters of the deep, for they seek to rob those innocent and confiding women, not only of their scanty means, but also of that which is more precious to them than life itself — their faith — the jewel of purity, for which the Irish maiden all the world over is so conspicuous. The mission house is intended to provide a temporary

SHELTER FOR IMMIGRANT GIRLS.

It will be the aim of the reverend gentlemen, and his associates in charge of the house, to procure suitable occupations for them in the city, or to send them to their destination in other parts of the country. The guardians will also profit by the brief sojourn of the girls in the house to teach them practical and useful lessons, which will guide them in their future lives. They will be taught that idleness is degrading, and that mendicancy is a crime on the part of those who can work in a country where employment can easily be obtained. They will be taught a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance. Above all, they will be admonished to preserve, pure and incorruptible, the glorious heritage of their Christian faith, and to preserve inviolable the faith of their fathers.

Some of you who are here to-night no doubt passed through the trying ordeal of an immigrant. Perhaps you landed on these shores with a heavy heart — having no one to bid you welcome or to extend to you the right hand of friendship. If such is the case, you should be ready to say, as Queen Dido said to Æneas: "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*" Being acquainted with human sorrow, I have learned to succor the distressed. I then venture to appeal to you as you love your kindred, your flesh and blood, as you love our common humanity, as you are zealous for

FEMALE CHASTITY,

help this mission house. In doing so you will confer a blessing on the immigrant, on your city, and on the country at large; for the healthy influences at work in your great commercial centre radiate throughout the land. You will be the means of protecting many a female from shame and misery, and you will be the instrument of God in providing for her material and moral well-being. And, as a reward for your benevolence and generosity, may you have the happiness of hearing one day these words from the great Master: "I was heartsick and homesick, and you visited Me; I was a stranger and you took Me in;

for, as often as you have done these things to the least of My disciples, you have done them unto Me."

We want just such an organization in Boston, and we notice, with pleasure, that a movement is in embryo for that purpose. God speed the work.

Every Church Catholic in South America.

In Spanish America, as in Spain, religious ceremonies cannot differ materially from those of other Catholic countries, but in national usages and social relations, they may differ much, and local customs may vary even in the same state. In the Spanish-American states, as in Spain, every church is a Catholic Church, and all, except a few foreigners, are Catholics, for even the Liberals, the Masons, and others, claim to be Catholics. They are married in the Catholic Church; they recognize the law of the Church regarding marriage; divorces are practically unknown; their children are baptized by the priest; they send them to Catholic schools, and their daughters especially to convent schools; if they are sick, they send for the priest, and always wish to die fortified with the sacraments of the Church. Every Church is free from debt and all incumbrance; there are no pews in the Church, and, consequently, no pew rents; there is never a collection for any purpose except on Holy Thursday, when a few ladies are appointed to sit in the vestibule, and receive the contributions of the faithful as they enter. Around the Church is usually a row of benches intended for the old and infirm. The men stand or kneel, but never sit; the women who wish to do so bring seats or chairs; a few bring a *prie-Dieu* on which to kneel. Every Church has a chime consisting of four or more bells, and the smallest chapel in the most remote parts has at least one which reminds the people of the Angelus, and calls them to Mass on Sunday, and holydays of obligation.

On all feasts, throughout the year, as there is no state support, the expense is met by the appointment of patrons of the feast. In this way the expenses are defrayed by those who can best afford it, and wealthy and prominent people consider it an honor to be selected as patron, and thus, in a special manner, be permitted to show their zeal for the particular occasion. Perhaps a score or more may be selected for each feast, or the banks or other corporations may be honored with that privilege, and each vies with the others in zeal for the grandeur of the ceremonies.

Two pious customs are common among the Spanish-American people — love for the mother of God, and profound reverence for her Divine Son.

Profound veneration for the Nino-Jesus among the descendants of the aborigines has come down as a tradition from the earliest Jesuit missions. About the year 1605, Juan Manual, a learned and pious Jesuit, president of the College of Tunja, who spoke the language of the Chibchas as a native, established in the college a Congregation of the Child Jesus, exclusively for the Indians.

Judge Fallon after the Bigots.

JUDGE JOSEPH D. FALLON, whose noble address before the school committee last winter, on the standing public services and citizens' rights of Boston Catholics, attracted so wide attention, has rendered another noble service to his co-religionists and fellow-citizens, by his admirable minority report protesting against the introduction of Myers' and Sheldon's General Histories into the public high schools. This report is, in fact, a review of both books, setting forth clearly their historical inaccuracy, and their hatred of Catholicity. We commend this report to Catholics throughout the country; for the anti-Catholic history in our alleged "non-sectarian" public schools is a wide-spread and ever recurrent grievance.

At a recent meeting of the school-board the only important transaction was the minority report on text-books submitted by Judge Fallon. The report in full is appended:

JUDGE FALLON'S REPORT.

A majority of the text-book committee having agreed to report in favor of the order referred to them April 22, 1890, "That Myers' General History and Sheldon's General History be authorized as text-books in history in the high schools," the undersigned, a minority of the committee, respectfully protest against this order and the use of these books, or of either of them in our schools.

We object to the use of these books in our schools for the reason that two books more inaccurate as historical records, more bigoted and objectionable in their language and spirit, have never been presented for examination to the present text-book committee; and for the reason, as a consequence, that the natural tendency of their adoption by this board, and their continuance as authorized text-books in our schools, can lead only to one result — the utter disruption of our present school system.

Myers' History is compiled from the most partisan Protestant sources — as thoroughly anti-Catholic as the most narrow-minded fanatic could desire.

The definition of indulgences, on page 521, is just as misleading and almost as objectionable as Swinton's 'note" before its revision. The flippancy and ignorance, we will not say malignity, with which this author, on page 415, speaks of the Roman pontiffs, claiming to have received from Christ "the keys of heaven and hell," should be enough to disqualify his book in schools composed mostly of Catholic and Protestant children, who are supposed to be brought up and educated in peace and harmony, without insult or prejudice to their respective religious beliefs or convictions.

The statement, on page 520, that "the adoration of the Virgin" was a "doctrine" of the "Catholic Church," is one of the most malignant calumnies against the Catholic religion. It is only a question of degree between this slander and the slander contained in the vile tracts which have emanated of late from Music Hall, showing up the Catholics as idolators, with prints of

THE MANUFACTURED GOD

they adore.

We consider Myers' whole account of the causes which led to the so-called reformation, and to whatever power, influence, or success it attained; his account of the motives which actuated the supreme pontiff in dealing with Henry VIII.'s application for a divorce from his wife Catharine; his account of the counter reformation within the old church by a thorough reformation in its "head and members," not only not conformable with historic truth, but part and parcel of the grand conspiracy against truth.

Sheldon's History is even more objectionable, as a text-book, than Myers' History. There is scarcely a

page in the last half of this book that has not something objectionable, something offensive in it. We will mention only a few. Even the first part of this book is not free from objection.

On pages 27, 28, and 29 we are treated to whole extracts from different parts of the Bible, to be learned, noted, and commented upon by the pupils.

Now while this is proper enough in private sectarian schools, colleges, and academies — and it was for such that the book was evidently prepared — in our public schools it would be a clear violation of the statute law of the Commonwealth.

And we have no doubt that for this reason alone, on application to the proper tribunal, the school committee would be enjoined from putting it into our schools as a text-book.

On page 258, Miss Sheldon refers to St. Benedict as the founder of the "sect" of Benedictine monks.

On page 262 we read: "Theodore of Tarsus, a Greek monk sent by the Pope to be Archbishop of Canterbury, organizes the English Church much in its present form."

On page 267 we are told that the council of Chalcedon "made Rome and Constantinople equal seats of episcopal authority."

On page 295 we are told that the Pope (Gregory VII.), with the aid of the monks,

MADE CELIBACY THE RULE

of the Church.

On page 318 reference is made to "Monkish chronicles."

On page 322 we are told that "in the South of France, the sects of the Albigenses and Waldenses are spreading doctrines denying the spiritual lordship of Rome; the Pope, unable to convert them, declares a crusade against them," etc.

On page 323 we are told that Henry II., with the approval of the Pope, invades Ireland, and makes it a part of the English realm.

On page 344 we read: "By this same council" — the Council of Constance — "John Huss and Jerome of Prague are burned," etc.

On page 349, "the Pope excommunicates the barons," who, with Stephen Langdon, Archbishop of Canterbury, compels King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede.

On page 400 we are told that "Catholic princes join the emperor, Protestant princes the people."

On page 407, "Edward (Protestant) and Bloody Mary (Catholic)."

On page 408 we read: "The crown of Elizabeth is claimed by Mary" (Queen of Scots), "who is supported by a strong party, and in whose behalf conspiracies and plots are constantly formed, until Elizabeth finally orders her beheaded."

On page 419, "The astronomical discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo. The last and greatest was an Italian professor in the North Italian universities. He invented the telescope, and established the fact of the revolution of the earth about the sun; this being directly opposed to the astronomical teaching of the Church, he was persecuted, arrested, and sentenced by the Inquisition."

But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. It is surprising how it is possible to crowd into a book of the dimensions of this history such an accumulation of inaccuracies and fabrications, most of them the usual pet slanders which bigoted or ignorant historians are wont to launch against the Catholic Church. Better that no instruction in mediæval history be given than that our children should be indoctrinated with history falsified.

Better even that our public-school system itself should be wiped out of existence, than that the sacred rights of religion and conscience should be authoritatively and permanently violated.

Our views about the so-called reformation, the causes which gave rise to it, the men who took part in it, and the means by which it was propagated might not, perhaps, be acceptable to our Protestant brethren. In that case they would be justified in demanding that

HISTORY FROM OUR STANDPOINT

should not be forced upon their children.

Now all we ask is the application of the golden rule.

We claim, that a text-book offensive to the religion of any class of our pupils should not be used in our schools.

If we cannot agree upon a text-book, let us omit, altogether, the study of mediæval history in our schools; or, if we must have a text-book in that study, let us apply the same rule that is constantly applied in the division of property between heirs, say A and B. Let A make the division and give B his choice; or, if that is not satisfactory, let B make the division and give A his choice.

We are willing to apply that rule. Let our Protestant brethren select any history they choose written by a Catholic and we will assent to it, or if they insist that the history be one written by a Protestant, let us have the selection.

Respectfully submitted,
JOSEPH D. FALLON.

The report was accepted and ordered to be printed.

Total Abstinence Union.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union, of the Archdiocese of Boston, held its fourteenth annual meeting in Waltham, on the 30th of May. At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive, and were informally received at the rooms of the St. Joseph's Society, on Main street. By nine o'clock the one hundred and fifty delegates from the towns included in the union were on the ground and marched in a body to St. Mary's Church, to attend High Mass. The religious services were conducted by Fathers T. J. Mahoney, J. P. Lyons, J. H. Mahoney, J. A. Daley, and W. P. McQuaid. Father McQuaid preached a brief sermon of counsel to the members of the convention, after which a procession was formed, under command of Chief Marshal Timothy O'Connell, and his aids, Thomas Rodgers, Stephen Carlin, John F. Smith, Bernard Madden, William Doherty, John Stannard, and J. J. McCluskey. After marching through the principal streets, the convention partook of a collation in the St. James' Opera House. The collation over, the delegates assembled at Music Hall, where the afternoon exercises of the convention were held.

The convention was addressed by President Fay, who was enthusiastically received. The annual report showed an increase during the year of 366 members, making the present membership of the union 4,702. Three new societies had been organized, making the total number forty-nine. The report of the treasurer showed an expenditure of about $352, and a surplus on hand of $43.25. It was decided to celebrate the centennial of Father Mathew's birthday, Oct. 10th, by a parade in Boston, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. Charlestown was fixed upon as the place of the next annual meeting.

The following officers were re-elected: Spiritual director, Rev. William P. McQuaid, Boston; president, Christopher J. Fay, Boston; vice-president, Edward F. Pendergast, South Framingham; treasurer, Rev. P. A. McKenna, Marlboro'; sergeant-at-arms, B. J. Healey, Natick; secretary, Edwin Mulready, post-office box 71, Rockland; county directors, John J. Gleason, of Suffolk; Edward F. Slattery and William H. Laughlin, of Middlesex; Rev. James T. O'Reilly, of Essex; John M. Grainey, of Plymouth; delegates to the national convention, Father Burk, Father McKenna, and Mr. Mulready.

Mr. Parnell—The Coming Election.

THERE was a meeting of delegates from the London Branches of the National League, at which Mr. Parnell spoke of the battle of the next election, which, as was well said by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has to be fought in England, and especially in London and in Lancashire. Ireland is virtually unanimous. Scotland is safe. Gallant little Wales is with us, but there are just two parts of England uncertain; and these portions are Lancashire and London. It is upon these two points that the army of Home Rule has to be concentrated. There are seven hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen, born in Ireland, now resident in England. There are one million and a half, who are either Irish-born or the direct descendants of Irishmen, and there is more than another half million who are remotely, yet by blood, connected with Ireland. Out of this force Mr. Parnell calculates that there ought to be three hundred thousand natural friends of Ireland on the registry, and he claims that in Lancashire and in London they could turn the election. Mr. Parnell says that the sands in the Tory hour-glass are running very low; and their chances of returning to power are getting beautifully less.

The Dublin Freeman adds: Following on the unopposed return of Mr. John Roche for East Galway, we announce the unopposed return of Mr. Harrison for Mid-Tipperary. Not in all Tipperary, with its wealthy landlords, and where the beneficent influence of Mr. Smith-Barry must have borne fruit, could one man be found to pay the sheriff's fees and face the young gentleman who stood for the constituency on Thursday, the nominee of Mr. Parnell and the Irish party. We want to know where is there a shred of evidence in the four corners of Ireland of the success of Mr. Balfour? Across the Channel one of the tests of the failure or success of the government is an election. We have had a number of them in this country recently, and not only did the government not score a solitary gain, but they did not venture to nominate a candidate for any constituency for which a Nationalist had previously sat. One of the divisions of Waterford went undisputed to Mr. Alfred Webb. Mr. Biggar's seat, in Cavan, was taken without a contest by Mr. Knox. And so with Mr. Harris's seat in East Galway, and now with the seat in Mid-Tipperary vacated by Mr. Mayne. There is one other constituency remaining, the division of Donegal from which Mr. O'Hea has resigned. And what took place in the divisions we have named may be relied upon to be repeated in Donegal. Coercion a success indeed! Outside a few isolated constituencies in Ulster its supporters have not a foothold from one end of the country to the other.

WHEN a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the road side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road sides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians.

THE thirty-seventh National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians opened at Hartford, Conn., May 13. The programme began with the celebration of High Mass at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. William A. Hardy. A short sermon was preached by the Rev. J. J. Quinn, of Collinsville, chaplain of the Hibernia Rifles. Bishop McMahon and a large number of priests were in the sanctuary. The convention was in session four days. "It was the largest attended and most successful convention of the Order ever held," says the Connecticut Catholic. Many important changes were made in the constitution, and much valuable information was interchanged among the delegates. The result will be alike beneficial to the individual members, and to the organization at large. The officers elected for the ensuing two years were: National secretary, M. J. Slattery, Albany, N. Y.; national treasurer, Thomas J. Dundon, Columbus, O.; national directory, P. J. O'Connor, chairman, Savannah, Ga.; J. W. McGreevy, Logansport, Ind.; Thomas J. O'Brien, Ontario, Can.; Cornelius Horgan, Pittsburg, Pa., and John E. Tyrrell, Jackson, Mich.

All these gentlemen are able men, and have the interest of the organization at heart. Their election gave general satisfaction.

The events connected with the state parade and the convention last week were most creditable in every respect, not only to those coming here as delegates, but to the local and state organizations. Everything passed off in a most creditable manner, and the pleasant memories of the week will always be cherished by Hibernians, and the citizens generally of Hartford.

The good behavior of the A. O. H. men on the day of the state parade, when five thousand of them had assembled from all parts of Connecticut, was remarkably praiseworthy. There was no disturbance or friction of any kind. Besides the large influx of Hibernians, there must have been fifteen or twenty thousand other strangers in the city that day. Wonderful to relate, there was no police court the next day, there being no one to prosecute. This was the first time in many months that the judge of the court had nothing to do. All credit and honor to the Hibernians and their friends. It is, indeed, gratifying to us to be able to announce these agreeable facts. Continue, grand and noble Order, to extend your commendable work, and bring every true Irish Catholic within your wholesome discipline.

"THERE is a poem," said the sweet singer, as he handed it in, "just as it fell from my pen. I wrote it in twenty-five minutes."—"I see," said the editor, "but it will take about twenty-five years to get it into print." That, my son, is the trouble with a poem or a sketch that makes all its time on the first quarter. It hasn't the staying qualities essential in a long race. It either breaks down at the turn or gets shut out at the distance pole. Anybody can write a poem in twenty-five minutes. The trouble then is to get any one else to read it.

Centennial of the Discalced Carmelites.

JULY 11th, 1890, the Discalced Carmelite Nuns will celebrate their arrival in the United States, four nuns having come in July, 1790, from Antwerp, in Flanders, to Maryland, and were the first religious women to land on what at the time was Union soil, for although the Ursulines came to New Orleans in 1727, Louisiana at the time was, and long after, until 1804, remained a French colony. Three of the Carmelites were of Maryland birth, an aunt and two nieces, by the name of Mathews, of Charles County, Md.; the fourth foundress was a native of London, Eng. The reverend clergyman who accompanied them to America was Rev. Charles Neale, S. J., brother to Archbishop Neale, of Baltimore; he also gave his patrimony in Maryland to begin the foundation. Their chapel was the finest church in the United States dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The last survivor of the four foundresses was Sister St. Aloysia of Blessed Trinity, a Miss Mathews, and niece of Rev. Mother Bernadina Teresa Xavier, the first prioress and foundress. Sister Aloysia peacefully passed away Nov. 12th, 1833, aged eighty-one years, of which forty-six were passed in religion. The second foundress, Miss Dickinson, of London, in religion, Mother Clare Joseph of the Sacred Heart, preceded her only by three years, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, of which fifty-eight had been passed in the Order. Miss Victoria Welch, who received the habit on July 8th, 1889, at the Carmelite convent, New Orleans, and assumed the name of Sister Aloysia of the Blessed Trinity, was named after the foundress who had so holily borne that name in the Baltimore Carmel.

Out of the fifty deaths that have occurred in the Maryland Carmel since its foundation, fourteen of the deceased exceeded the allotted three score and ten, and nine others approached the verge of it. This is evident proof showing how erroneous is the idea that abstinence and the austere rule of Carmel is detrimental to longevity.

A history of the three houses in the United States has just been compiled by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R., of the Redemptorist Church, Boston. It is published in a handsome illustrated volume, by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md. The Carmelite Convent, at St. Louis, Mo., was founded in 1862, by nuns from the Baltimore Carmel, whence came in November, 1877, four nuns, to make a foundation in the Crescent City, two of whom were Louisianians by birth and education.

We learn that over five thousand dollars have been subscribed towards the establishment of the Order in Boston.

A GERMAN musician returned recently from a tour in England with an American circus, with his instrument — a French horn — badly battered. He accounted for this by stating that at a little town near London where "Yankee Doodle" was played by the circus band, the audience created a disturbance and broke up the instruments of the orchestra. He added: "But vot could ve do? De horses vould not go round de ring mid any oder tune!"

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

All In.

"All in!" call the happy children,
Busy about their play;
With careless lips and merry laughter,
"All in! all in!" they say.
The hidden loiterers hurry after;
That is the children's way.

All in, indeed! the late, puffing laggard
Finds, to his great disgust,
He's last to come to the place of meeting—
Now seek the rest he must;
Thus go the days, happy days, too fleeting,
Treasures that cannot rust.

The simple words touch an idle listener,
Bringing back years gone by;
A flood of thoughts, a hopeless gleaning,
Ghosts that make no reply;
What chords of deep, unnoticed meaning
Dwell in that childish cry!

"All in, my pets!" says the loving mother,
Resting each little head
In the white hollow of the pillow;
Before her eyes are spread
Her precious gems; time's tearful billow
Has left these pearls unshed.

"All in, thank God!" says the anxious captain,
"This was a dreadful trip!"
The thankful phrase of hearty greeting
Passes from lip to lip;
In the storm of winds and surges beating
Goes down the doomèd ship.

"All in, my sheep!" says the tender shepherd,
"Even the one that strayed;
Ninety-and-nine and the one that wandered,
I have its ransom paid."
Lord, when these simple words are pondered,
Give us Thy strength and aid.

MARY WEST.

IT'S funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

Jim Bird's First Communion.*

"WHERE are you going?" said Father Lyster, as he saw Father Montague wrapping himself up to go out one Good Friday, between the Stations of the Cross in the afternoon and Tenebræ in the evening.

"I am going to Paradise Court. Do you remember that tall lad, Paul M'Grath, who used to be thurifer always, about a year ago? Well, he has not been to Mass lately on Sundays; he has not been to confession for nearly a year. I fancy he is very ill, and I heard from Mrs. Johnson yesterday that he is living in Paradise Court."

"Let me go instead of you. Your cough has been so bad all the week."

"And it's likely to be worse," put in Anna, sharply — she was making up the fire, "with him going out in all weathers, and not eating enough for a sparrow. He has no more sense than a baby, I do really think."

Father Montague only laughed as he threw his comforter around his throat, buttoned up his coat and went off.

It was a raw, wet day, quite unfit for him to be out, but the good priest never thought of the weather. Besides, as he said to himself, what was the weather, and a bad cough, when a soul, for whom the Son of God died on that day, was dying without Confession? He only stopped at a fruiterer's to buy some oranges for the sick boy, then hurried along as fast as he could, for he had not much time to spare, and he did not know if he should arrive in time to hear Paul M'Grath's Confession.

As he entered the court, several boys stumbled up against him; one tried to knock the bag of oranges out of his hand. Under cover of the darkness, some one knocked his hat off.

"Will any one tell me where Paul M'Grath lives?" asked Father Montague, regardless of the aggression; "I will reward him."

"Over there," said one of the boys, pointing to a house at the other side of the yard. "I advise yer not to go, for it belongs to Greens', and they ain't over-fond of birds of your feather. Gi' us the reward."

Father Montague handed him twopence which he had ready in his hand for the purpose, while the crowd that had gathered pelted him with mud. He knocked at the door of the house that had been pointed out to him, and as no one answered, and he heard no movement of any kind in the house, he opened the door and went in.

Feeling about in the dark, he stumbled on a staircase, and hearing groans from above, went up. He was about to proceed to where he imagined the groans came from, when he suddenly felt something hurting his face; he put up his hand and grasped a rat. He threw it from him with an exclamation of horror, and groping about, at last found the latch of the door, lifted it, and went into a room.

*We commence in this issue a series of tales by Amy Fowler (Sister Gertrude), who is now taking care of Lepers at the Sandwich Islands. There are six of these stories, which we are sure will prove interesting to our young readers.

"Who's there?" said a feeble voice, coming from the far corner of the room. It was too dark to see anything.

"Paul M'Grath," said Father Montague, striking a match, and taking a candle from his pocket and lighting it, "are you there, my boy?"

It was a bare room, carpeted and lined with dirt and vermin; the poor boy lay in a corner of the room, on a heap of straw. His pale, thin features lighted up at the sight of the kind, gentle face of the priest.

"Oh, how good of you to come to me, sir," he said; "but if they see you they'll half kill you."

"Never mind that, Paul," answered Father Montague; "I heard you were ill, and, of course, I came to see you." Then, as he saw the poor boy shiver with cold, for there was not a pane of glass in the window-frame, he unbuttoned his great coat and took it off.

"Let me wrap you up, Paul," he said, and in vain Paul protested; he was powerless in the hands of the priest. After talking kindly to him for a little while, while the boy ate one of the oranges at the same time, Father Montague asked Paul if he would not like to make his Confession. To his joyful surprise Paul assented at once.

"I have been thinking about it, and preparing for it," he said. "My little brother Fred said as how Mrs. Johnson had told you I was ill."

When he had given Paul absolution, Father Montague said:

"I must go now, on account of Tenebræ, but I will come again very soon, and see what can be done about your receiving the Blessed Sacrament."

"You'd better take your coat, sir, you've got as bad a cough as mine, and perhaps, too, they'll take it from me."

"Oh, no, you can hide it in the straw under you. I can't go home and think of you shivering and coughing all night, with nothing to cover you. Good-bye, my boy, God bless you."

"Good-bye, Father, and thank you so much for the coat. I'll get a boy in the court to bring it back, if I die."

Father Montague lighted himself down the broken staircase. At the bottom he was seized by a man, and his light put out.

"I'll teach you to come here canting and sniggering. Out you goes, and the door shut in your face, to show what I think on yer."

But the door was not open, only ajar, and as he thrust Father Montague full force from him, it caught the priest's face and made him see lightning. When he got outside at last, he heard a shrill, wicked laugh, from above, and, looking up, received on his upturned face a deluge of water that ran down his neck and on his shoulders, till he was wet through. It was pouring with rain now, and he was so tired, that he could make but very slow way along the muddy streets. When he reached home, he was, indeed, a pitiable object. Hatless, greatcoatless, wet and dirty, enormous bruises on his forehead, his nose bleeding from the blow given him by the door, his cheek bleeding from the rat's bite. Anna might well explain, as she opened the door:

"Well, I never! if you don't look as if you had escaped from the mad-house!"

He had only a short time to bathe himself, and change his wet clothes before Tenebræ. After Tenebræ he heard Confessions until nine o'clock, and, at last, when he went to bed, was too tired to sleep, and too anxious about Paul M'Grath's Communion to rest.

The next morning, after the long services of Holy Saturday, he came in to rest for an hour, before going in to the Confessional, when he heard a ring at the door, and Anna's voice in altercation with some one who seemed very much in earnest. Guessing that it was some one for him, whom the housekeeper was trying to put off, he went out.

Anna was holding his greatcoat at arm's length from her (she was sure it was very dirty after having spent the night in Paradise Court), and trying to persuade a very dirty, ragged little boy to go away and come again.

"I won't stay long," he pleaded, "I does want to see him so."

"So you shall, my boy," said Father Montague. "Anna, Anna, how often have I told you not to send people away from our door!"

He took the little boy into his study, and asked him very kindly what he wanted.

"Paul M'Grath asked me to bring that coat back. And he's dead; he died a-coughin' terrible, in the night. I wur with 'im, and he says to me, 'To-morrow, just you take that 'ere coat and go to the Catholic Chapel in Whittington Square, and ask for the priest as was here last night, and tell 'im I thank 'im ever so much for coming to me to-night; for, Jim Bird,' says he, 'I'm dyin'.'" The boy's eyes grew bright with tears. Then he went on: "I thought I'd come, for you're a real plucky cove; and I asked Paul if God — wot he used to try to teach me about, afore I went to jail — was as good as you. Paul says as how he's a great deal better, and that you would teach me about God; for I should like to know him, please, if He's better than you. For you did stand it well last night."

Father Montague took the boy's hand in his, and drew his whole history from him by kind and judicious questions. He was only a little fellow ten years old, and very small for his age, and yet he had been twice in prison for stealing. His father and mother were dead: he lived with an old grandmother, who sent him out to get money as he could — by begging, stealing, or odd jobs — and beat him when he came home empty-handed. She had turned him out the other day, and told him not to come back any more; and Paul M'Grath had let him come and sleep in his room, as he had nowhere to go. Father Montague asked him if he would stay with him always, and try to be good.

The boy was delighted.

"Wouldn't I try, jest, that's all!" he said.

It was arranged for him to stay. Father Montague wisely kept the fact of the boy's having been in prison to himself, and told the lad to do the same. He was a very great trouble to the priests for a long time: he had a wild, passionate nature, that led him into outbreaks of

swearing terrible to hear, followed by convulsive fits of crying. But they were very patient and kind to him, and he did improve, though very gradually.

One day Tom White came to see Father Montague.

"Lor'!" said Jim, as he opened the door, "if I didn't think you'd gone off the hooks altogether. I can tell yer somethink as'll please yer. When you was put in prison for stealing that old man's purse, what was looking at Punch and Judy, it was Jim Sole as done it, and, for fear of getting nabbed, slipped the purse in yer pocket. I heard him telling about it in the yard."

Tom was overjoyed at the good tidings, and rushed with eager delight to Father Montague's study, to tell him that he was cleared up.

There was great rejoicing in the priest's house that night.

Jim Bird had been in the priest's house about half a year, when, one day, Anna came crying into the kitchen. Jim was very affectionate, and at that time very much softened, for he was being prepared for his First Communion; so he went up to her, and putting his arm round her neck, asked what was the matter.

"Why," she answered sobbing, "Doctor Morison has been here, and he says he thinks Father Montague will die if he doesn't go away soon and have a rest, and I can't persuade him to go."

Jim burst out crying, too, for he loved Father Montague with all the warmth of his passionate little heart. Suddenly to Anna's great surprise, he danced round the kitchen table, saying, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

"Why, what is the matter with you?" she asked.

"Father Lyster told me, the other day, I could make a petition at my First Communion and I should be sure to get it. I'll ask our Blessed Lord to send Father Montague away to get well, and he'll sure to do it, won't he?"

Anna was somewhat comforted, and dried her eyes. She was very anxious about Father Montague, whose cough had been getting worse and worse ever since that Good Friday, and at times he was really very ill indeed. He never complained, or even allowed that he was ill, never spared himself in the least, though he knew and felt that he could not go on much longer. Once only, he had said to Jim, when the little fellow had been very naughty:

"Jim, a few more of these scenes will kill me." And Jim had flung himself sobbing at his feet, and promised to be good for the future — a promise which he strove so manfully to keep, that once, when he had felt in a dreadful temper, he had bitten his lip till the blood came, rather than say a wicked word.

Jim was to make his First Communion on the feast of the Holy Angel Guardians, and to be confirmed on the same day. These First Communion days of his little rescued waifs were the greatest happiness that Father Montague ever felt. When little Jim came to him after his First Communion, and threw his arms round the priest's neck, saying with grateful tears, "But for that Good Friday, I should never have known what it is to have our Blessed Lord in my own heart,"

the priest thanked God for such a reward, for a simple act of duty, and so little pain to himself, compared with what God Himself suffered for that little soul.

Jim said nothing about his First Communion prayer, for it was understood that none ever hinted at such a thing as Father Montague being ill. But in the evening, when the priests were talking to him, Father Montague told him the Bishop had told him to go away for a time to rest, and regain strength. Little Jim could hardly restrain himself for joy. His prayer was answered in God's gracious manner, for in three months Father Montague returned to carry on his devoted, self-forgetting toil amongst the poor, the sick, and the sad, with restored health and renewed zeal.

He kept Jim Bird with him, until he was no longer "little Jim," but a fine handsome lad of fifteen. Then Jim was sent from the priest's house to make room for another little waif, not, however, until Father Montague had found him a place. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, and worked so steadily and perseveringly, that after his apprenticeship, and several years' work as a journeyman, he was taken into partnership, and is now the master of a flourishing business.

Better still, he is loyal to the core to his divine Lord. The warm, passionate heart that does nothing by halves — that gives wholly and entirely, or not at all — is given unreservedly to Almighty God. Jim Bird hardly moves, speaks, or thinks, without first saying to himself, as Father Montague long ago taught him, when he was preparing for his First Communion: "Will this please my dearest Lord?"

Your Mother.

Honor the dear aged mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, pillowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but she is sweet and beautiful now! The lips are thin and sunken, but those are lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and these are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes; she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is she will go further, and reach down lower for you than all others on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot walk into a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss you and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world despises and forsakes, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear good mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vice. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

"The poor know nothing of the trials of the rich." Perhaps not. But if the poor read the newspapers, they know that a great many of the rich escape protracted and painful trials by going to Canada.

Baby is King.

It was only a young couple who were moving. They "had boarded with mother," but were now going to housekeeping. In front of the pretty cottage stood a great load of furniture, red, blue, and other bright colors. What could they all be? A baby's rocking-chair with the rockers all off, a baby's crib and perambulator, one small high chair, one large high chair, one hobby horse, one express wagon with two wheels gone, and doll's buggy without top. There might have been a cooking stove and a dinner table there, but if so, they were lost to sight to memory dear, under the precious and more numerous belongings of the baby housekeepers.

By and by the young father and mother came with the little emigrants, and all their indescribable dolls, tops, horses, balls, and other paraphernalia that there wasn't room on the load for.

Two happy babies going to first housekeeping, with their happy child parents!

And it's love, love, love, that makes the world go round.

A Fireman's Child.

"What is the matter with my papa?" asked Steve Neall's five-year-old daughter.

"Papa is asleep," they told her.

"Why is papa in that ugly box?" she persisted.

"He can sleep better there."

"Good-night, papa."

She passed into an adjoining room, and was soon asleep.

The mourners sat about the coffin of the dead fireman all night.

Shortly before one o'clock in the morning the gong on the wall sounded once, and was repeating the alarm, when the little girl came flying into the room in her long white night-dress.

She looked at the silent watchers, and then ran to the side of the dead man. Climbing on a chair, she reached into the coffin and shook her father by the shoulder.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" she cried. "There's a fire! Wake up!"

The looks of the people in the room, and the strange stillness of her father, frightened her.

"Wake up, please, papa," she pleaded, her voice beginning to quiver. "Can't you hear the bell? You'll miss the fire."

The father still not opening his eyes, she looked around wonderingly, and then added what she thought could not fail to bring him to his feet.

"Wake up, papa! You'll miss the fire, and be fined."

When he did not stir she knew that something was wrong, and turned her tearful, puzzled face to the older people.

"Never mind the bell, darling," some one answered: "papa won't go to the fire to-night."

"But," persisted the baby, "he always got up before when the

bell rung,—why wouldn't he wake up? What's mamma crying for? What's everybody crying for?"

And the troubled little child burst into tears, and was gently carried back to her cot, to cry herself to sleep again.

Ancestry of the Presidents.

EIGHT of the twenty-three presidents were of English origin, Washington, the two Adamses, the two Harrisons, Tyler, Taylor, and Lincoln. Fillmore's name indicates equally English or Celtic blood, and Pierce's biographers do not trace his ancestry. Seven of the American presidents were of Irish blood. Madison, whose mother (Elador Conway), was an Irish name; Jackson, the hero of New Orleans; Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Arthur, and Cleveland were Irish on the mother's side. There were Scotch, Monroe, Grant, and Hayes; one, Jefferson, was of Welsh ancestry; one, Van Buren, of Dutch; Garfield of German, and on his mother's side of French Huguenot blood.

The Little Sower.

ONE pleasant Sunday afternoon, little Bessie Nelson sat down to examine a book she had just received a present of. She opened it eagerly to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds in the water?"

"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh, no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said: "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers and seeds and weeds, to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree, 'love of God,' and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies and meet before His throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden, my dear."

Education Outside the School-House.

THERE is an education that every boy and girl must obtain outside of the school-house, and our question refers to that kind of learning, says the Richmond, Va., Catholic Visitor.

It commences at the earliest period of existence, and the infant studies in its classes when he tries whether the heated stove will burn his fingers, and is taught by painful experience that it will do so; and when he cries because he cannot have the hammer and break the mirror, he is also learning in this same school, which keeps its terms while the breath of life lasts.

All that we learn at the schools is but the foundation of the superstructure of education which we must build up for ourselves. In early youth we learned the proverb, "You cannot lift yourself by pulling at your boot-straps," and like many other proverbs, it has taken root in our memory, and has never been erased from it.

The world is full of persons who have tried to do this same thing, and have failed most miserably and bitterly; and many men have expended fortunes in attempting its accomplishment.

We cannot reach any altitude of thought, nor any commanding position, without hard, earnest, toilsome work, and it is of the utmost importance that our boys and girls should fully understand this fact. If they desire to excel in any one branch of arts, mechanics, manufactures, etc., let them apply their minds to it, and with all their energies strive to obtain the mastery of it — to learn all its intricacies, all its minuteness, all its bearings, all its elegancies — in short, leaving nothing unlearned concerning it that the human mind can accomplish.

The world is full of slip-shod business men, who, knowing but little of their occupations, are never able to do first-class work in them. We see men and women of various professions who would have been more successful in life, had they but tried their hand at mechanics, agriculture, or something else. They did not weigh in the balance their talents and their opportunities, and decide in what work they could best succeed.

Our children must learn their own possibilities, their relations to the objects around them, and what sphere of life is the best adapted to the abilities. They must learn also that "a round pebble can never fill a square hole." This is one of the secrets of life — the learning to fit ourselves to our surroundings, and not attempting impossibilities.

Were such lessons taught, we should not see so many failures in the business of life, so many disastrous shipwrecks, which engulf the happiness and comfort of hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children.

Young people are frequently enthusiastic, and cannot stop to con-

sider the final results of their actions. Yet they must learn that not only talent, but time and labor, are required to make a scholar, a proficient, in the school of life.

They must learn thoroughness, must learn application, steadiness, self-control, self-denial, and self-examination, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, algebra, etc. All these studies must be mastered, and then they will fully understand the truth of the proverb we learned in our childhood.

An Eagle's Bold Foray.

A FIGHT occurred between an eagle, a ram, and a man, in which the latter two combined came out victorious, but not until the eagle had dispatched its victim, a lamb. The battle took place in a field owned by a farmer named Benjamin Shiffer, of Tunkhannock, Monroe county, Pa. Mr. Shiffer was ploughing, when he noticed the eagle swoop down and attempt to seize a lamb that was resting by the side of its dam. The aim was faulty, and the eagle struck the ewe, knocking her down. A ram in the flock attacked the bird, knocking it down. The eagle rallied, and when the ram started for it again, head down, the bird fastened its talons in the wool on the back of the buck and commenced to beat the now frightened sheep with its ponderous wings. When it had tired of this, the eagle left the demoralized ram and pounced upon the lamb. The ram again returned to the fight, butting the eagle under its right wing, causing it to drop its prey. Then the fight between bird and animal was resumed with renewed vigor, the latter being assisted this time by Mr. Shiffer, who had arrived on the scene with a fence rail. As soon as opportunity offered he swung the rail with unerring aim and the eagle fell dead, its neck being broken. The farmer loosened its talons from the wool on the buck's back and threw it to the ground, when the ram again resumed the fight, and after giving one or two more parting butts hurried off to join the frightened flock in a corner of the field. The lamb was dead. The eagle measured from tip to tip of wing eight feet four inches.

A TERRIBLE story comes from North Queensland about a man who was lost in the bush. He used up all his water, and then dropped his flask in the agony of thirst. By and by, fortunately, he came to a water hole, where he slacked his thirst and found the road again. He had still some thirty miles to go, however, and he had nothing whatever to carry water in. Of course it would have been madness to attempt to travel thirty miles on foot under a North Qeeensland sun without any water, so his ready invention came to his aid. He had been horrified a short distance back by the skeleton of a man who had evidently been dead some years. He went back and got the skull, plugged up the eyeholes with clay and filled it with water! He then tramped that thirty miles on the water contained in the skull! Can any novelist imagine a more ghastly and frightful idea than this!

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHAT pleases us most in the Encyclical of our Holy Father is the unstinted praise he gives to those who never questioned the word of the Vicegerent of Christ, but, once it was announced to make education more Christian, followed it out to the letter. "Thus," says our Holy Father, "those Catholics of all nations, who, by the expenditure of much money and more zeal, have established schools for the education of their children, are *worthy of all admiration.*" Of these Catholic parents our Holy Father has no fear as to their faith, or the faith of their children; and their domestic hearth, he knows for a certainty, will prove to be "the practical school of the Christian virtues."

IT has been decided by the Catholic Church, which cannot err, that the Catholic school-room alone is the place where, with the aid of the Church and the home, the children of Catholic parents can be brought up in the law of God, and to the Catholic school-room all Catholic parents must send their children to be educated in God's law, if they would not have themselves and their children forgotten by God. The fact, even if it were true, that there is a better education in the affairs of the world in the public schools than there is in the Catholic schools, would not be a release for Catholic parents who send their children to such schools, from the curse of forgetfulness, which God has uttered against them; for the first and highest law of God is to "seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and His Justice," and not to seek first success in the kingdom of the world, which is the only object and the only teaching of the present system of public schools.

THE duty Catholic parents owe to their children. The Church is gaining, not only in numbers, but in the ability to care for its children. The youngest must be instructed in their faith or they will lose it. This is certain. Catholic parents should think of the best means of imprinting the lessons of faith deep in the hearts of their children. Example is the great teacher. The child who sees its parents always attending Mass, frequenting the Sacraments regularly, leading an edifying life, is already instructed. The respect natural in children for parents makes the son or daughter respect and imitate them. The next great point is to secure them a Christian education. There were times when this was difficult. Now there is no excuse. There are Catholic schools of all grades and degrees, free schools and academies, colleges and universities. Give your children a sound Catholic education, and, as far as possible, give them good Catholic reading. There are books suited for all ages and conditions. Cultivate in them a spirit of reading. Make them proud of the great Catholics of all ages, and especially of those connected with the history of this country, which Providence has destined to be our home. The illustrious Catholics, from Columbus to our day, furnish matter full of poetry, romance, and heroism, with which our young people should be familiar.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

NEXT autumn the second centenary of the death of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque will be solemnly celebrated at Parayle-Monial. The Holy Father has granted a local jubilee, which will begin at Paray, on Sept. 8, and continue in force till Nov. 19.

CARDINAL MANNING has written of the new Irish temperance movement inaugurated by the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, on Passion Sunday, "it will, I believe, save Ireland."

THAT was a beautiful thought expressed by Cardinal Manning when preaching on Matrimony on a recent Sunday, when he said: "Christian matrimony is a Sacrament, and creates an indissoluble bond, which death alone can loose. The indissoluble bond of marriage is the fountain of the domestic life of Christendom."

Shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre.

WE give elsewhere an interesting article, from the pen of Miss Anna T. Sadlier, a description of this celebrated shrine, and for the engraving of the buildings, we are indebted to the talented editor of the Connecticut Catholic, Hartford.

A Stirring American Book.

WAR-PATH AND BIVOUAC; or, The Conquest of the Sioux, by John F. Finerty, editor of the Chicago Citizen. This is a very interesting book, and requires a lengthy notice, which we will give in our next issue. Meantime, the book can be purchased of Mr. Finerty, 79 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

THE New York Catholic Review: DONAHOE'S is as lively as ever this month (May) with a table of contents so varied as to make mention of each article impossible. Every popular subject of interest, at the present moment, receives more or less attention, and it will be easy for the reader to pass many a pleasant hour in its bright pages.

A Pension for Mrs. Parnell.

A BILL pensioning Mrs. Delia Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, was recently passed by the House of Representatives at Washington. The pension provided for is fifty dollars a month.

IF we may judge by the crimes committed in our neighboring state, Maine is the most ungodly state in the union.

What are our Wealthy Catholics Doing?

THE wealthier classes of our people take too little interest in our struggling poor, mix too little with them, have too little idea of their wants, their dangers, their temptations. We need an organization like the Truth Society, which co-operating with great institutions will employ lecturers, music, stereopticon and other attractions to bring our youth together, entertain and instruct them.

DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA, the well-known Catholic historian, expects to complete the third volume of his History of the Catholic Church in America this summer.

BY invitation of the Lady Mayoress, the ladies of Dublin have met to take steps for the presentation of a suitable wedding gift to the future wife of William O'Brien from the women of Ireland; the subscription to be limited to one pound each.

MR. P. I. GINAN is not an agent for our MAGAZINE. We learn he is operating in Connecticut. No one is authorized to do business for us unless he can produce a card with Mr. Donahoe's signature.

CATHOLIC young men, we refer you to the article addressed to you, collectively and individually, on the 52d page.

THE series of articles now being published in our MAGAZINE, on Irish history and literature in our Catholic school books, are worthy the attention of Catholic publishers, teachers, etc.

Mr. O'Brien's New Book.

THE London Weekly Despatch in its review of the work says that Mr. Balfour never had so much reason to be jealous of Mr. O'Brien as now. Irish politics for the last four years have been a long duel between these two men. The Chief Secretary has not been victorious even when he has put his antagonist in prison; Mr. O'Brien is a statesman, which Mr. Balfour is not; he is an orator, which Mr. Balfour is not; and now, as a writer, he has thrown the author of Philosophic Doubts quite into the shade. It has long been a taunt against the Irish party, says the Despatch, that they have produced no striking literature, as if the Tory party were distinguished for literary genius. "The only great writer," it adds, "which they have discovered since Dizzy's death was Richard Pigott. Putting politics aside, Mr. O'Brien's novel is full of brilliant ability that recalls the best traditions of Irish humor and exuberance." [See advertisement in this month's MAGAZINE.]

The Catholic Publication Society

HAS a new manager in the person of Mr. Kevin Barry, late with Benziger's, and Burns and Oates. The new treasurer is Mr. Thomas Duane, who has grown up in the business and thoroughly understands it. Mr. John Kehoe, son of the late Lawrence Kehoe, is secretary. The board of directors comprise Mr. J. Wentworth, Mr. E. Purcell, Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Rea.

THE article in our last issue, entitled God's Own Way: A Scotchman and a Bishop, should have been credited to the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Had we copied it from that publication we would have given credit. We found it in a Dublin paper uncredited. Our contemporary deserves credit for publishing articles that are worthy of being copied and credited too.

An Indian Sister.

MISS JOSEPHINE CROWFEATHER, an Indian postulant, made her vows in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, Benedictine convent, Yankton, S. D. She took in religion the name of Catherine. Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty received her vows. Sister Catherine's sphere of action will be in educating the Indian children of the Sioux nation, to which she belongs, and of which her father, Chief Crowfeather, is a distinguished member.

Damien's Monument.

THE memorial to the late Father Damien, according to a resolution passed by the executive committee of the English National Leprosy Fund, will take the form of a granite Runic cross with medallion portrait, to be placed over his grave at Molokai.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND assisted at the Immigrant's Fair in New York. She sold roses for goodly prices; among the sales were bouquets to the following gentlemen for the prices annexed. Joseph J. O'Donohue, $50; E. D. Farrell, $50; Senator William L. Brown, $50; James S. Coleman, $50; Hon. Thomas S. Brennan, $50; George B. Coleman, $25. Besides these, there were hosts of other solid men sliding along their fifty and ten dollar bills in an enthusiastic and rapid manner; so it was impossible to get anything like a list of these generous friends of the immigrant girls.

MOTHER MARY AUSTIN CARROLL, of the Sisters of Mercy, New Orleans, La., has sailed for Europe. She will visit Ireland, England, Scotland and France. This trip is for material in connection with her fourth and last volume of the Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy

Consecration of a Cathedral.

In a circular to his diocese, Archbishop Ryan announces the coming consecration of the Cathedral of Philadelphia. He says: "We make use of this occasion to announce to you and to your people, that the solemn consecration of our Cathedral and the metropolitan church of this province will take place on Monday, the 30th of June next, Commemoration of St. Paul, and within the octave of Sts. Peter and Paul, the patrons of the Cathedral and the Diocese. The ceremony will crown the great work commenced by Bishop Kenrick, and continued and perfected by his venerable successors, Bishop Neuman and Archbishop Wood. The conception of such a structure so many years ago, showed the great faith in the future of the Church in this diocese, which time has more than justified. Its execution under trying circumstances exhibited the zeal and ability of the men selected by God for this great purpose. Let the solemn consecration of the noble Cathedral be worthy of its conception and execution."

Cardinal Manning goes to the root of the short-hour movement in saying: "Under too long hours domestic life is impossible; but on the domestic life of the people the whole political order of human society reposes."

Consumptive parish libraries throughout the country might take a hint from a New York society, whose library needed replenishing. They held a book reception, requiring of each friend invited to the reception, that he bring with him one book as a gift to the library. Some guests brought half a dozen, and over twelve hundred volumes were handed in during the evening. This plan would work well in any part of the world. Let the consumptives in our parish libraries take the hint.

Burns, the very capable leader of the working men of London, said in his speech in Hyde Park: "The prospect of revolution will compel the governing classes to concede to fear what they now deny to just and reasonable demands straight from the *bona-fide* workers of all countries, irrespective of race, religion, or politics."

Do They Pray?

St. Louis Western Watchman: Bro. Robert asks his brethren if they ever pray in secret. We ask: does Robert himself ever pray in secret? Luther complained that whenever he attempted to pray he invariably fell to cursing the Pope. It is a lamentable fact, but one not to be denied, that outside the Catholic Church not one person in fifty thousand practises night and morning prayer. And the preachers are no exception to the rule. At a general Methodist Conference, a few years ago, the brethren were challenged to state if they prayed regularly in private in their homes. If we remember rightly only one parson rose to his feet.

A Rap at School Politicians.

Editor Stone, of the New York Journal of Commerce, is evidently independent enough to have a mind of his own in social matters, without having to ask leave of the politicians. Speaking of the encroachments on parental rights, authorized by the famous Bennett Law of Wisconsin, the metropolitan editor thus expresses himself: "We are strong in the Protestant faith, and do not believe in giving the public funds to schools in charge of any church; but we should much prefer to have the money exacted from us, or to have a child of our family go to Catholic schools, than to *godless* schools, managed by time-serving politicians."

Mr. Horace Taylor, editor of a Republican paper of Madison, Wis., strikes the right note when he says: "We emphatically deny the right of the state to interfere with any school which does not receive the public money for its support."

We stand on the platform made by the Church, which is that temperance is a virtue, and gluttony, of which drunkenness is the worst form, a deadly sin.

A CATHOLIC paper made a very true observation when it said that the reason why there was so much crime abroad in society was, because our young men and women do not sufficiently love God; neglect to say their prayers night and morning; and get in the habit of keeping away from the Sunday services.

IT would be well if every member of a choir would enter into the spirit and feeling of Haydn, the great musical composer, who said, "When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen."

PERHAPS the most remarkable, and not the least efficacious, temperance lecture ever delivered, was that of Dr. Crane, a health officer of New York, who, at a public meeting, years ago, declared that, "in the Stygian and pest-ridden twelfth Ward of Brooklyn, not a solitary one of the five hundred members of the Father Mathew Society resident therein had been attacked by cholera." Mr. Acton clinched this remark by adding that not a cholera case had occurred at the time among the sixteen thousand members of the Father Mathew Society, in the city of New York.

THE evils of mixed marriages are once more brought into the foreground of contemporary events by the prominence of Gen. Caprivi, Chancellor of the German Empire. His full name is Caprivi di Caprera di Montecuculi. His ancestors were Catholics. But towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, the then head of the family, Karl Leopold, died in battle against the Turks, leaving an only son, Julius Leopold, and a widow who had been a Fraulein von Unruh, and was a Lutheran. She brought up the boy in the Lutheran heresy, and thus the race was lost to the faith. Moral: Let Catholics marry Catholics.

OUR COLLEGES.—It is a good sign to see our schools, academies, and colleges take a healthful interest in athletics. The physical as well as the intellectual man must be developed. The forces should be equally balanced. There should be no shirking of studies for the sake of hours of exercise in the gymnasium, nor should the hours of recreation be spent in the studies of the class-room. Give each its proper time and attention, and the results will be conducive to the building up of body and mind, says the Catholic American.

THE thirteenth centenary of Pope St. Gregory the Great, elected to the Supreme Pontificate Sept. 3, 1890, will be solemnized by the holding of a Congress of Christian *savants* and artists to treat questions relative to the fine arts, and to sacred archæology. It was most erroneously stated that liturgical questions would be likewise comprised in the programme; the directions and observance of the rules of the Church liturgy being the special province of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, alone competent to treat of similar matters. Monte Casino has been proposed as the seat of the Congress, though the choice is not as yet definitely settled. Meanwhile, it is announced that his Eminence, the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, has accepted the presidency thereof.

Divorce in America.

THE London Weekly Register reviewing the question of the final effects of the increasing prevalency of the divorce evil in America, arrives at this conclusion: "Here, then, are the Scylla and Charybdis of modern American society. The Mormon view will, for the present, go to the wall, simply because it gives the greater shock to the moral sense. It is the more directly and obviously pagan of the two. But the public good sense will, by degrees, 'assert itself' by realizing that between these two godless systems there is only a difference of degree. The public conscience, meanwhile, may awake to the fact that one organization exists on earth, which equally denounces either; upholding the law of God, whatever may be the social or political consequences involved, and consulting alike the moral dignity of Christian man and woman, and the sanctity, the peace, and happiness of Christian family life."

Bismarck and the Holy Father.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Catholic Review, dated Monaco, April 19, 1890, says: "In a very interesting leading article of the *Figaro* of 16th ult., appear certain remarkable expressions in regard to the ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, said to have been uttered on the 8th of April, 1883, by Leo XIII. to the signer of the article, and of which the following is a translation:" "That Bismarck is a power," said the Holy Father, "I admit. But I also am a power, and this he refuses to recognize. I see more clearly than he does, because I am more just to others; and I am more just to others, because to Him, whose Vicar I am, I refer the praises addressed to me."

IN 1892, the Order of Mercy will celebrate its golden jubilee in the United States; in 1893, in Newfoundland; and in 1894, in Australia.

Card. Gibbons on the Labor Question.

WHILE the Cardinal was in New York he was the guest of Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue, at his residence, No. 5 East Sixty-ninth street. The Cardinal submitted to a brief interview on the labor question, in which he said: "I think that the great labor problem will be solved first in this country, for in this country we submit everything of that nature to the test of reason, common-sense and thorough criticism, and truth is evolved from this free and full discussion of the social question. My hope is that the labor problem will be satisfactorily solved to the great material advantage of the laboring classes and without detriment to the capitalists, for one cannot succeed without the other. It is alike the interest and the duty of both to co-operate. The uprising in Europe was general and seems to have had considerable success; but it is premature to assert what the result ultimately of this particular demand will be." Mr. O'Donohue invited the following guests to meet the Cardinal: Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Justice of the Supreme Court, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, Hon. John D. Crimmins, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr., and wife, and the other immediate members of the family. It was a very informal gathering.

"HE loved all men and hated none," says an old Protestant friend; "and out of his affection came the sunshine of face and sweetness of speech that made him as dear to little children as dew to violets, and as welcome among his neighbors, irrespective of their creeds, as a cool wind to fevered brows."

The New Bishop of Derry.

THE solemn consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Derry, was solemnized in the Cathedral, Derry, on Sunday, March 2. The newly consecrated Bishop, speaking at the banquet on the day of his consecration, said: "There is an old prophecy in this part of the country which I hope may now come to pass: 'when an O'Doherty rules in Derry, and an O'Donnell in Raphoe, Ireland shall be free.'" The first days of his episcopate have been marked by a valuable bequest. The late Mrs. E. J. Donlan, who died at Blackrock, has, by her will, given to the Bishop all her house property to establish and support a night school for factory girls in her native city of Londonderry.

"OUR MARY," writes that she will never appear on the stage again. A letter from Mary Anderson received by a personal friend confirms the report of her intended marriage to Mr. Navarro, and states that she has made up her mind never to appear behind the footlights again.

For a Monument to General Stark.

AFTER two or three unsuccessful attempts, Senator Blair got through his bill appropriating fifty thousand dollars for an equestrian statue of Gen. John Stark, the hero of the battle of Bennington, to be erected at Manchester, N. H., the home of the projector of the proposed memorial. Gen. Stark died at Manchester, and on the strength of this fact the monument is to go to that well-known New Hampshire manufacturing centre.

Ascension Thursday.

THE St. John Globe: Previous to nine o'clock Mass in St. John the Baptist church, morning of 15th of May, the Right Rev. Thomas Connolly, V. G., was formally invested as a domestic prelate of the Pope's Household, His Lordship the Bishop presiding. After the ceremony, Bishop Sweeny made an interesting address, saying it gave him great pleasure to be present at the inauguration of Monsignor Connolly as a domestic prelate, and that the honor came from His Holiness, the Pope, as a reward for long and faithful services in the ministry. With the exception of himself, the Monsignor was the oldest clergyman in the diocese. He spoke eloquently of the zeal and energy displayed by Monsignor Connolly, when in charge of different missions throughout the province, and concluded by stating that although he had been a priest for forty years, he hoped he would live many years to continue his good work. Mass was then celebrated by the Monsignor, and at its conclusion he said he was pleased and honored to have His Lordship present at any time and particularly at the ceremony this morning, and no doubt that feeling was shared by those present. He hoped in the near future to be able to invite His Lordship to the consecration of the church.

Monsignor Connolly, during his forty-two years' service, has been stationed in many parts of the province, but for a long time has been either at Woodstock, at Carleton, or at St. John, and is a very familiar figure among the Catholic clergy of this province, of whom he has been the first to receive this honor. The Globe joins with his many friends in their congratulations, and trust that he will live many years to enjoy the honor so worthily bestowed.

THE first convent of the Order of the Most Precious Blood, in the United States, was opened recently with great ceremony by the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, in Brooklyn, N. Y. There are ten sisters and the superioress in the convent. The Order of the Sisters of the Precious Blood was founded twenty-eight years ago, by the Right Rev. Joseph L. Rocque and Mother Catherine Aurelia, both of whom were present and assisted at the ceremonies.

An Austrian Giant.

THE Vienna Athletic Club claims to have the strongest man in the world as one of its members. This is Herr Türk, who, at a meeting recently held before a large circle of sporting friends, performed feats which are said to beat the best English records. Among other performances he operated with a weight of one hundred and thirty-six and one-half kilogrammes, equal to a little more than three English hundred-weights. It was mentioned that an English sporting journal, only a few days ago, declared it impossible for a man to raise such a weight over his head.

JOHN SHERMAN, nephew of Gen. and Senator Sherman, has been lately received into the Church in Washington, by his cousin, Father Sherman.

On the Road to Heaven.

ONE morning Dean Swift and his man Jack were out early on the road; Jack was riding ahead, and the Dean some distance behind, reading a prayer book. The Dean forgot to tell Jack to stop and order breakfast, and Jack was out of humor. Some one who knew Jack saluted him, and asked: "Where are you going so early this morning, Jack?"—"We are on the road to Heaven," answered Jack. "To Heaven?" said the other. "Arrah, Jack, sure you are not serious?"—"We are, indeed," said Jack; "My master is praying, and I am fasting." The Dean overheard Jack, and rewarded his wit with a fine breakfast.

PETER'S PENCE was collected last year according to the following table: Austria contributed £16,000; Italy and France, £14,000 each; South America, £12,400; North America, £11,500; Spain, £8,000; North Germany, £7,200; Portugal, £6,000; Ireland, £5,200; Belgium, £4,200; Asia, £4,000; Roumania, £4,000; Great Britain, £3,800; Africa, £3,600; Poland, £3,400; Australia, £3,400; Switzerland, £2,200; Russia, £1,600.

A Young Irish-Australian Lawyer.

"MR. ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, the son of 'T. D. S.,' the Grand Old Man of the Irish Parliamentary party, who has been studying law in Sydney for several years, and is now a full-fledged solicitor of the Supreme Court, announces," says the Sydney Freeman's Journal, "that he has commenced business in the legal line at 17 O'Connell street, Sydney. Mr. Sullivan starts with excellent prospects," continues our contemporary, "for, beside his own good brains and an experience acquired in the best legal circles in Sydney, he has the esteem of his professional brethren, and the respect and confidence of very many friends. With his well-known capacity for work, his high character, and his courteous manners, our young friend, to whom we wish every success, should have no difficulty in establishing himself comfortably and securely in the profession of which his late uncle, the great and gifted man whose name he bears, was, in the old land, so bright an ornament."

The Government and Ireland.

MR. BALFOUR'S promise to introduce a measure of local government for Ireland, based upon the same lines as the legislation already affected for England and Scotland, is one of the most important events of the session.

A Marvellous Incident.

IN 1853, an Oblate missioner, Father Pandosy, and three Indians were travelling in British Columbia. Their object was to procure, from a distant post, a supply of wine for the Mass. On their return, the little party was overtaken by a terrific snow storm. The air was filled with blinding flakes, and the trees of the gloomy forests, through which they passed, were rapidly laden with snow, and cast an almost impenetrable darkness over their path. Even the Indians, who alone knew the way, declined to proceed, and it was resolved to bivouac until the following morning. The next day, when the missioner rose from his snowy bed, the storm was still raging. On looking round, to his dismay, he found himself abandoned by his guides. Certain death now seemed to stare him in the face, for the snow had obliterated every trace of a pathway, even if he had known where to look for it. Full of anxiety, he had recourse to prayer. At that time there was a question of the definition of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma, and Father Pandosy, remembering that he was an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, knelt down and made an act of faith in this mystery. He now rose with the conviction that his prayer had been heard. It was so. To his astonishment he saw before his feet a pathway where none before existed. There it lay as clearly marked out before him, as though an invisible hand had swept the deep snow carefully from its surface. For the remaining three days of his journey that saving pathway led him through prairie and forest, until it conducted him safely to his home, when he arrived with the altar wine, of which he had gone in search.

UP to 1886, five hundred and seventy authenticated miracles had been wrought through the intercession of the Venerable Rev. M. Vianney, the famous Curé d'Ars.

A YOUNG lady has just finished writing for her domestic a letter to the latter's sweetheart. "Now," says the young lady, "I think that that will do." — "Oh, thank you, Mademoiselle, the letter is admirable; but you will be kind enough to add a little postcript: 'Please excuse the bad writing and the mistakes in grammar.'"

A GOOD STORY TOLD OF BISMARCK. It was in the day when, seeking popularity, he was eager to exhibit himself on all great occasions. There was a grand ball at the City Hall, where were gathered many society people. There Bismarck met his tailor, who was swollen with pride by his position of tailor to the Chancellor. "It is a fine *fête*," said Bismarck to him. "The society is a little mixed, my prince."— "Really, my dear friend, but you certainly could not expect that there would be only tailors here."

Affection of an Elephant.

WHILE in India, Captain Marryat, the novelist, was intensely interested in the devotion and self-denial of a huge elephant. The beast was defending himself from swarms of mosquitoes, using a large branch to keep them from the crannies and cracks of his thick hide. His persecutors were still annoying him greatly, as was evident from his motions, when his keeper appeared with a little child. This he laid down before the animal, saying, "Watch it!" and walked away. The elephant immediately broke off a small whisk from the large bough, and, instead of fanning himself, directed his attention to driving away every mosquito from the infant. He continued this until the keeper returned, two hours after, thus setting, though a brute, an example of devotion which few men would have imitated.

New Parochial School.

LAND has been purchased on Spruce street, North Cambridge, Mass., for the erection of a parochial school-house in connection with St. Peter's Catholic Church, on Concord avenue. A portion of the building will be used as a mission church, to be supported from St. Peter's, and for the accommodation of those living at a great distance from the present edifice. The Rev. John Flatley, the pastor, and his assistants made a canvass of the parish, and received hearty encouragement on every hand. By the will of the late Rev. James E. O'Brien, the former pastor of St. Peter's parish, ten thousand dollars was bequeathed as a nucleus for the proposed new building.

More Conversions.

"QUITE a wave of secession seems," writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, "to be passing over the troubled waters of Anglicanism in England. Only the other day, the Rev. C. W. Townsend, M. A., the principal of the Oxford University Mission at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., the head of the similar mission at Bombay, and submitted to the Catholic Church; and now it is stated that the Revs. William Tatlock, M.A., R. Beasley, M.A., George Clarke, M.A., formerly attached to such well-known 'High' churches as Christ Church, Clapham (where the Sarum as distinguished from the Roman ritual is carried out in its entirety), Helmsley (Yorkshire), and St. James-the-Less, Liverpool, have been 'received.' Moreover, since the beginning of Lent, no fewer than one hundred members of the Church of England have joined the Catholic communion in one parish in North London; and at Brighton, always a centre of Ritualistic activity, the converts are estimated at nearly five hundred. The Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham (whose monastery, by-the-by, is the identical house in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was originated), have altogether 'added to the Church' upwards of one thousand persons."

A Good Work.

MEETINGS of St. Augustine's Catholic Total Abstinence Society, of South Boston, have lately been held in the school hall. The building committee, through Mr. Griffin, presented an excellent report, and made the following estimates: A building would cost about $40,000; land, $20,000. It was proposed to raise $25,000 by subscription among the members and other Boston Catholics, and $35,000 by a mortgage. After figuring on outlay (mortgage, interest, taxes, and janitor's services), and receipts (rent of halls and stores), it was estimated there would be an income of about $2,300, minus other expenses. The plan was proposed and immediately adopted of issuing shares at five dollars each, to draw four per cent. interest. The building committee agreed to take 225 shares, the spiritual director, Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, taking fifty. One member agreed to subscribe one thousand dollars, if twenty-four other men would do likewise. Over two hundred more shares were subscribed at the meeting, nearly every member taking one or more. The building committee was given authority to collect funds from people outside the parish. The building figured on would contain three stores, hall, reading-room, and gymnasium. If this worthy plan is carried through successfully, as now seems most likely, it will be a grand monument to the temperance people of St. Augustine's parish.

The Color Line.

THERE is no color line in the Catholic Church. Our holy religion knows no color in the souls of those for whom Christ died on Calvary. There is no Jew or Gentile, no white or black. Well does the New York Tribune say: "Archbishop Ireland is roundly abused by Southern journals for declaring, in St. Augustine, that 'no Church is a fit temple of God where a man, because of his color, is excluded or made to occupy a corner.' He spoke as a consistent Roman Catholic when he denounced the shame and scandal of putting negroes in corners and lofts of churches of his communion, and of closing the doors of Catholic institutions against unfortunates of the colored race. To the honor of that Church be it said, that prejudice and exclusion grounded upon race have never been tolerated in the established practice of its ministrations to mankind. Its gospel has ever been a gospel of social equality in the sight of heaven." We refer to the address of Archbishop Ireland in this month's issue of our MAGAZINE.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S action against the London Spectator for libel, in saying he had been sentenced to imprisonment for his share in a political murder, was settled on the 3d instant, the Spectator paying two hundred and fifty pounds and costs, and withdrawing and apologizing for the imputation.

William O'Brien's Marriage.

BY his intended marriage with Mdlle. Sophie Raffalovich, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., will become closely related to an important Russian official and to an English poet. Mdlle. Raffalovich, who is the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Odessa, has two brothers — M. Arthur Raffalovich and M. Andre Raffalovich. The former, who, though a Russian by birth, has been educated in France, was, some ten or twelve years ago, private secretary to Count Schouvaloff, the then Russian ambassador in London, and now represents, in Paris, the Russian Ministry of Commerce. He is, besides, an eminent writer on political economy, commerce, and finance, and has contributed many articles on these subjects to various French periodicals, and to a leading Paris journal of which he is the financial editor. M. Andre Raffalovich is, like his brother, a Russian subject, but has chosen to make London his home. He has devoted much of his time to the study of English literature, and to such good purpose that he has written a volume of poetry denoting literary ability of no mean order. Mdlle. Raffalovich herself has translated a number of English works into French, especially books on political and social economy. The marriage will take place on the 11th of June. Mr. Parnell will run over to Paris to attend the wedding. The bride has been formally received into the Catholic Church. It is understood that the future residence of Mr. and Mrs O'Brien will be in Mountjoy square, Dublin.

Failure of a Proselytizing Mission.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE NORTH END.

WE are very much gratified to learn from the annual report of the Boston North End Mission for 1890, the following cheering fact. We quote from the report: "In our report of last year, we referred to our work among the Italians; and particularly in regard to the children of that nation gathered into the Sunday-school, at which one hundred and fifty came every Sabbath, and we hoped so to lead their young minds that they would learn the truth; and we had the more confidence in being able to do so, because the people of that nationality were less under the control of the papal power than some others. During the past year, however, several emissaries have been sent from Rome to put a stop to work of that kind, and the consequence has been that the children have been withdrawn and the school broken up."

We can almost forgive the insulting language in which the above fact is communicated for the pleasure of learning of the good results of the labors of the excellent "emissaries" whom the Holy Father has sent to look after the spiritual interests of the Italian people of Boston. We heartily wish them God-speed and more power to their elbows.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART FOR THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By Brother Phillippé. Translated from the fourth French edition, by E. A. Mulligan. Price 50 cents.

This is an excellent book for our young friends for the month of June. It is a neatly gotten-up manual divided into brief chapters for every day in the month of the Sacred Heart.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. Short Meditations from the Ascension to the Octave Corpus Christi. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Price, 15 cents.

Should be in every family. Only 15 cents.

THE LEPER QUEEN. A story of the thirteenth century. Price 50 cents.

This is a story of a Christian maiden, daughter of a Hungarian noble, who, when leprosy, introduced from the East by the Crusades, was desolating the provinces of her father Dagobert, resigned her patrimony and devoted her young life to the service of the persecuted lepers. The plot is well wrought out; and the minor incidents prior and subsequent to her great act of heroism are related with exquisite grace and devotional feeling. The story, unlike others of a like nature where religion is the *motif*, is intensely interesting and pathetic. We cheerfully recommend this book, not alone to children, but to the larger class of adults, whose appreciation of a charming literary style will save The Leper Queen from being lightly read or thrown aside.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Phil.

THE SACRED HEART LIBRARY.

No. 1. A quarterly series of standard theological works. The Immaculate Heart of Mary, from the Italian Considerations of Father John Peter Pinamenti, of the Society of Jesus. A new translation, with appendix, notes, references, and contents. Price, 25 cents. This is a pamphlet of one hundred and thirty pages. Every child of Mary in the land should buy this book. It is published at the office of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 114 South 3d street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW A SCHOOLMASTER BECAME A CATHOLIC. By James P. Tayler, Renfrew, Ont.

Is an interesting book of one hundred and forty pages in small type, which we are told originally appeared in the form of letters in the Catholic Record. From the hasty perusal we have been able to give it, we judge that the author has been a very careful and thorough student of his subject in all its various phases. The book gives evidence of extensive reading; his style is forcible, and his points well taken. We are perfectly certain that no candid man capable of appreciating an argument can read this book without being convinced that the Catholic Church is not only superior to all other so-called churches, but that it is absolutely the only true church of Christ, and that all men are bound to take refuge in her bosom.

ADAMS' CABLE CODE.

This little work is worth its weight in gold. It is chocked full of valuable information to those who travel, and who are forced to use the great cable. It has now reached its sixth edition. Bound in paper, 25 cts., and cloth, 50 cts., consisting of over 138 pages.

This code must be the result of many months of labor, and must commend itself to every one who has to use the ocean cable or the overland telegraph lines. E. A. Adams & Co., 115 State street, Boston, Mass.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston street.

Announcements.

The Athenæum announces that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Life and Letters of Thomas Davis, is about to appear at last. For the delay in its appearance, the publishers are alone accountable.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Publishers, Boston.

Vocal.—"Now That We're Alone," duet, by C. A. White. "Why Must We Say Good-Bye," words by Henry J. Treadwell, music by Edith Cooke. "The Sweetest Song," words by Brunella, music by L.

Denza. "Love's Golden Dream," by Lindsay Lennox. "The Lifted Veil," words by Fred E. Weatherby, music by Joseph Barnby. "They Say This World is Beautiful," words by Swan, music by Arthur Moore. "Salve Regina," by M. B. Eayrs. "Enniscorthy," comic song, by Robert Martin. "The Spinning Wheel," words by W. G. Wells, music by G. Henschel. "Changeless," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by H. Grotere. "The Flowery Nook," by J. Fame. "A Summer Love Dream," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Frederic H. Cowen. "Snow Flakes," words by Longfellow, music by Frederic H. Cowen. "Venetian Song," words by B. C. Stephenson, music by F. Paolo Tosti. "O God, Protector of the Nations," by M. P. Eayrs. "The Dream," music by Haydn. "Were I the River," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Tito Mattei. "A Cruise in the Old Arm Chair," children's song, by Hubert Watkyn.

Instrumental.—"McGinty's First Love Waltz," by George Thorne. "Clatter, Clatter Galop," by Jos. H. Denck. "Melody," by M. Moszkowski. "Simple Area," by Francois Thome. "Little Flirt Mazurka," by Paul Keller. "Maiden's Joy Waltz by Paul Keller. "Polka-Mazurka," by J. Rummel. "Les Courriers," caprice by Theodore Ritter. "La Fete aux Champs," by G. Bachmann. "Waves of the Danube," by J. Ivanovici. "Jubilee Polka," by Geo. W. Persley. "Annette Waltzes," by Edward E. Lemieux. "Rose Bud Waltz," by W. Smallwood. "A Sweet Dream Waltz," by Richard Eilenberg. "The Success March Brilliante," by Chas. D. Blake. "Tout Paris Waltz," by Emile Waldteufel. "Album Leaf," by Waldemar Bargiel. "Salon Mazurka," by Carl Hause. "Noctune," by J. Leybach. "The Mill in the Forest," idylle by Rich Eilenberg. "Song of Heaven," meditation by A. S. Sweet. "La Harpe Eolienne," by S. Smith.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complection." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

ON May 11, Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, Neb., visited Omaha to confer Holy Orders on two theological students; one of the candidates being a converted Jew.

THE Hotel Irvington, Nantasket Beach, will open about the 15th of June, under the sole management of William J. Walshe, a well-known Boston hotel man, and for the two past seasons manager of the famous Ludwig Concert Co. The hotel is beautifully located on the beach, and surrounded with stately trees, which make it, without exception, the coolest resort at this favorite watering place. The patronage this year, judging by the number of applications for rooms, will exceed any in its past history, and this is mainly owing to the fact that good management will prevail the coming season. Families will find the Irvington a quiet, respectable home, eminently calculated to suit their wants in every particular, at moderate prices.

THE Fair in aid of the mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, for the protection and care of immigrant girls upon their arrival in New York, yielded the handsome sum of forty thousand dollars for the mission.

CATHOLICS IN WISCONSIN. — In its last number the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, makes an interesting estimate of the Catholic population of that state. After careful figuring, our contemporary comes to the conclusion that the Catholic population is now 520,000. This total is made up of 146,000 Irish, 200,000 German, 70,000 of the descendants of the first Catholic settlers, and 104,000 made up from other sources. This is a gain of 132,000 since the census of 1880.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

WE are sorry to find that no less than seventeen Irish Nationalist members voted in the House of Commons, in favor of the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, although Cardinal Manning made strenuous efforts to secure different action. Thirteen Irish members, including Mr. John Dillon, and Mr. William O'Brien voted against the measure.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B. — This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. — *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE long-expected death of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha, occurred at his late home on Tuesday morning, May 27th, aged sixty-six years. The deceased prelate was brother to the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, and was born in Cork County, Ire. After his preparatory studies in the Philadelphia Seminary, he was sent to Rome, where he remained until his ordination. He was a priest in the Pittsburgh diocese, but after his brother's retirement from that See to become a Jesuit, Father O'Connor went to Philadelphia, where he continued to discharge important trusts in the sacred ministry, until his consecration in October, 1885. Of less mental endowments than his illustrious brother, the late Bishop of Omaha was an accomplished scholar, capable of expressing clear and vigorous thought with a brilliant pen. But continued ill-health clouded his later years, and greatly impeded the labors he wished to perform for the Church and his growing diocese.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Very Rev. William Keegan, the venerable vicar-general of the Diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be mourned by a very large circle of clerical and lay friends in all parts of the country. Father Keegan was born in Ireland in 1824, but came to America with his parents while yet an infant. By his death, Bishop Loughlin is deprived of the services of a most valuable and esteemed assistant. May he rest in peace.

REV. JOHN KOCH.—Rev. John Koch, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Lucinda, Clarion County, in the diocese of Erie, Pa., died at Detroit, on Sunday, May 4. Father Koch, towards the close of last year, was struck by paralysis, and early this spring was brought to Detroit by his friends in the hope that a change of climate, to a locality where he had several relatives, might restore him to health. But he seems never to have rallied, and gradually lapsing into unconsciousness, he quietly passed away, after receiving the last rites of the Church, a grace accorded him, no doubt, in view of those virtues which had marked his whole career as a priest.

REV. JAMES J. CURRAN.—Rev. James J. Curran died on May 21, at St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., of cancer of the liver. Father Curran was forty-seven years old; an active, zealous priest of the Newark diocese, having ministered in Trenton, Mount Hope, Paterson, Arlington, and Elizabeth. At Paterson, he founded the Catholic Times, and at Arlington established and conducted the Catholic Protectory. He was respected wherever known for his manly qualities and Christian virtues, as well as for his learning, and varied abilities in mechanical and other sciences.

REV. S. M. BARRETT, of St. Stephen's Church, Chicago, was shot on his doorstep Friday night of last week, and fatally wounded. He had been accosted by a young man who professed to be in a dying condition from heart trouble. The priest gave the man directions to help him physically, and was considering the matter of spiritual consolation, when there was a flash and report, and Father Barrett fell with a bullet in his breast. The supposed dying man had suddenly pulled a revolver and fired point blank at the priest. A series of wild shrieks on the part of the assailant helped to bring the police to the scene. Father Barrett's slayer was speedily landed in a cell, and continued to give every evidence of insanity. He is Patrick Keady, and is a blacksmith. Father Barrett was pastor of St. Stephen's for twenty years, and was particularly respected by the older residents among the Catholics of that city. He died the next day.

REV. J. W. FONES, formerly pastor of St. Anne's Church, Waterbury, Ct., died at the residence of his uncle, Mr. John Doran, in Attleboro, Mass., May 18.

SISTERS.

SISTER M. BERNARD HENNESSY.—Our Irish exchanges bring the sad in-

telligence of the death, on the 17th ult., at the Convent of Mercy, Kilmacthomas, county Waterford, Ire., of Sister M. Bernard, eldest daughter of Mr. Lawrence Hennessy, Aherlow, county Tipperary, Ire., and sister of Rev. W. S. Hennessy, St. Columbkill's Church, Chicago, Ill. The deceased *religeuse*, who was in the eleventh year of her religious profession, expired happily, after a brief illness, borne with saintly resignation, and fortified by the rites of our holy Church. Sister M. Bernard's example, as eldest child, must have had no little part in framing the minds and aspirations of her younger brothers and sisters, for five of them survive her to-day, three, as holy nuns like herself; one, Rev. W. S. Hennessy, St. Columbkill's, while the fifth is a pious and learned member of the Cistercian Order, Roscrea, Ireland.

ONE OF THE SISTERS whose convent in Philadelphia was burned by the Know-Nothings in 1844. A serene life, full of heroism and beauty, was crowned by a precious death at St. Joseph's Convent, Dubuque, Ia., evening of March 10th, when the gentle soul of Sister Mary Rose, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, passed away from earth. Sister Mary Rose was one of the first companions of the saintly Mother Mary Frances Clarke, foundress of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a pioneer of Catholic education in the United States.

More than half a century ago, in Dublin, five young ladies, Mary Frances Clarke, Margaret Mann, Rose O'Toole, Eliza Kelly, and Katharine Byrne, were strangely brought together with a very real, but to them, then, a very mysterious purpose. Though they did not know it, they were the foundation stones for a noble structure which after many days was to rise toward heaven in a far-off Western land. In 1833, in response to an appeal from America for Christian teachers, those brave daughters of a faithful and self-denying race resolved to leave their homes and kindred, to devote their lives to the service of God, in a country in which they had not a friend.

It is God's way, we are told, to prepare by many trials and vicissitudes, those who are destined to accomplish any great or lasting work, and we find no exception here. It would appear that infinite trust in the loving care of Divine Providence was the first lesson they were to learn in the long course of severe discipline through which they were to pass, for just as they came in sight of the shores they were seeking, and whither they were bringing whatever fortune they possessed in order that with it they might do good, Miss Kelly, who carried the purse containing all their worldly treasure, in some unaccountable way, dropped it into the ocean. A few hours later they landed in Philadelphia, and were penniless among strangers. Years afterwards, when hundreds of young Religious were gathered around them, they used to tell laughingly how frightened they were, and how they dreaded to make known their loss to Sister Mary Katharine, Miss Byrne, who was the heiress of the little party, and to whom nearly all the lost money belonged. In their perplexity and loneliness, their first act was to inquire for a Catholic church, and they were directed to St. Michael's. Here, as if by merest accident, they met an estimable Catholic lady, the wife of Commodore McDonough, the hero of Lake Champlain.

Through Mrs. McDonough's kindness they obtained a lodging, and some time afterwards an introduction to Rev. T. J. Donaghoe, then pastor of St. Michael's Church. Father Donaghoe became interested in the young missionaries, and gave them employment in his parish school.

Time went on, and they were joined by several American ladies and organized as Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a religious community devoted exclusively to the education of youth. When the cholera raged in Philadelphia the Sisters volunteered to nurse those stricken by the plague. With heroic devotion they cared for all, regardless of race or creed. When the epidemic ceased the Mayor, and other city officials, in recognition of their services, tendered them a public vote of thanks.

Those were the days of Know-Nothing ruffianism, and the publication of this testimonial, so honorable to its promoters, only aroused the sense-

less bigotry of the fanatical "Native Americans." Protestant ministers inflamed popular prejudice by violent denunciation of Catholics, declaring that what the citizens were called upon to admire as the disinterested charity of women, fearless in the midst of death, was, in reality, the mighty hand of "Rome," stretched out to seize the great heart of the American people in its tyrannical grasp. Finally, religious intolerance culminated on the 8th day of May, 1844, when a disgraceful mob set fire to St. Michael's Church and convent, and burned them to the ground. Some years previous, the Sisters had received an invitation from Bishop Loras to establish schools in his vast new diocese, and they had accepted the invitation of the apostolic French prelate. A number of the Sisters had gone to Dubuque, in 1837, and on the destruction of their first home, all removed to Iowa. Rev. Father Donaghoe, with noble generosity, resigned his parish in Philadelphia, to go out into the wilderness and devote himself to the welfare of his spiritual daughters, who revered him as their founder. The mother-house of the Order was located near Dubuque; here it has grown and prospered. The Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary now number about eight hundred, and the Church in the West has no more intelligent, enthusiastic, or successful workers in the cause of education, than are the members of this young and vigorous Order, the spirit of which is especially adapted to the wants of the age and country. The Sisters conduct numerous schools and academies in the diocese of Dubuque, Davenport, Chicago, Peoria, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Witchita, and San Francisco.

With Sister Mary Rose, the first five members of the congregation have entered into rest. How lovely they were in gracious simplicity, and gentle refinement of mind and manner; how wise and tender and holy, is known to all who saw those self-forgetting children of God in the midst of suffering and privation, joyfully gathering the harvest which has rewarded their days of toil. Such lives, full, pure, and clear, flow ever towards eternity, and like the crystal flood of the river sweeping seaward, never disappear. Hills are greener forever, valleys richer wherever they have been.—*R. I. P.*

LAY PEOPLE.

THE St. John Globe, Saturday, May 10. Hon. Owen McInerney, who has sat in the Legislative Council of this Province for twenty-one years, died at his home at Kingston, Kent, on Friday evening. He had been ill for a long time, but was able to attend the last session of the Legislature. Mr. McInerney was sixty-four years of age, and has lived in this country since he was a child, his parents coming from county Longford, Ireland. He was engaged for a long time in business at Kingston, devoted and paid a good deal of attention always to public affairs. He represented Kent in the House of Assembly from 1866 to 1869, and once ran unsuccessfully for the House of Commons. In 1869, he was made a Legislative Councillor, and in that capacity served the country well. In private life, Mr. McInerney won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Mr. George V. McInerney, of Richibucto, and Doctor McInerney, of St. John, are sons of the deceased.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

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THE Dublin Irish Times says that a rich gold mine has been discovered at Dunnode, in the western part of county Cork, and that a company is being formed to work it.

REV. FATHER HAVERMANS, of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., was eighty-four years old June 6, and sixty years a priest. He is in good health.

Got Home Safe.

THE Rev. Thomas Magennis, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston; the Rev. J. J. McNulty, rector of the Church of the Holy Rosary, South Boston; the Rev. M. F. Flatley, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden, and the Rev. Richard Neagle, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, returned to Boston, May 23, from an eight months' tour in Europe and the Holy Land. They were warmly welcomed back by their parishioners and other friends.

The Great Cardinal Manning.

IN London, on the 8th of May, Lord Ripon presented to Cardinal Manning on the behalf of the congregation of the pro-cathedral, a check for £3,676, over eighteen thousand dollars, and an illuminated address on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The cardinal said he would devote the money to completing the cathedral and clearing it of debt.

IT is said that Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher's widow is soon to become the wife of John A. Creighton, an Omaha millionnaire.

MR. JOHN SHERMAN, nephew of Gen. Sherman and United States Senator Sherman, was lately received into the Catholic Church, in Washington, D. C., by his cousin, the Rev. T. E. Sherman, S. J.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

THE Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, the rector of the Church of St. Augustine, South Boston, will celebrate his silver jubilee, or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood, on Sunday, June 29. He desires earnestly that the celebration of the day will take the form, not of gifts to himself, but of some work of usefulness to the Church,—proposing to his people the completing of the payment for the organ and the Angelus bell.

SUNDAY, June 1, the Rev. T. Magennis, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, officiated publicly for the first time since his return from Europe. He was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, at half-past ten, with the Rev. Philip Sexton, deacon, and the Rev. John J. Moore, subdeacon. The priests wore the new vestments which had been presented to the rector since his return. After Mass Father Magennis bestowed on the congregation the Papal Benediction.

CARDINAL MANNING celebrated the silver jubilee of his Episcopal consecration the 8th of June. He is eighty-two years old.

AN Omaha paper states on the authority of Rev. B. F. Kephart, a Protestant missionary in Liberia, that the cargo of the steamer that carried him to his destination consisted of the following: Ten thousand casks of rum, eleven cases of gin, four hundred and sixty tons of gunpowder, and fourteen missionaries, all on their way to Africa. Rum and gunpowder evidently are more in demand than the Protestant religion in Africa.

Honoring Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

THE government of Chili have decided to erect a statue of Our Lady at Mt. Carmel, as a national thank-offering. The designing and execution of the monument has been entrusted to a famous Parisian sculptor. The act of national homage in question is very creditable to the citizens of the South American Republic. No more remarkable *ex voto* has ever been offered at the famous shrine of Our Lady in the distant Eastern land.

FATHER DE KELVER, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Menasha, Wis., who served as chaplain during the war, has been granted a pension of eight dollars per month, and back pay to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars.

THE Century for May contains a biography of Theodore O'Hara, author of the lines inscribed over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Washington:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

He was the son of an exiled Irish patriot, Kane O'Hara. It is a little singular that the three poets of the Confederate side in the late war — Father Ryan, O'Hara, and Randall — were Catholics.

Our Canadian Brethren.

THE next time you hear a man prating about the ignorance and unprogressiveness of the French Canadians tell him this: Last year in the province of Quebec, one hundred and ninety-eight new schools were opened; ninety new school buildings were erected; four hundred and thirty-six more teachers were employed; and seven thousand scholars enrolled than in the previous year. And free night schools have been established and maintained in Quebec and Montreal, mainly at the expense of the province.

THE Hon. Michael Glennan, president of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States and Canada, has just issued the call for the annual convention which will be held this year in St. Louis, Mo., on August 20.

MR. JAMES DOWLING, quite a prominent man in our community, died at his residence in Roxbury on the 4th of June. The deceased was fifty-six years of age, and was well and favorably known in a large circle, who deeply mourn his death. He was married a second time to the daughter of Mr. Patrick Greely. He was well known in military circles, having been quartermaster, with the right of captain, in the Ninth Regiment. He was generous and charitable to the poor, and to our charitable institutions. The funeral took place from St. Francis de Sales Church, on the 7th, and was largely attended. He would have been buried with military honors, but his bereaved widow preferred the quiet of citizens' cortege. Mr. Dowling had been ailing for several years, and was well prepared for the passage to eternity. He leaves a widow, son, and two daughters to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace. The interment took place at Calvary Cemetery.

Melancholy Drowning Accident in Boston Harbor.

EARLY Sunday morning, eight young men started from City Point, South Boston, for a day's pleasuring in the harbor. Their hearts were light, and their voices merry. Danger and death seemed a long way off. Yet, before the first rays of the Sabbath sun fairly illumined the waters over which they sailed, their little craft was overset, and seven of them had perished. Their names were Lawrence McTierney, aged twenty-five years. Resided at 34 Chapman street, Charlestown. Leaves a widow and one child. John Sullivan, aged twenty-three years. Unmarried. Lived with his parents at 55 Lexington street, Charlestown. Albert Lombard, a Swede, aged twenty-five years. Unmarried. Lived at the West End. Edgar Maloney, aged twenty-two years. Unmarried. Lived on Boston street. Thomas Troy, aged nineteen years. Unmarried. Lived with his parents at 303 Eighth street, South Boston. By trade a stonecutter. Joseph Tufts, aged twenty-two years. Unmarried. Lived with his parents on Baxter street, South Boston. Was employed as a printer by Cashman, Keating & Co. James Husband, aged eighteen years. Unmarried. Lived with his parents on Mitchel street, South Boston. Was employed at the Everett piano works. The sole survivor of the party was Walter Quinlan, aged twenty years, who resided with his parents at 133 Mercer street, and is employed as a brass finisher at the factory of R. Hollings, on Troy street. This melancholy accident should be a warning to those young men who spend their Sundays without going to Church to implore the mercy of God to guard them against the dangers of the Lord's Day.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT is the King of Pain. Try it once, and you will never have Rheumatism.

MESSRS. A. SHUMAN & Co., of this city, are offering splendid bargains in Irish Tweed suits, made up from cloth manufactured by the leading Irish mills.

WE call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Canton Knitted Mattress Co., in another column of our MAGAZINE. It is worthy of perusal and special attention.

IF you want bargains in Boots and Shoes call on Messrs. Norton Brothers, 1433 Tremont street, Boston, near the Tremont crossing. They have the latest styles, the best goods, the greatest assortment, and lowest prices, in Roxbury, or Boston proper.

BARBOUR'S Royal Irish Silk, or Linen Floss, in all colors for high art embroidery, and Barbour's Irish Linen Thread, has stood the test of over one hundred years without a rival. This is what we said last month; and, to convince the world, we repeat it again and again.

THOSE in want of Furniture, would do well to visit the store of S. Lewis & Co., 145 Broadway and 95 B street, South Boston, before purchasing elsewhere. They have the largest stock of any dealers in South Boston, and their prices are so low, they will astonish some of our city folks.

WHAT we said in our last month's MAGAZINE of Dr. A. M. Dam, of 405 Columbus avenue, Boston, still holds good. He is the most popular physician of the Back Bay territory. Dr. A. M. Dam is a graduate of the regular School of Medicine, University of New York, and can be relied upon in all his treatment of paralysis and heart disease. He has few equals.

THE leading house furnishers of New England, Messrs. W. H. Hervey & Co., 5 Union street, Boston, Mass., are entitled to a passing notice in our MAGAZINE. For years and years they have occupied the same premises, near Faneuil Hall, and one of the most extensive in the United States. They have acres of ground covered with furniture of every description; and a visitor, going through their establishment, would go astray without a guide; and they sell everything on easy terms, on instalments.

THE Quincy Marble and Granite Works, established in 1854, kept by Messrs. McGrath & Brothers, of Quincy, close to the Quincy Adams Depot, is one of the most extensive in Quincy. A large collection of finished monuments, in Quincy, Westerly, and Eastern granite, together with a great variety of granite and marble tablets, can always be found at their works. It is astonishing the amount of business they do, all through the country.

Will Asiatic Cholera Follow?

MR. JOE HOWARD'S theory, that one horror of a similar nature follows another, to the number of three, has a chance for confirmation this coming summer, if certain predictions prove true. First, it was La Grippe: "A whim," the French define it. Second came deaths by scores from its after effects, or from the many atmospheric changes of the past few months. Severe cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, intense catarrh, and general loss of strength, were the results, until death was almost welcome as a relief to the sufferers. So that this epidemic and its sequence has proven to be the most terribly realistic "whim" that ever infested this country. And now for number three: the theory is said to be advanced that the Cholera is very likely to find fertile soil in the generally debilitated constitutions of our people resulting from the effects of such a winter and spring as has just past. Whether the theory of three will be confirmed in this case or not, remains to be seen. At any rate, it behooves every person, still affected by any of the complaints due to these climatic changes and epidemics, such as catarrh or bronchial troubles, to look well to themselves, and see that every trace of the trouble is removed this present month, before the heat of summer still more debilitates their system. For years we have found that simple old remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used as directed, to be the most certain remedy for all forms of lingering summer colds, catarrh, or bronchial affections, as well as a preventive and cure for all kinds of summer complaints. It is absolutely certain that a remedy that has survived for eighty years, as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has done, must have more than average merit. We suppose there is not a family in this country but what has this good old-fashioned remedy in the house. If there is, we advise them to get it at once, or write the manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet describing its various uses for the last eighty years. Now is the time. Delays are dangerous, and an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

THE House of Commons has voted three times on Disestablishment for Scotland. The first time, in 1886, the adverse majority was 112. In 1887 it had fallen to 52, and last month it shrunk still further to 38.

NOW READY: — Author's Autograph Edition.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P. (With Portrait.)

The volume contains the following letter from Mr. O'Brien, reproduced in *fac simile:*

I desire respectfully to acquaint the American public that Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co, are the only authorized publishers of this novel in America, and that editions issued by them are the only ones from which I derive any profits.

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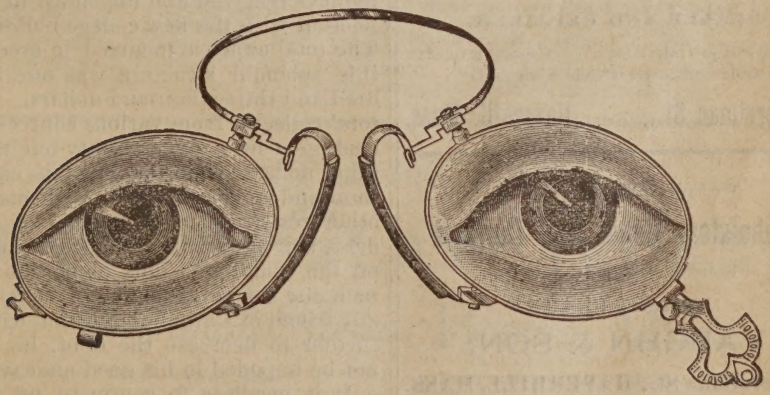

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Father Fulton's Great Work.

THE Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College, on Sunday, June 1, made a report of the moneys received and expended in connection with the new college buildings. The total expense incurred in erecting this splendid structure was one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The tota' collected from various sources, including a little over twenty-one thousand dollars from the Fair, is eighty thousand dollars. This, with certain other resources to be applied on the debt, leaves but fifty thousand dollars on the building. This obligation can be easily carried, though, of course, if any friend of Catholic education wishes further to decrease the debt, he will not be impeded in his good endeavor.

It is needless to comment on such a showing as the above accomplished in a short space, and at an unpropitious time Only Father Fulton could have done it. The new college building is a noble monument to his zeal for Christian education, and an eloquent reminder to the Catholics of Boston of the great and gifted priest, who has so joyfully spent the best years of his life in their service.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE was sixty-six years old on the 19th of May.

THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED!

MME. JULYE MYERS', M. D.,

DRAWING AND HEALING SALVE, FLAGROOT CORDIAL, ROOTS AND HERBS,

HAVE never yet failed to cure Carbuncles, Felons, Boils, Abscesses, Cancers, Fistulas, Scrofula, Eczema, Blood Poisoning, Sore Breasts, and all chronic diseases of the skin.

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MR. E. W. HOPKINS, 53 Central Wharf, Boston. Fistula cured.

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MR. JAMES DALY, Janitor Quincy School, Boston. Carbuncle cured.

Mr. ANTHONY SIGMAN, Mystic Park, Medford. Cancer cured.

MRS. BOLING, 16 Porter Street, Boston. Cancer of the breast cured.

MR. McCAUSLAND, State Inspector of pawnbrokers, now chief of police, Natick. Carbuncle and Blood Poisoning cured.

Grandchild of MRS. CLAXTON, 246 Shawmut Avenue. Hip Disease cured.

MR. CHENEY, 75 Putnam Avenue, Cambridge. Fistula cured.

Any of the above remedies may be obtained of your druggist. Wholesale Agents, GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 36 Hanover Street, Boston. The remedies may also be obtained at the principal office, **287 SHAWMUT AVENUE.** Parties out of town can have goods sent free of express charges from principal office.

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I desire to acquaint my friends and patrons that I am still engaged in the Passage and Foreign Exchange business.

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Mr. Donahoe sells Passage Tickets on all the Steamship lines. The Rates are: Cabin, $35 to $80. Intermediate or 2d Cabin, $30. and $35. Round trip, $65.

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The latter Line pays the fare from Ireland to Liverpool.

Drafts payable in every part of Ireland, England or Scotland for £1 and upwards. Large amounts at low rates.

The National bank Mr. Donahoe draws on is the best in Ireland, and was established by O'Connell in 1835. Mr. Donahoe solicits the patronage of all who are going, or coming, or sending money to Ireland or England.

PATRICK DONAHOE, 19 and 21 Boylston St., Boston.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1890. No. 2.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Spanish Inquisition.

OUR Protestant friends, at least the unreasonable and bigoted portion of them, will probably never cease to ring the changes on the cruelty and tyranny of the Catholic Church as manifested in the Inquisition, especially the Spanish Inquisition. We insist that it was a state institution, and that the Church is not responsible for the alleged cruelties which were exercised towards the poor culprits who were condemned for heresy, but strove, as much as possible, to mitigate them. We contend also, that the abuses of the tribunal have been misrepresented and very much exaggerated by anti-Catholic writers. All this seems to make no difference with the enemies of the Church. Many of them will not even take the trouble to read what may be said in explanation and correction of the popular impression. That kind of controversialist seems to feel at perfect liberty to take for granted everything, even the very worst that can be said against the Church, without taking the trouble to investigate the other side of the question. That, of course, is not fair. On the contrary, it is unreasonable and unjust, and none but a crank, a blind enthusiast, or a rank bigot will be guilty of such conduct. What we want is the truth, the real facts in the case.

Under these circumstances, we consider it a most fortunate and timely circumstance that the learned, able, and candid prelate, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, has published a pamphlet on the Spanish Inquisition, which contains an exceedingly interesting, candid, and conclusive statement of the whole subject in a comparatively narrow compass. We are induced to allude to this pamphlet now, not to review it *in extenso*, which it would be impossible to do adequately within the limits of an ordinary magazine article, but to notice several points which are placed by the distinguished author in a very clear and distinct light, and which, we think, must be perfectly convincing to every candid and impartial reader.

The first point is the fact, that the most important work in modern times against the Spanish Inquisition, that from which writers have most freely drawn, as from a storehouse of adverse material, is the Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition, in four volumes, by Juan Antonio Llorente. And who and what was Llorente? The importance that is to be attached to him as a disinterested and reliable historian is indicated by the fact, that he was an apostate priest and a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church, as well as of the Inquisition. Bishop Dwenger says: "His work is the greatest tissue of falsehood, conjecture, and contradiction that can be imagined. He was a man without principle; he himself tells us that as early as 1784 he had lost all faith, yet he continued for years his priestly functions. In 1795, he was a liberal, and was arrested for plotting to overthrow the Church and the kingdom." In 1808, we learn that he was at the head of a commission for confiscating the churches, the convents, and property of religious orders, and he lost his place only when accused of stealing eleven million reals. After writing the History of the Inquisition, we find him translating a most obscene work, Adventures de Faublas, and giving vent to his bitter enmity against the Catholic Church in his Political Portraits of the Popes. The bishop gives numerous instances proving that Llorente was an ignorant and untruthful historian. "Verily, a school-boy," he says, "would be punished if he should make such blunders. Yet this is the great historical oracle, Llorente."

The next point to be noticed is, that "not only during the Middle Ages was heresy considered a crime against the state punishable with death; even after the Reformation it was the law of many Protestant countries, yea, it was found on the statutes of our American colonies," suggesting the idea that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. The descendants of the Puritans apologize for their cruelties to heretics and witches on the ground that it was the spirit of the age. We contend that what is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander.

The third point is, that heretics were almost invariably radical in their views of government, and, therefore, were considered, and no doubt justly, as enemies of the state. The Albigenses, for instance, were a fair sample of this tendency. They generally commenced with murder and rapine. They were really rebels and traitors, and universally insisted that they alone were the elect of God, and had a right to rule and possess property. They were mostly Manicheans, who taught and practised the most horrible crimes; and it is really not to be wondered at that governments should have felt it necessary to adopt the most stringent measures for repressing these outrages, and protecting society from complete disintegration and destruction.

Fourth point: The Inquisition in Spain was established by Ferdinand and Isabella especially against the Maranos, that is, Jews who professed themselves Christians to gain wealth, power, and influence among the people. The Maranos, or Christian Jews, were exceedingly numerous. This is indicated by the fact, that when the Inquisition was established in Seville, and proclamation made that all who

were guilty should come forward acknowledging their faults, and if penitent be absolved and escape punishment, seventeen thousand came forward and were absolved. In the same manner five thousand, when the Court of Inquisition was held in Toledo. They insinuated themselves into the highest offices, not only in the Church, but in the state; some even became bishops, while all the time they were Jews at heart. It was this class that the Inquisition dealt with, not as Prescott and others represent, Jews and Mahometans proper. Our author says: "In fact, Prescott, and a large class of writers, cannot make the distinction between Jews and those who were baptized and professed to be Christians and apostatized secretly to Judaism. No Jew, and afterwards no Mahometan, was amenable to the Spanish Inquisition for being a Jew or Mahometan. Only apostasy from the embraced Christian religion was punishable. Prescott calls the edict, announcing a period of grace and calling upon the penitent to confess and be absolved, as delusive, and speaks of the fines, confiscations of property, and perpetual imprisonment of those who confessed. This is downright falsehood — an assertion contrary to all proof and reason: the words of *Marinco Siculo*, whom Prescott quotes in a note, evidently refer not to those who confessed, but to those who denied and were convicted." Mr. Prescott, despite his former popularity among Protestants, has long since been proved to be an unreliable historian where the Catholic Church is concerned. It is a pity that so interesting a writer should have allowed himself to be so much swayed in his historical judgment by the prejudices of education.

Fifth point: The Spanish Inquisition was a state institution, not a religious institution of the Catholic Church. This is acknowledged by modern historians of any note, like Ranke, Leo, Guizot, Lenormant, and even Llorente himself acknowledges it. The judges were not the ordinary judges of the Catholic Church; they were appointed, suspended, and removed by the king, as the liberal Cortes, of 1812, tells us; all the laws and statutes were published in the name of the king; all the fines and confiscations went to the royal exchequer. Bishop Dwenger says: "It seems to be a very common opinion that the fines and confiscations of the Inquisition went entirely, or at least in part, to enrich the Church. This is far from the truth — the Church never received a cent. The whole amount went into the royal treasury. . . . It was the constant complaint of the Spanish king that the Pope, by receiving appeals, by granting secret absolution, etc., defrauded the Spanish treasury." In confirmation of his position the bishop quotes the great Protestant historian, Ranke, who, in his Princes and People says: "The judges of the Inquisition were royal officers. The king had the right to nominate and to dismiss them; among the different councils of the royal cabinet was a council of the Inquisition. Like every other branch of government, the tribunals of the Inquisition were subject to royal visitation and revision; in it, frequently, the same men were associate judges who composed the Supreme Court of Castile. Secondly, all profits derived from the confiscations ordered by this court went to the king. . . . The proceeds of these fines

and confiscations formed a regular revenue of the royal exchequer. Thirdly, in it state government received its full completion. The king had in his hands a court from which no grandee, no archbishop, could claim exemption. . . . As this court is based upon royal authority, its actions are in the interest of royal power. . . . In its conception and aim it is primarily a political institution. The Pope has an interest to oppose it: he does so as often as he can: the king has an interest always to support it."

We make this somewhat extended quotation from this distinguished Protestant historian, first, because it will be accepted by our Protestant friends as more disinterested testimony than that of a Catholic historian; and secondly, because it so decidedly and emphatically confirms the position that Catholics have always taken on this subject. We see that so far from the Church sanctioning the abuses and cruelties of the Inquisition, the Popes were opposed to them, and did all they could to soften the asperities of the judges' decisions, and the injustices and cruelties which were exercised towards the poor culprits who for any reason had fallen under displeasure of the king. The case of Giordano Bruno, which has recently attracted so much attention, and upon which we had occasion to comment at some length in our May number, furnishes an excellent example in point. It was the state that caused him to be burned, and that in direct disregard of the special petition to the governor that he would mitigate his corporal punishment so that it would neither endanger his life nor risk the mutilation of his body.

It is important to be remembered that it was not merely for heresy that people were tried by the Inquisition. Bishop Dwenger very justly remarks, that "the Inquisition had a far more extensive jurisdiction than is generally supposed; it is a great error to consider the victims of the Inquisition poor heretics who died for their honest convictions. If we except the Maranos, very few, indeed, were sentenced to the stake for heresy or apostasy; by far the greatest number were sentenced for other crimes." Even Llorente gives us documentary proof that the Inquisition was the regular state court, for a long list of crimes and misdemeanors which he enumerates, such as murders, all unnatural crimes against morality, bigamy, bad priests and confessors, impostors who exercised sacerdotal functions, blasphemy, stealing or embezzling church property, witches, sorcerers, etc. We must bear in mind that the criminal code, in those days, was far more severe than at the present time. Thus, in England, the theft of a shilling was grand larceny, and punishable with imprisonment or death. The theft of one sheep has often been punished with death in England.

But, it will perhaps be asked, were they not all Catholics in those days whether in Church or state; and how, then, could such an institution as the Inquisition be tolerated without the sanction of the Church? That question suggests an important consideration which is too often overlooked, especially by persons who have a superficial knowledge of of history. Yes, the world was Catholic in those days; but, unfortunately, there were then, as there have been since, and are even in our own day, bad Catholics, as well as good Catholics, and the bad Catholics

generally held sway in the government, and the consequence was that there was almost invariably a contest between the temporal and the spiritual, — the state and the Church. The terrible conflicts between the German emperors and the states of the Church for so many years were a standing scandal in the face of the whole world. But it was the emperors who were jealous of the power of the Church, and who sought to get control of ecclesiastical power for their own ambitious purposes. The spirit of the times was well illustrated by the case of Henry IV., of Germany. He was nominally a Catholic; but he was a man of towering ambition, — unscrupulous, vindictive, and ready to sacrifice everything to the attainment of his unholy ends. Though trembling before the power of the Church, and compelled to succumb to the intrepid Pontiff, Gregory VII., and for three days to do penance at Canossa, yet, the moment the ban of the Church was removed, he resumed his position of hostility, and fought it out to the bitter end.

We do not say that the ecclesiastics — even the Popes — were all saints; but the Church was always the representative of justice, of mercy, and of high moral principle, and in reference to the Inquisition, its influence was always on the side of mercy. Ranke said truly: "The Pope had an interest to oppose it; he does so as often as he can; the king has an interest always to support it."

The bishop closes his learned and interesting pamphlet with the following striking and appropriate passage:

"It is painful for a man of honor and truth to see the falsehoods written about the Inquisition; it is still more painful to be made accountable for all real and imagined evils of the Spanish State Inquisition, when the Popes and bishops have been constantly fighting it during the whole time of its existence. I am not in favor of the state trying to control the conscience and religious belief of its subjects, whether this be done by a Torquemada, a Henry VIII., or a Bismarck. I am willing to give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar; but let him not stretch out his hand for that which belongs to God." H. L. R.

An Elephantine Heart.

On opening the abdominal cavity of a deceased elephant, the heart was found abnormally large, — so large, in fact, that it could not be pressed into an ordinary sized wash-tub, and as long and as round as a flour barrel. The rest of the vital organs were found in a perfectly normal state, notwithstanding they were somewhat misplaced, but the heart was much inflamed, and gave pronounced evidence of pericarditis, with a great amount of effusion (dropsy of the heart). In this state its weight was much increased, and found to be one hundred and two pounds. The big skeleton will be articulated and preserved, and as there were no abrasions on the epidermis, the taxidermist will have a job filling the hide. The medical gentlemen say it is impossible to preserve the heart, which is the largest organ of its kind on record. Dr. Madigan, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was present at the examination, related an instance of a patient named Boyd, in that city, whose heart weighed eighteen pounds, the largest human heart known.

Falsehoods Against the Church.

CARDINAL NEWMAN says, in a volume of lectures on The New Testament Unequalled, that Protestants, who slandered the Church were obliged to cut their Ninth Commandment on false witnessing from the Decalogue, the substance, force, and edge of that condition being slander. His Eminence added that false witnessing was the principle of the propagators of those slanders. No one would deny that slanders had occurred and would occur in the Catholic Church, but in the light of the wondrous, mysterious life of the Catholic Church which had now lasted for nearly nineteen hundred years, it would be incredible that a church subsisting in so many countries in the midst of so many civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous people should be free from scandals. Indeed, were it so she would not be the Catholic Church at all, for Jesus compared His Church unto a net cast into the sea, into which was gathered fishes of every kind; and to a field of wheat, in which both the wheat and the tares grew together till the harvest; and in the time of our Lord Himself, one of the Apostles, trained by Him in His own school, was a thief and a traitor; and the Apostles had again and again to denounce and expose heretics, false character, and wicked and profligate life, and in all subsequent days they had had, though fewer than was supposed, the same. But the Protestants of whom they spoke fastened upon some scandal, and made some charge, for the most part false, and then exclaimed against the Catholics.

The Year Christ was Born.

REV. A. F. MASSCHELEIN, pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Askeaton, Wis., and Doctor of Chronology, says: Modern chronologists will never be equal to the task of settling the question as to the exact year in which Christ was born, unless they reject the defective theory which sprung into being during the seventeenth century, and which is based on the principle that every series of five hundred years contains only two years of lunar equation. The theory established by Pope Gregory XIII., in correcting our calendars, is diametrically opposed to the one alluded to; it is based on the principle that every series of four hundred years contains three years of both solar and lunar equation. It would have been next to impossible to detect the exact principle on which the defective theory alluded to is based, were it not from the fact that its originators point out the 18th of April, as being the date of the Paschal full moon, for both the year 3784, and the year 4088.

Let modern chronologists adopt as their teacher, the work of Pope Gregory XIII., headed, *De Anno et ejus Partibus*, or its equivalent, the latest edition of The Key of the Gregorian Calendar, written by Father Masschelein. In case they avail themselves of said admonition, the discovery of the exact year in which Christ was born will become an easy task; then, too, they will see that in the year 3784, the 18th of April will be the date of the first quarter of the lunation subsequent to the Paschal moon, and that the 26th of March is the date of the Paschal full moon of said year 3784.

The Lyrics of the Flight.*

THE name of Father Meehan has of late formed a text for note and comment of much interest to Irish readers. Death has parted the veil of privacy which the humble priest kept close drawn over the details of a life filled with great and memorable associations. His epitaph might combine in an exceptional sense two traits of character, which endear, with no ordinary tie of affection, an Irish priest to an Irish flock. He loved his faith, and he loved his country. Like the O'Neills and O'Donels, whose eloquent chronicler he became, the record of his years was made up of work in which devotion to faith and country were indissolubly blended. From his infancy we can trace this disposition growing with his stature, and his scholarship, and his age. In a letter written before his death to the present writer, he says:

"I was nursed in Ballymahon, county Longford, partly near Athlone (Bunowen), where my people were farmers. There among the O'Farrels, who served in Spain, I acquired a taste for Irish tales, legends, etc." This taste became the master passion of his later life; and the accident of pursuing his clerical studies in Rome gave the impulse to his greatest book under circumstances worthy of recalling in his own words:

"One autumn evening many years ago," he writes in his preface to the Flight of the Earls, "the author of the following pages, then a youth, accompanied by some fellow-students of his own age, after contemplating the magnificent panorama of Rome from the Janiculum, entered the Franciscan Church, that crowns that historic height, there to kneel a while and view the famous frescos of Sebastian del Piombo. On leaving, a companion told him that he had read on two flag-stones inserted in the floor of the sacred edifice, the names O'Neill, O'Donel, Dungannon, Valladolid; and hearing this we got leave to return and peruse the epitaphs. After a careful reading, all we could learn was, that beneath these marbles lay the remains of Roderic, Prince of Tyrconnell, Calfurnius, his brother, and Hugh, Baron of Dungannon, who, having fought on Irish soil for the Apostolic faith, abandoned their ancestral domains, made a pilgrimage to the most celebrated sanctuaries of France, Flanders, and Italy; and then came to Rome where Paul V. gave them cordial welcome, and, subsequently, honored graves. Such meagre details, however, far from satisfying our anxiousness to know more of those personages, only served to intensify it: and when we questioned some whom we presumed ought to be familiar with the subject, who were these banished princes? What interests did they represent? What caused them to flee their native land? How did they escape from its shores? Under what pressure did they depart? With what hopes of returning? What were their acts and adventures abroad? What consequences followed their exile

* The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donel, Earl of Tyrconnel: Their Flight from Ireland, and Death in Exile. By the Rev. C. P. Meehan, M.R.I.A. Third edition, enlarged with notes, etc. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons, 15 Wellington Quay.

and death? They could tell us nothing more than what the epitaphs recorded."

Young Meehan even then knew what wonders energy, if persevering, can accomplish, and he quietly resolved that his should be the hand to unloosen the "cold chain of silence" which had so long and so ignobly hung around the latter-day fortunes of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory, Earl of Tyrconnell. During his college days, but especially during the more leisurely period of his priesthood, the vow of his youth gave Father Meehan no rest until, after years of anxious care and laborious research, it reached a fulfilment which satisfied the expectations of numerous sympathizers. The first addition of The Flight appeared in 1870, and the third, enlarged by notes and incidents of later discovery, in 1886. An over-nice critic might feel inclined to carp at occasional defects of style and arrangement noticeable throughout the volume, were he not informed that the author never intended his book to be a narrative history, connected by fact and incident exhaustive of the period with which it deals. His book as it is, he intended to be a work which might interest and yet be a compendium of much raw, unassorted matter, easily accessible to some future Macaulay, to give it a "local habitation" and an abiding place between the pages of some great Irish history of the future. Few chroniclers have dealt with a period fraught with such grave and decisive issues in the destiny of any nation. From the beginning to the close, O'Neill is the hero of a drama filled in with all the elements of absorbing and heart-moving tragedy. For seekers after the strange and the untoward in the web of human destiny, the verdict of those who have pored over its glowing pages has pronounced it, in qualities of startling occurrence, and sustained interest, superior to the great works of Scottish romance.

Elsewhere the present writer dwelt upon the "moving accidents" which this work affords some future Scott. "Nothing could suggest to the novelist and the romancist incidents more apt to enchain attention than the summary of O'Neill's life, arranged in suitable sequence of cause and effect. From the beginning to the close, the plot thickens and changes with a rapidity that takes the breath away. The abduction of the young O'Neill; his training at the Court of Elizabeth to hate his native land, and to exercise his military prowess against his own countrymen; his commission to Ireland with the army of the Saxon; his awakening remorse while witnessing the undisciplined valor of the impetuous Kerns and Gallowglasses of Feagh Hugh O'Byrne; his sudden flight from the camp of the Sassenach to his rightful position, as leader of the clansmen of the north — these are only introductory incidents to further changing pictures of victory and defeat, of captivity and rescue, of romantic wooing and chivalrous encounter, till the last sad submission to cunning and duplicity of the valor, which had reaped victory on the open fields at the 'Yellow Ford' and at Clontibret. Then follows an unrelieved perspective of thickening misfortunes, beginning with the stormy evening when a solitary ship put out from Lough Swilly having on board the entire noble household

of the expatriated earls, and ending with the arrival of O'Neill in a strange land, where, shadowed by the murderous emissaries of the English Court, filled with chagrin at his almost medicant condition; despairing of aid to hurl back the tide of battle on another Norris or Bagenal, and spent with wanderings through the courts of Europe from the throne of Philip of Spain to the chair of the hospitable Paul the Fifth, he sank at last, blind, and broken-hearted, into a foreign grave."

Till O'Neill takes a conspicuous place in Irish history, or receives a no less honorable award in the pages of an Irish Waverly, we may accept as no displeasing alternative, the tender tributes of song which Father Meehan's work has suggested to some of Erin's sweetest singers. The author of the following poem, dealing with the incident of Father Meehan's vow, was a life-long friend of the good priest, and died quite young, one of the political prisoners in the '67 movement.

THE WORK OF A LIFE.

BY JOHN K. CASEY.

'Twas summer time, long years ago,
When shone the skies of Italy,
And Tiber's waters calmly flow
Far westward to the sun-lit sea.

Amid the Roman city's crowd,
Montorio's arches darkly loom,
And in their shade, with forehead bowed,
An Irish boy knelt by a tomb.

He read the names above the clay;
He asked, "What led their footsteps here,
From Irish hills far, far away,
To find an exile's lonely bier?"

"O Pilgrim! in this cold clay rest
Two chiefs of distant Inisfail,
O'Donnel of the Peerless crest,
And Ulster's prince, great Hugh O'Neill!

They fled their land — then all is dim,
Their after fate none now may tell —
They faded from the earth's wide rim
The day they bade their homes farewell."

Up rose the youth, with steady eye,
And heart in resolution strong,
He prayed a prayer to God on high
To save the just, and right the wrong.

And then he vowed their path to trace,—
Their dreary path on sea or shore,—
Since oceanward they turned their face
And from their native mountains bore.

To place their pictures in the light,
The jewelled light of truth and love;
To light the clouded veil of night
From the dark web their twilights wove.

. . . . . .

Leaf after leaf, as years passed on,
He added to the record frail;
Leaf after leaf, till years were gone
With time's swift wing to fill the sail.

Oh! many a storm of deadly woe
And feverish care around did roll;
The vow — that vow of long ago,
Still filled the ceaseless worker's soul.

Now — now the hope's fulfilled at last;
The path is traced, the work is done,
The stars shine through the misty past,
The fight 'gainst darkness fought and won.

Long as the pilgrim's feet will tread
In dim Montorio's shades of gloom,
To weave bright visions of the dead,
And kneel above that lonely tomb.

He'll think upon the bright-eyed youth
Who knelt beside that sacred shrine,
Who sought in guileless faith and truth,
The story of their life's decline.

And long as Celtic bosoms give
Their love to widowed Inisfail,
That noble spirit's name shall live,
Linked with O'Donnell and O'Neill!

John Francis O'Donnell was another potent singer to whom Father Meehan occasionally furnished a theme for exquisite verse. His little book entitled, Memories of the Irish Franciscans, is a charming versified narrative of the leading prose incidents in Father Meehan's Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan monasteries. In a letter dated 14th of August, 1887, Father Meehan writes:

"To-morrow's post shall bring you O'D's versified Memoirs of Franciscans. He, poor fellow, killed himself like so many others of our countrymen, with the *eau de vie.* (?) I suggested the performance, and, I need hardly say, wrote the introduction."

O'Donnell was a Triton among the minnows, who, since the death of Mangan, have disported in the shallower streams of Irish song. He was not, in the sense of Davis, a genuine Irish singer. The theme is chiefly Irish; but the voice is not always the voice of the Celt. We miss the subtle charm, the tender minor chord which is the living spirit of true Irish pathos. Still, this defect is scarcely noticeable at times, as in the passionate stanzas where he dwells upon the vicissitudes of the exiled earls:

Out on the surges, from the holy spot
Where Hugh O'Donnell was entrapped by foes;
Far from the battle-fields where they had fought;
Far from the castles, and the dear repose
Of hills and meadows, through which rivers sought
The ocean, psalming immemorial woes;
Far from the holy sanctuaries of home,
They cleft the billows between wind and foam.

. . . . . .

Silent and cold, his shoulder to the mast,
Blackwater's conqueror stood motionless;
Near him, O'Donel, lip and face aghast,
Bent, pallid, comfortless, and purposeless.
The canvas crackled in the moaning blast;
The holy mountains glimmered less and less;
The sun went down as to a fiery sleep;
They were alone with God upon the deep.

Alone! alone! and never more to hear
The morning bugle on their native hills;
Never to chase the mighty antlered deer
Through the brown forests and the leaf-strewn dells;
Never again to hurtle a free spear
In battle, when the roar of conflict swells
Round tent and standard, when the stubborn Earth
Reeled to the allied shock of West and North.

But the saints watched for them, and with the dawn
The mighty waters slumbered all around;
But with the noon the tempest vapors, drawn
Out of the cloud and froth, up-scaled, and wound
Their giant arms and locks of lightning tawn
Across the sun, that, hid in the profound
Gloom of their thunderous chaos, ceased to shine.
And second midnight brooded on the brine.

Three days, three nights, amid the howling storm,
Tossed at God's mercy on the shaken wave,
They saw the reeling mists of ocean form
Like pillars guarding a druidic grave;
But hope in One in heaven was strong and warm;
Their consciences were free, their hearts were brave;
Under the green flag, on the billow broad,
The compass of their souls still turned to God.

. . . . . .

To Henry, king and victor of Navarre,
With solemn brows, the English envoy went,
Saying: "These are rebels who have waged foul war
'Gainst us with deeds and arms incontinent;
I pray you, knighthood's high ascendant star,
In fetters let them be to England sent;
For they are men of bloody minds and hearts,
And masters of abominable arts."

But the king answered, while the valiant blood
Flashed to his cheek: "We know for what they fought;
We know the plunderers they have withstood;
We know the deeds their chivalry has wrought.
The brave man battles with the winter's flood;
The coward sinks. Our succor they have sought;
And if our lieges hold then, set them free,
France shall not outrage hospitality."

Albert and Isabella, may your name
In the gold book of ages ever shine!
When unto Brussels, comfortless, they came,
You honored them with sympathy divine.
Once more they sat and saw the cresset's flame
On silver beakers, brimmed with banquet wine,
And heard until the morning waxed star-proof
The minstrels' voices beating to the roof.

. . . . . .

And when they prayed before Saint Peter's tomb,
To the Fifth Paul, the Pontiff, they were led,
Up through the Quirinal, in the gorgeous gloom
Of pillared corridors and halls, o'erspread
With frozen dreams of beauty, through whose bloom
Shine out the spirits of the gracious dead,
Rich in the fervor of the soul and heart,
Bright in the immortality of art.

The Pontiff rose, and took them to his breast,
And, weeping blessed, and welcomed them to Rome;
"Here may the exiles of the world find rest;
Here, O my children, find a hearth and home —
Religion is the host and you the guest.
To those, who, firm through agony and shame,
Contended for the glory of Thy name."

Great honors on their heads the Pontiff showered;
'Twas theirs to bear his canopy, when, slow
Through the long spaces of Saint Peter's, poured
The long procession, and the choirs sang low,
And heaved the surging multitudes below
The wondrous dome, that, floating in mid-air,
Lets in celestial splendors everywhere.

But through all the glories of the heart and soul,
The bitter memories of Ireland strove
With feigned forgetfulness. The world might roll
Still closer to the sun; but their great love
Had holy Ireland for its deathless goal.
They saw the happy seasons change and move,
The leaf fall, and the star of spring wax dim,
But *that* survived which never changed with them.

Home, home! O pleasant valleys of Tyrone!
Dear woods and rivers of green Donegal!
Castles by the spoiler's hand o'erthrown,
The death-moss rooted in the banquet hall!
Land of their sires they might not call their own,
Priesthood and people suffering in thrall.
Oh, give them for Rome's brightest miracles
One hour of battle on their native hills!

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., perhaps the most popular and traditional of our Celtic singers, nowadays, has written a splendid lyric commemorating the tragic figure of O'Neill gone blind in exile, and hastening to his death in the Eternal City, — luckily before the crime of his young and only son's "taking off," could add a parting weight to his great load of sorrow and despair. Few facts in any history are stamped with such horror, cruelty, and national infamy, as this assassination. To find a parallel deed of blood and treason, one has to go back to the young princes strangled in the Tower. Donatus Mooney, spiritual director to the young Bernard O'Neill, has left a thrilling account of his tragic death:

"About six o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of August, 1617, a most deplorable event occurred in Brussels, where young Bernard, son to the great Earl of Tyrone, came to his death. He was only nine years old when appointed page to the Archdukes, having been reared almost from his cradle by our brotherhood, and by them brought up so excellently, that when he was admitted to

the Court every one regarded him with affectionate admiration, blessed his innocent soul, and called him their young rosebud, redolent of choicest virtues. A fair child, in sooth, was Bernard, fond of books, learned men, military science, in which, had God spared him, he might one day have rivalled his illustrious father. But these qualities provoked the jealousy of some enemy to his most noble house; for, alas, it is the fate of genius to be looked upon with jaundiced eye, while no one envies the thing that crawls and slimes its way along. He had been four years in the service of their Highnesses, when, on the day and hour aforesaid, some Judas, if possible more pitiless than the first, stole upon him and strangled him with a cord about four or five feet long. His servants, the one a French boy, and the other Irish, coming to his apartment, found him dead. When the awful intelligence reached the Archdukes, they instantly commanded Chancellor Becky to investigate the whole matter, and report upon it without loss of time. Some presumed to say that Bernard had been guilty of self-murder; but nothing could have been more false; for after searching inquiry, it was discovered that the assassin, whoever he was, had tied the boy's hands behind his back. But indeed, such evidence as this was not needed to prove that one so given to the practice of every virtue, could not be guilty of so dastardly a crime. Nevertheless, the inquest was held, and it was shown, beyond doubt, that the boy was foully murdered in the absence of his tutor."

Father Meehan often lamented that an incident of such historic significance had never been adequately poetized. Mangan was engaged to give it a due Gaelic rendition in his own matchless measures when death took him off unexpectedly.

A few months before his death, Father Meehan repeatedly urged the present writer to request Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, whose fine poetic faculty he was not slow to recognize, to undertake the work. In acknowledgment of a volume of her latest poems he wrote:

"A thousand thanks, dear friend, for your kind letter, and Miss Donnelly's pious and beautiful inspirations. 'Tis a charming little collection which I will fraternally preserve. I hope Miss Donnelly will not forget Bernard O'Neill and his mysterious exit out of this weary world."

Shortly afterwards he again wrote:

"I am glad that you have an A. Proctor near you: As soon as you get poem on B. O'Neill, send it to me."

Alas, that his wish was not gratified! The first draught of the splendid Lament reached the writer's hand when the sad news had crossed the sea of the good priest's unexpected death. How cordially would he not have welcomed so warm a tribute, inspired with the beauty and tenderness of the songful days of his youth, and the reminiscent pathos and fire of "Young Ireland." The present writer duly appreciates the compliment of being usher to a poem which Irish patriotism will not willingly let die:

LAMENT OF THE FRIAR DONATUS OVER THE ASSASSINATION OF YOUNG BERNARD PHILIP O'NEILL

(Son of the Great Earl of Tyrone).

Brussels, Aug. 16, 1617.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Low thro' the shamrocks, and high thro' the tree-tops,
Night winds of Erin, a requiem moan!
Fall, O ye dews, from the heavens, like tear-drops,
Over the slain, — the lost hope of Tyrone!

Over the sweet, broken lily of Ireland,
Bernard the beautiful, Bernard the brave,
Done to his death by the hand of a hireling,
Hurled in his youth to the gloom of the grave!

Never again shall his young eyes soft splendor
Cheer my dull vision, as stars the dark night;
Never again shall his voice gravely tender
Thrill this old heart with a pulse of delight!

Mild as a lamb, yet, in courage, a lion —
The blood of his sires ran pure in his veins;
House of O'Neill! 'twas by *this* glorious scion,
We hoped to restore you your ancient domains!

Alas! for the hope! it lies buried in slaughter,
Strangled in darkness by dastardly hands!
The shade of the great Earl hath crossed the wild water,
To gaze on his dead son in alien lands.

Was it for *this*, that I trained thee and taught thee,
Pupil and pride, my beloved O'Neill?
Was it for this, that an infant, I brought thee,
Love's pact with the God of our altars to seal!

In vain shall the Archduke proclaim thee the flower,
The fairest white rose, of his garland of state:
In vain shall the Archduchess weep in her bower,
And her maidens make moan for thy sorrowful fate!

For 'mid thy compeers, there is none to surpass thee
In comeliness, gravity, virtue, sublime;
If heaven had spared thee, thy country might class thee,
The rival of heroes renowned to all time!

Woe, woe to the impious hand that hath slain thee —
The envious heart that dictated the deed!
Woe to the malice that fain would arraign thee
A traitor (self-slain) to thy land and thy creed!

Dear, generous youth, 'twas thy genius, thy glory,
Thy prestige supreme of ancestral renown,
That called forth from Hades this fate, grim and gory,
And nerved the base arm that hath stricken thee down!

God rest thee, young Bernard! God rest thee forever,
Illustrious heir of illustrious Hugh!
On the radiant side of Death's mystical river,
No cruel assassin thy steps can pursue!

While feebly the harp of thy tutor aspires
To sound thy lament, noble son of Tyrone!
In the Kingdom of Peace, thou dost rest with thy sires,
And plead for old Erin before the great Throne.

Mangan's beautiful lamentation over the exiled Earls is too familiar for insertion here. A fitting complement to this is his dirge for Owen Roe O'Neill, written likewise for Father Meehan, and inserted in the conclusion of the Flight. This poem, unluckily, is not to be found in any collection of Irish poetry easily obtainable, and yet Mangan, with all his great capability, has rarely excelled the Celtic pathos and beauty, and the matchless ring of this most plaintive dirge:

KEEN.

Oh, mourn, Erin, mourn!
He is lost, he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne,
Thy bravest heroes led.
The night winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe,
The raven flaps his darkling wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe,
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen Roe!

Alas! hapless land,
It is ever thus with thee;
The eternal destinies withstand
Thy struggles to be free.
One after one thy champions fall
Thy valiant men lie low;
And now sleeps under shroud and pall
The gallant Owen Roe —
The worthiest warrior of them all —
The princely Owen Roe!

Where was sword, where was soul
Like to his below the skies?
Oh, many a century must roll
Ere such a chief shall rise.
I saw him in the battle's shock,—
Tremendous was his blow,—
As smites the sledge the anvil's block
His blade smote the foe;
He was a tower, a human rock,
Was mighty Owen Roe!

Woe to us! Guilt and wrong
Triumph; while, to our grief,
We raise the Keen, the funeral song,
Above our fallen chief.
The proud usurper sways with power,
He rules in state and show;
While we lament our fallen tower,
Our leader, Owen Roe;
While we, like slaves, bow down and cower
And weep for Owen Roe.

But the high will of heaven
Be fulfilled evermore!
What though it leaveth us bereaven
And stricken to the core?
Amid our groans, amid our tears
We still must feel and know,
That we shall meet, in after years,
The sainted Owen Roe;
In after years, in brighter spheres,
The glorious Owen Roe.

The date of the Earl's departure from Lough Swilly frequently became a hegira for the writing of Father Meehan's most interesting letters to the subscriber. A request for his photograph received the following answer penned on the 13th of September, 1888:

"I enclose photograph, which, but for you should have never crossed the Atlantic. A profound thinker, Lacyde, has said that a portrait should be seen from a distance; and another adds, that no man can paint his own likeness, for, influenced by vanity, he either beautifies or makes it ugly to appear original. I will say no more on the subject.

P. S. To-morrow will be the two hundred and eighty-first anniversary of the Flight."

His fondness for the heroes of his greatest book was justified by motives apart from an author's interest in his own writings.

Few more powerful chapters have ever been written to awaken the warm emotions of the Celt than the history of the rise and fall of Hugh O'Neill. It is difficult to rise from its perusal without believing O'Neill the foremost soldier of modern Irish history. Judgment pauses remembering such names as Brian, Owen Roe, and Sarsfield; but it is not hazardous to say, that none of these had the same obstacles to cope with, — obstacles which O'Neill not only overcame, but made the very instruments of his greatest successes. He found Ireland weak, undisciplined, disorganized, a prey to civil dissension, an easy victim at the crafty disposal of an enemy to whom time alone was needful to bring the whole country within her iron grip. His splendid statesmanship dictated a policy which welded all the fighting force of Ireland into an armed resistance never witnessed before or since upon her shores. The blood tingles, and breathing becomes labored, when we recall the possibilities of that memorable year, 1599, when freedom flung her banner to the winds, and beneath, in banded might, saw Irish soldiers pledged in brotherhood of a common cause, to fight to a decisive issue the battle of nation against nation. But, alas, for human hope, and human weakness! Jealousy and mistrust, the fruitful children of treachery, succeeded in accomplishing for England what open resistance might not achieve. The leaders quarrelled among themselves, and resolved to disorganize. In vain, did Hugh O'Neill warn, entreat, and upbraid the malcontents. He pointed out that forged documents had become an oft-tried experiment, insulting to their manhood and good sense; a stale trick of a foe, who feared with a craven fear, the united array of Irish forces against her domination. He dwelt upon the auspicious moment long awaited, and now placed by kind heaven at their disposal, to end forever their period of mutual hatred and national slavery — all to no purpose. Army after army disbanded, till O'Neill and his brave compatriots were left almost alone in strange territory, to fight as best they could their uncertain way back to the native fastnesses which nevermore held out for them promise of safe retreat for long-continued resistance. What O'Neill accomplished under such trying conditions, is a melancholy reflection in the light of preceding events, when, placed at the head of an all-powerful army, a single word of command would inevitably have wiped out forever English rule in Ireland. He reached his native principality without much loss in the number of his followers; but no longer buoyed up with hopes which he deemed unavailing. Despair took root in the great heart which wrought victory from many an unequal struggle; which still clung so passionately to its native land. History offers no more

melancholy spectacle than the great soldier bidding adieu to the hills and rivers, the land-marks of so much early hope and war-like valor. He and his dependants sailed away in the twilight of a summer evening to the land of the stranger. Their after fortunes were inexpressibly sad. Mangan has chanted, in resounding cadences, the melancholy death and burial of Red Hugh O'Donnell, in Valladolid; and John Francis O'Donnell, with no less beauty and tenderness, has dwelt upon the gradual decline of the great Hugh into his last sleep beneath the chancel of St. Peter's, in Montorio.

Ireland owes no trivial debt of gratitude to the gray-haired old man who rescued from the ignominy of forgetfulness the closing scenes in the lives of two of her greatest sons. The historian was at one time about to share the fate of the exiled earls. The political movement culminating in the arrest of Mitchell, D'Alton Williams, and Kevin Izod O'Dogherty, would also have witnessed the arrest, and probably the transportation, of Father Meehan, but for the interference of Dr. Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin.

"My politics," wrote Father Meehan, a short time before his death, "such as they were, never very demonstrative, were so much so that I, perhaps, unfortunately, escaped arrest — Lord Claredon, then viceroy, not wishing to rile Archbishop Murray by arresting one of his Grace's priests. Had I been put up, I'd have gone to Australia on getting out of Newgate."

Thus wrote the good priest, looking back through an interval of forty years, to the stormiest incident in his otherwise quiet life — his heart still warm with the same generous impulses that led him to become one of the brilliant coterie who brought "A new soul into Ireland." He had long outlived the majority of his early associates; but their voices were still unforgotten in the spaces of his "attic" solitude. "*Nunquam minus solus quam solus*," the lonely worker might have replied to a sympathizer of his companionless old age. Memory for him never lost its hold on the past; and history by many a treasured relic on his table, in his library, from his walls, brought associations of her great ones,— the living personages whose deeds he brought to light, eulogized, and transmitted to posterity. He died the death of the just, consoled by the inestimable blessings of that Church whose interests were identified with every act of his life; faithful to his country, which he loved with a love secondary only to his love for his Maker.

"My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it
Thy safety being the motive."

Philadelphia. JAMES H. GAVIN.

OF all sanctities in the Church, St. Joseph's is that which lies deepest down, and is the hardest to see distinctly. We feel how immense it must have been. The honor of Jesus, and the office of St. Joseph towards His Mother and Himself, all point to an unusual effusion of graces upon him, while the lights which transpire, as it were, through chinks in the Gospel, indicate a most divine, and at the same time a most deeply hidden life. — *Father Faber.*

Speech of Judge Fallon in the School-Board,

JUNE 10, 1890.

MR. PRESIDENT:— In my report which is printed and on our desks, I have given the reasons for my objection to some of the passages in Myers' General History. In regard to Sheldon's History. I have only called attention to several of the passages objected to in that book. To treat them properly would take a much longer statement than this board would be willing to listen to. I will, therefore, treat of one only, the last passage to which I called attention in my report.

"In the whole category of slanders, launched against the Catholic Church by her enemies, there is no one more persistently charged and no one more triumphantly refuted, not alone by Catholic, but by Protestant scholars, than the slander about the alleged persecution of Galileo. Perhaps we can no better understand the malevolence as well as

THE ABSURDITY OF THIS SLANDER

than by comparing it with a parallel case, one furnished in our own day and generation and, wonderful to tell, by our own liberty-loving, law-abiding people, in this enlightened city of Boston.

"The charge in the former case is, that, in the year 1633, Galileo was persecuted in Rome for teaching the Copernican system of astronomy. The charge in the latter case is, that, in the year 1887, Rev. William F. Davis was persecuted in Boston for preaching the gospel.

"It is certain that in the former case Galileo was cited before the tribunal of the Inquisition, found guilty of the charges against him, that he recanted, and was allowed to go free, with the injunction only that he should do so no more.

"It is equally certain that in the latter case the Rev. Mr. Davis was arrested, prosecuted, found guilty of the charges against him, fined and incarcerated like a common malefactor in Charles street jail.

"It may be said, and truthfully said, that in the year 1887, and for a long time before and since, there was the amplest freedom, the most unqualified liberty to every Catholic clergyman in this city to preach the gospel when and as he pleased from his pulpit; that there was the amplest freedom, the most unqualified liberty to every Protestant clergyman in this city to preach the gospel when and as he pleased from his pulpit; that there was the amplest freedom, the most unqualified liberty to every Jewish rabbi in this city to preach when and as he pleased in his temple or synagogue. Nay, it may be said, and truthfully said, that there is not a ministerial crank, or clerical mountebank, in this country, who might not come to Boston, hire a hall, and although no decent congregation might give him a call, or a pulpit, and although no other city in the whole country might tolerate him, here in Boston even he would enjoy the amplest freedom, the most unqualified liberty, either to preach the gospel, or slander his neighbors, just as his fancy or fanaticism prompted.

"How, then, account for the charge that Rev. Mr. Davis was persecuted in Boston, in 1887, for preaching the gospel?

"It is equally true that as early as the year 1500, the Copernican system of astronomy — the grandest as well as the boldest scientific discovery ever made — was publicly taught in Rome by the mighty genius himself who discovered it; that the author of this system, Copernicus, a Catholic priest, not only enjoyed the fullest, the amplest liberty in Rome to teach this system, but that

THE JESUITS WERE HIS FRIENDS

and admirers; that the cardinals, among them the great Bellarmine, loaded him with honors, and that the Pope enlisted his invaluable services in reforming the calendar.

"It is equally true, that, in 1545, his great work, embodying his splendid

discoveries, was published, a cardinal having assumed to defray the expense, — no slight matter in those days, — the Pope consenting to have the work dedicated to himself.

"It is equally true, that, in 1615, the distinguished Jesuit, Prof. Torquato de Coppes, lectured in the Roman College, with the most unqualified freedom in support of the Copernican system; that, in 1633, or shortly afterward, the chair of astronomy in the Pope's own college, the University of Bologna, was offered to Kepler, a friend of Galileo, a pupil and admirer of Copernicus, and a Protestant into the bargain.

"It is equally true that when Galileo went to Rome and announced the discoveries which his telescope had enabled him to make, 'he was received as if one of his own starry wonders had fallen from the skies. Gardens and palaces were flung open for his views, and prelates and cardinals were his admiring attendants.'

"For more than one hundred years before the alleged persecution of Galileo the Copernican system of astronomy was publicly taught in Rome, not only with the consent and approval of the Pope, the cardinals, and prelates, but with more encouragement and protection than was accorded scientific investigations in the rest of the whole world.

"How, then, account for the charge that Galileo was persecuted in Rome, in 1633, for teaching this system of astronomy?

"There is no more truth in it than there is in the charge that the Rev. Mr. Davis was persecuted in Boston, in 1887, for preaching the gospel.

"The truth is, the Rev. Mr. Davis was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned in Boston, in 1887, not for preaching the gospel, but for preaching on the Common in violation of the ordinances of the city.

"The truth is, that Galileo was prosecuted — never persecuted — not for teaching the Copernican system of astronomy, but for persistently dragging in the sacred Scriptures in connection with his astronomical theories.

"Of the two men, it must be admitted that Galileo fared much better before the Roman Inquisition, in the early part of the seventeenth century, than poor Mr. Davis fared before the courts of Massachusetts, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. For while Galileo was only condemned to silence,— silence as a theological pretender, — never as an astronomical teacher, and neither fined nor imprisoned, much less persecuted,

MR. DAVIS HAD TO PAY THE PENALTIES

of his transgressions behind the iron bars of a cold cell in a common jail, with other common law-breakers.

"No fair-minded person would question the justice of the sentences — they were six in number — imposed on Mr. Davis; neither would any fair-minded person question the justice of the sentence imposed on Galileo.

"But the slander still lives, and Miss Sheldon has contributed her mite even to increase it, for she says that Galileo 'established the revolution of the earth about the sun; this being directly opposed to the astronomical teaching of the Church, he was persecuted, arrested, and sentenced by the Inquisition.'

"The fact is, that while popes and prelates have given personal aid and encouragement to scientific investigations, the Church never taught any system of astronomy. To teach science was never a part of her mission.

"So much for Miss Sheldon's account of Galileo and his alleged persecution. And this is but a sample of the stuff the Boston school-board is asked to have taught in our public schools. The sum and substance of which is this: That in the seventeenth century the Catholic Church was so bigoted, so opposed to scientific investigations, that she invoked the power of the Inquisition in restraint of those investigations by the prosecution and punishment of the scientist Galileo.

"Now how would our Protestant brethren feel, if the Catholics, having the power, should attempt to put into our public schools a history which would teach, in substance, that in the year 1887 the Protestant portion of the community, having control of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was so bigoted, so opposed to religious liberty, as to invoke the power of the courts in restraint of religious freedom by the prosecution and punishment of Rev. Mr. Davis.

"I would sooner cut my right hand

off than vote for such a book in our schools. I expect, if not a like measure of fair treatment, at least a measure somewhat akin.

"During the many years that I have been a member of the school board my constant care, aim, and purpose always have been to raise our schools to a high degree of efficiency, to extend their usefulness so that they might attract and educate in friendly intercourse and in harmonious unity the children of every class and denomination in our whole community — to make them the pride and

BOAST AND ORNAMENT OF OUR CITY,

and with this end in view, in strict accord with the spirit and the letter of the constitution, and the laws of this Commonwealth, to guard them sacredly against all sectarian or other contaminating influences.

"After all those years of faithful and conscientious devotion to the best interests of our public schools, I now appeal in their behalf to the honor, to the justice of the members of this board.

"Do not force upon our schools those books or either of them, or any book that slanders the religion, that vilifies the faith of half of our pupils.

"The adoption of those books, or of either of them, can have only one meaning — a solemn and deliberate and official declaration by the school board of the city of Boston that Catholic children, as such, have no rights in our public schools which Protestants feel bound to respect.

"Such a declaration can have only one effect — to compel us to provide other means, whatever they may cost us, for the education of our children.

"Certainly, I state it as a fact, not as a menace, we shall not suffer those little ones, whom God has given us, to be brought up in hatred towards what we hold best and dearest in this world — the sacred rights of religion and conscience."

Jesuit Astronomers.

MANY eminent astronomers have belonged to the Society of Jesus. It is related of St. Ignatius that he was wont at night to watch the starry firmament, in order that his heart might be inflamed with the love of God, from the consideration of the wonders of his works. And as if his children had caught something of this trait in the character of their holy Father, it is a noteworthy fact that of all the physical sciences in which the society has distinguished itself, astronomy pre-eminently holds the first place. Thus before the Suppression we have the names of Clavius, Scheiner, Riccioli, Grimaldi, Mayer, Hell, Boscovich, and the missionaries Schall and Verbiest, prominent among their contemporaries, while the foundation of the observatories of Vienna, Mannheim, Tyrnau, Prague, Gratz, Wilna, Milan, Florence, Parma, Venice, Brescia, Rome, Palermo, Lisbon, Marseilles, Avignon, Lyons, and Pekin, bear witness to the activity of the Society of Jesus in this branch of science. In the restored society the same zeal for astronomy prevails, as is attested by the existing observatories of Rome, Louvain, Kalocsa, Zi-ka-wei, Manila, Cuba, Antananarivo, Washington (Georgetown), Puebla, Calcutta, and Stonyhurst; and by such well-known names as De Vico and Secchi, who has an interesting association with Stonyhurst. The revolutionary events of 1847 drove him, then a student of theology, from Rome to Stonyhurst. One day Father Weld, himself a student at the college, showed the instruments at the observatory to the young Italian. He was immensely interested, and from that time took up the study of astronomy, making his first observations with the four-inch refractor now standing in the college gardens.

A. L. CORTIE.

Newspaper for Bigotry.

THE announcement has been made that a "religious daily" is to be started in Boston. As a matter of fact, it is far from being religious, if we understand the meaning of the word. It is to be anti-Catholic. Whether it will come out boldly and make such a declaration, we do not know; but the intention is not to promote religion among the people, but to take up the work of Fulton & Co. The latter, and others like them, have been greatly disturbed at the space given their disgraceful gatherings in the newspapers, and so wish to have an organ of their own. With such a paper they will no longer need a sink bowl, for all of their rottenness, and the latter comprises the greater part of their system, if not all of it, will then find a repository for their filth.

What will be the effect of such a paper, we cannot at the present time conjecture. The parties behind it claim to have plenty of money, which they are ready to sink into the venture until such time as it is capable of floating itself, and possibly make money for its promoters. A Boston correspondent, in a weekly paper, recently, had the following:

"If a 'religious daily' is not started in Boston, it will not be for lack of intense earnestness on the part of its promoters. They seem to have the money, too. Your correspondent has most positive information, from a trustworthy source, that John D. Rockafeller, of Standard oil and Baptist fame, is willing to spend two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in supporting here a newspaper that shall vigorously defend the common schools from sectarian assaults, and oppose the Roman Catholic Church's aggression in whatever form it may assume. Another millionnaire, whose name is withheld, is also said to be willing to sink money in such a venture. Prof. Luther T. Townsend, of Boston University, has, in several recent speeches, urged the necessity of a newspaper that would print all the news fairly, and has predicted the early establishment of a 'religious daily' here."

It is also stated that seventy-five thousand dollars were offered Col. Worthington for the Traveller, but the latter wanted more money. Hence, the purchase of this paper fell through. They are still looking for other papers in Boston, preferring to get a ready established organ, and under the guise of ostensible piety, hold the present readers, and make converts of them, rather than starting one that is as yet unknown. A paper may have constituents who are faithful in their adherence and belief in anything that appears in its columns, but when that paper makes a radical change in its policy, it seldom, if ever, retains its old readers. But then, money can accomplish a great deal, and we, therefore, expect to see an old paper polluted, or a newborn beast in the field before long — most likely before the fall elections.

John D. Rockafeller, who is said to be one of the chief promoters of this dastardly enterprise, is one of the richest men in this country. He is the president of that gigantic monopoly, the Standard Oil Company. He is quite lavish in his expenditures, but has never, to our knowledge, put his money where it accomplished much good. Most

of his fabulous outlays are the whimsical freaks of his small mind. For instance, in the rear of his magnificent residence in Cleveland, he has a barn which has cost more than twenty ordinary houses. He is now building a three-million-dollar house to live in, and has placed an order with a jeweller for hot-air register plates. They are made of solid brass, and the jeweller is commissioned to heavily plate them with pure gold. The Baptists of Chicago wanted a university, and this Baptist Crœsus contributed the munificent sum of six hundred thousand dollars towards it, while the balance of the sum wanted, four hundred thousand dollars, was raked up among others. He has a perfect right to spend his money even if he did not morally come by it. When he uses the product of the toiling workingman for the nefarious purpose, we referred to at the opening, he is spreading his fanaticism too far. Instead of being a public benefactor, as he so well might be, he doles out his money where, in his narrow opinion, it will do the most harm to all those who do not believe as he does. Rockafeller has truly struck oil; but he will fail to strike any terror to the decent people of Boston. It will take more than this man and his millions to upset the peace of the Catholics of this or any other place.

Another individual engaged in this undertaking is said to be Prof. Luther T. Townsend, of the Boston University. This is not surprising, for this man has had a good deal of nasty things to say of late about Catholics, and the Church in general, and, of course, the Jesuits in particular. He is a bigot from Bigotsville, so to speak. Catholics attend the university wherein this man instructs, and we are surprised that he has not respect enough for their feelings to quit his dirty work and tell the truth, if he wishes to speak at all. That bigotry and ignorance go hand in hand is shown in these men's cases. They are too blind to see, and too deaf to hear, consequently, these abuses. This man, in a recent speech, among other things, said: "There will be no peace here until the Jesuits are banished from these states. There are about one hundred thousand of them in the United States. They hold the entire Roman Catholic Church here to the support of the Democrat party. They are in our business, our legislature, our army and navy, and on our school committees, as well as assuming the government of our cities."

Is it necessary to explain to our readers that all these facts are lies? We know better than to reflect on their intelligence. Do not these statements show that this man is ignorant and a bigot? The answer can only be in the affirmative. When he refers to Jesuits on the school committee we suppose he alludes to Judge Fallon, Dr. Blake, and other Catholic citizens; to the control of the city, Hon. Hugh O'Brien, the best mayor Boston has had for many years, and equal to any before him; the army and navy, the late Gen. Sheridan, one of the greatest soldiers the world has ever produced, and so on. This man does not know the difference between a Catholic and a Jesuit priest; to him they are as one. His position on the paper will be, doubtless, to answer all inquiries that may be sent in by his willing, and no less ignorant dupes.

We can pretty well judge of the quality and kind of paper these men with money and no brains will hoist upon the city. These hypocrites and their followers have made things disagreeable in some respects for the law-abiding citizens of Boston and other places. They have transformed peace into chaos, and made fellow men enemies. The end of the path over which they have enjoyed high carnival is near its turning-point, and a reaction is bound to come. These people would not give a Catholic a crumb if they had their way, and many of them are already attempting to excommunicate their less willing followers for giving work to Catholics in their establishments. If a war broke out where would the alleged loyalty of Rockafeller, Townsend, Fulton and their kind be found? Behind the scenes, to be sure, or attempting to send substitutes to represent them in the battle. The Catholic citizen has ever and always shown his love and loyalty to this country. When their bravery is sneered at, and their loyalty denied them in the country they did so much for, would they be wrong if, in the case of another outbreak, they refused to go to the front? Under the conditions, we think not. For what class would they have to fight? Why, the very men who are fighting them in these days — days when peace ought to reign supreme, and each man should love his neighbor as himself.

Electricity Taking the Place of Steam.

PROF. ELIHU THOMSON, in speaking on "The Problems of the Future," says: "In the near future railways will be run by electricity; not the small roads, I mean, but really the large ones connecting cities, and there is no reason why we should not expect higher speeds than we can attain at present with our steam locomotives. There we have reciprocating parts that must be put in motion, stopped, and reversed continually, while in the electric locomotive we have the simple rotary motion, which is all we need, which makes it possible, accordingly, to run at a much higher rate of speed. Although the steam locomotive has been very much improved, yet it can hardly compare with the economy of stationary engines, placed where they can have an abundant water supply for condensing purposes. We can, therefore, by employing stationary engines and electric roads, do away with a great deal of unnecessary weight, and the moving parts being symmetrical, we can attain a much higher speed, say a hundred miles an hour. This would be a grand step forward, which would save us a great deal of time. It might even be possible to reach a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. It simply depends upon finding the method of applying sufficient power, and building the locomotives to suit, arrangements being adopted to keep the cars on the track."

WHEN our Saviour hung on the Cross, and heard there the reproachful talk of that ungrateful people round about, did He, because of their cruel words, give up the charitable work of their redemption?—*St. Catherine of Siena.*

A Profaner of the Rosary.

In one of our recent issues, says *La Semaine de Toulouse*, we reported, upon the testimony of a friend from la Touraine, the tragic death of a sportsman named Dirot, who, with sacrilegious intention, hung a rosary around the neck of his dog. The Curé of *Vallières les Grandes Loir-te-Cher* in whose parish this event occurred, has received many letters asking an explanation of the report published in *La Semaine*, and copied in almost all of the religious journals of France. He replies that nothing is more authentic, and adds the following details: The rosary had been brought from Lourdes by a devout lady, who gave it to a young girl employed upon the farm of which the impious Dirot was manager. Seeing it in her hand, he snatched it from her, and with an oath hung it around the neck of his dog, as narrated. He then went out shooting, and having captured a fine hare, returned in high spirits, saying: "Really it would be well to get a wagon-load of these rosaries, to bring us always such good luck!" Soon after he was attacked by a singular disease of the neck and throat, from which, after great suffering, he finally died. During his last days especially it caused him horrible tortures, and he literally choked to death. The physician who attended him, though also a freethinker, felt compelled to acknowledge that he could not define the malady. Dirot used to go into fields where the peasants were at work, and try to pervert them, by giving them irreligious newspapers, etc.; and he was accustomed to say to them, among other things, that one might as well baptize a calf as a human being. All the community in which he lived have seen in the terrible end of this unhappy man a chastisement of God.

Health and Comfort.

Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis, in a recent letter, says: A residence, to be healthy, should be built on an elevated location, with perfect drainage on every side, thus removing one of the greatest causes of sickness — miasmatic effluvia. It should be isolated so as to give a perfect supply of light and air into each room. No house can be healthy, when these considerations are omitted. The rooms should be large and airy, and not less than sixteen by eighteen feet, and the ceilings not less than twelve feet high. These essentials are most proper, as every man of average build requires eight hundred cubic feet of air for healthy respiration, for he vitiates seventeen hundred and twenty cubic feet in each twenty-four hours.

The comforts of a house lie in the proper arrangement of the dining-room, pantry, and kitchen. The dining-room should be the most comfortable and cheerful room in the house, with, where possible, a good prospect to look out on. The pantry and kitchen should be convenient and easily accessible. The proper mode of heating is also an essential factor, and last, though not least, the bath-rooms, water-closets and basins should be conveniently arranged, and not too distant from the bed-rooms.

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

PART V.

THE Benevolent Irish Society owed its existence chiefly to James McBraire, an Irish Protestant merchant. He had been a warm friend of Dr. O'Donel, and was "always remarkable for the munificence of his donations to the poor, and his kindness to the Catholic clergy." In the beginning, the Society was strictly Irish without regard to creed. Its first Catholic president, Patrick Morris, was elected in 1822. Four years later, the Society built a hall for society purposes, and, still more important, for the education of poor children. In his curate days, Dr. Fleming had been at issue with the executive committee, because, in their rigid adherence to the original constitution, they would not allow him to give religious instruction to the children after school hours. In 1829, strengthened by the increment of Episcopal authority, he resolved to give First Communion to four hundred children with all possible solemnity. Then the prudent and the cautious and the time-servers felt a cold shudder run through their ranks. They appealed to Dr. Scallan against this rash coadjutor; but Dr. Fleming carried his point, and the children went to the church in procession, clad in their *wedding garments*. After a little while, when it was perceived that no ill effects followed this daring innovation, Dr. Fleming was commended from all quarters. Next he turned his attention to the scattered faithful, and was in Conception Bay when he was summoned to St. John's to attend the death-bed of Dr. Scallan who departed this life on the 29th of May, 1830. He was interred near the old chapel; but, in 1850, his remains were transferred to a vault beneath the high altar of the new Cathedral which was then arising in height and beauty under the wonder-working hands of Dr. Fleming. That energetic prelate being now invested with the government of the Vicariate, his first thought was to obtain more priests. The faithful seven priests who had worked with the early bishops, and borne the heat and burden of the day, were now spent with their unparalleled exertions, and only waited the summons to enter into rest. There were only *three* active priests upon whom he could rely. Accordingly, he turned his face to Ireland,— fruitful mother of missionaries! — and in the autumn of 1830, he went there for assistance. Nine priests volunteered to accompany him to the fish land. Among these were Fathers Troy, Nowlan, Dalton, Keilly, Murphy, Berney, and Cleary, known to the present generation as "the Dean." Father Troy is reputed to have been an extraordinary man in every respect. He was Dr. Fleming's most trusty lieutenant, and, together, they strove for the abolition of Sunday work which had been imposed upon Catholics by their task-masters. He took an active part in abating the scandal of Catholics attending Protestant worship. But one of the effects of British rule was the creation of a class whose highest ambition was to fetch and carry for the ascendancy party; men whose souls dwelt in hulks, who kissed

their self-imposed fetters, and who gloried in their shame. These coalesced with the tyrants and vowed the destruction of Father Troy. Their virulence was carried to an extent almost incredible. Perhaps Father Troy's worst offence was his active participation in the *popular* demand for the removal of the arrogant and despotic Judge Boulton. This personage had been removed from the position of attorney-general of Ontario, on account of his obstinacy and prejudice. Having shown himself lacking in most of the judicial requisites, it was in the natural order of things that he should be made a chief justice. Mr. Page, in his Concise History of Newfoundland, says: Chief Justice Tucker "was succeeded by Henry John Boulton, Esq., of Upper Canada, a determined disciplinarian." In 1838, Patrick Morris, *popular* member of the assembly, denounced him for that "his judgments have been unjust, arbitrary, and illegal," and to crown his iniquities he had "trampled on the rights, privileges, and immunities of the British subject." When an address to the crown against Boulton had passed the Assembly, he, being also president of the council, rejected it. But Newfoundland, despite the degradation which had been imposed upon it, still had sons who were worthy of a nobler destiny than to be mere *colonists*. They were not yet beaten. Boulton and his Ontario despotism had come to the wrong shop. A deputation was sent to London, and after a bitter fight the popular party won their case. In Harvey's History (page 88), the matter is thus summarized: "Chief Justice Boulton was charged before the Privy Council with being a political partisan, a corrupter of justice, and a magistrate who endangered the Constitution and peace of the community." The Privy Council recommended his removal for having indiscreetly permitted himself to participate in the antagonistic feelings which unhappily prevailed in the colony. Boulton, as a matter of course, made himself especially obnoxious to Catholics. In 1835, at his instance, the attorney-general instituted legal proceedings against the Rev. James Duffy, of St. Mary's, and a number of his parishioners, because they destroyed an erection for fish-curing purposes, which a magistrate, named Martin, had placed upon a common in such a position as to prevent them from having access to their church. He also confiscated to his personal advantage a landing-place which had been common to the villagers from time out of mind. Father Duffy was arrested, with every mark of ignominy, and dragged before a court sitting at Ferryland. The magistrates greatly enjoyed the insult offered to the priest; but graciously accepted bail for his appearance before the Supreme Court. When he appeared pursuant to his bond, the case was adjourned till next term, and he had the consolation of walking home one hundred miles through the forest. It is only fair to add that Bishop Fleming investigated the matter, and was quite satisfied with the action of the worthy priest; adding, "the missionary who zealously performs his duty in Newfoundland must expect to be replenished with opprobrium." *

*Father Duffy was held in high esteem as a surgeon. A wood-cutter having cut his arm terribly, and no doctor being near, was in imminent danger of bleeding to death, when Father Duffy was summoned. His skill stanched the wound, and although the injured arm never recovered its pristine strength, the man whose life was thus saved was eighty-six years old when he died in 1884. R. I. P. He was the writer's grandfather.

Referring to this period, the biographer of Frederick Lucas (pp. 78–9) says:

"In these days, when bigotry is less obtrusive, if not less hostile, the then condition of Catholics all over the empire will hardly be credited. . . . From Newfoundland and New South Wales . . . a stream of letters poured in [to The Tablet] bringing before the notice of the Catholic public the grievances under which their fellow-Catholics lay, and the annoyances and injustices to which they were subjected by officials high and petty. . . . In Newfoundland, the judges were in a conspiracy to uphold a system by which no single person had been called to the bar who possessed the confidence of the Catholic majority of the colony."

Father Troy, in the interest of good government, worked for the removal of Boulton. When the traitors found that he still held the undiminished confidence of Dr. Fleming they flew for higher game, and sought the removal of the bishop. For a number of years a perpetual cross-fire of slander was kept up against both priest and bishop. The slanders against Father Troy were repeated in Rome, and succeeded so well, that Dr. Fleming received peremptory orders to remove "the turbulent priest Troy" from the island. Dr. Fleming followed that order to the letter. He appointed Father Troy to the parish of Merasheen, a small island in the Bay of Placentia. There Father Troy devoted himself to missionary labor, with all the zeal for God's glory which belongs in an especial manner to "turbulent" Irish priests. Subsequently, he was removed to Torbay, near St. John's, and died there in 1872. He made many converts there. At the present time it is a model settlement, both as regards spiritual fervor and material prosperity. Its people have recently erected a convent and a total abstinence hall, and it is said to have the finest school-buildings in the island.

Having achieved at least a partial victory over Father Troy by his removal from the capital to a remote parish, the conspirators next attempted to complete their designs against the bishop. A number of affidavits were made against him, and forwarded to London with the endorsement of Pasha Prescott. Bishops and prelates in England and Rome were poisoned against him. The plot culminated when Lord John Russell, "the buffoon statesman," ordered his foreign secretary to communicate with Prince Metternich, and have the allegations against Dr. Fleming formally brought to the notice of the Vatican by the Austrian ambassador at Rome, who was also to demand Dr. Fleming's removal from Newfoundland. This was *veto* with a vengeance. The exquisite moral poise of the British empire would have been disarranged by holding open relations with the Vatican; but all roads lead to Rome when there is mischief in progress. Dr. Fleming had heretofore treated these assassins of character with silent contempt. Now he determined to end the matter once and for all. Being in England, in 1837, endeavoring to obtain a legal title and site for his cathedral, and finding himself likely to be detained for some months, he proceeded to Rome, and triumphantly refuted the slanders of his enemies. His avowed line of action received the most explicit

approval from Gregory XVI., who considered the *Relazione* so interesting that he ordered it printed from the Propaganda press.

Another old veteran was Rev. Philip Cleary (Dean), who died in 1882, at the age of eighty-seven, having been a priest for fifty-three years. His successors at Witless Bay, Fathers Roche and O'Driscoll, have erected to his memory a Celtic cross of Irish granite. No fitter memorial could be found for a brave old Irish priest than the emblem which has been the stay of his country and his people.

"Through storm, and fire, and gloom, I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall,—
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland,
Amid them all!
Druids, and Danes, and Saxons vainly rage,
Around its base;
It standeth shock on shock, and age on age,
Star of our scattered race!"

Contemporary with these faithful missionaries was the Rev. Pelagius Nowlan, who died in 1871, at the venerable age of eighty years. Still another was Father Berney. He died in 1885; but for a quarter of a century he had been incapacitated for active duty, his right side being entirely paralyzed from the effects of wet, cold, and exposure incurred while voyaging in a frail skiff to give the last rites to a dying parishioner. I once saw him, and the memory of the stricken priest, whose pale face was filled with unutterable patience and resignation, will not be the least enduring of my youthful impressions.

Up to the era of Emancipation, the Anglican Church, in Newfoundland, had assumed to itself all the rights of a church, by law established. A tax was extorted from Catholics for every birth, marriage, and death. For a marriage, the tax was *fourteen pence;* for a funeral, *twelve shillings*,— the latter, presumably, because a man can die but once. The Catholic bishop was forced to collect this impost, and to make a return of all such services. Bishops O'Donel, Lambert, and Scallan had loyally submitted to this infamy; but now a spirit of enquiry was abroad. Dr. Fleming refused to acknowledge the claim, and that ended the matter. Having thus emancipated his own people, he next desired to forward the abolition of the disabilities which pressed upon the dissenting Protestants. Their marriages were considered illegal and invalid unless performed by an Anglican minister. He, therefore, prepared a petition which was duly presented to the assembly, in January, 1883, and which brought about the desired relief. It is a masterly and statesman-like document, having about it a ring of true liberty. It is a fit companion-piece for that noble declaration of 1649, which shall ever endure as a monument of American Catholic toleration. In this year Dr. Fleming introduced the Presentation Nuns into Newfoundland. They came from Galway; their labors will be referred to elsewhere. This year also saw the death of Father Yore, at Harbor Grace. He had arrived in Terra Nova in 1789. He had at first been appointed to Ferryland, where he built a chapel not far from the ruins of the establishment which Lord Baltimore had founded

with such hope and promise one hundred and sixty years before. Father Yore was eighty-four years old when he died.

In 1834, Dr. Fleming began to make a visitation of his extensive vicariate. In June, he and Rev. C. Dalton, took passage in a fishing-smack for Fogo island, crossing *en route* the great bays of Conception and Trinity, standing evidence of the refined Catholic spirit of the early explorers, and striking contrast to the "Bloody Bays," and "Thimble Tickles," and other specimens of refined nomenclature, originating with the later possessors of the island. Under the influence of fine weather and favoring breezes, their bark sailed merrily along. Past the capes of St. Francis, Catalina, and Bonavista; across the mouth of the noble bay, named from the latter headland which guards its entrance; on with all sail set to catch the capricious breezes, they ploughed their way, arriving at Fogo forty-eight hours after leaving St. John's. Disembarking from the fishing-smack, they start in a skiff, propelled by the stout arms of the fishers, to make the round of the vast bay of Notre Dame. He was in many perils from rough waters; but the patroness of the bay protected him. When his tour was concluded he was in a position to state that he had travelled twelve hundred miles, confirmed over three thousand persons, and confessed far above that number. The difficulties which he encountered on this trip impelled him to procure a small schooner in which he might go where he deemed expedient, without running the risk of marring the operations of the generous toilers of the sea. In July, 1835, he started westward in his newly equipped yacht, the *Madonna*, accompanied by Fathers Dalton and Berney. He visited Petty Harbor, Ferryland, Fermeuse, and Renews; and after having some narrow escapes from shipwreck, amid the reefs and fogs of that coast whose currents are a terror to mariners, he arrived at Burin. By this time, Dr. Fleming was beginning to get a fuller appreciation of the geography of the country which he had made his own; and as his bark, displaying the banner of the Cross, glided past the mouth of the Bay of Placentia, around Cape *Chapeau Rouge*, and the islands of *St. Pierre et Miquelon*, into Fortune Bay, past the picturesque wigwams of the Christian Micmacs, or under the precipitous cliffs bedecked with rich foliage mirrored in the placid waters beneath, he must have felt the influence of the scene, and experienced a deeper interest in this country and its

> "Glens where ocean comes
> To 'scape the wild winds' rancor,
> And harbors worthiest homes
> Where Freedom's sails might anchor."

At Conn River he ministered to the Indians and heard their confessions through an interpreter. This feat he achieved by giving his hand from behind the screen to the penitent who was also concealed from sight. When a question was put, a gentle pressure of the confessor's hand signified the affirmative; while a withdrawal was equivalent to a negative. Thence he proceeded to Placentia, where he administered confirmation to eighty persons, several being converts

of respectable position. Converts are very frequently mentioned in his visitations. After his return to St. John's, small-pox broke out. The misery and suffering resulting therefrom were greatly aggravated by the supineness of the authorities, who ignored the most elementary precautions, and made no effort to ameliorate the condition of the people. In this emergency, Dr. Fleming became himself physician, and placed his medicine-chest in a deserted shed, where the risk of contagion would be confined to himself. He came unscathed out of the pestilence. In the following May (1836), he confirmed nearly three thousand persons (of whom over three hundred were converts), in the vicinity of St. John's. J. W. O'R.

A Forged Confession of Faith.

A NOTORIOUSLY forged document has of late been a favorite weapon in the hands of several Protestant controversialists in England. We refer to the so-called Hungarian confession of faith, which, as our opponents inform us, was exacted from converts to Rome in Hungary. Among other things the Hungarian convert had to express his belief in the following articles, viz.: the orders of the Pope are to be esteemed higher than those of the living God; the Sovereign Pontiff should be honored with divine honor; those who receive the Sacrament under one element receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, but those who receive it under both elements receive only bread and wine, etc.

Writing to us in reference to the forgery of which the purport is given in the foregoing paragraph, the Rev. Henry O'Connor, S.J., of Ditton Hall, says: "The Fathers of the National Synod of Hungary, held in Posen, in 1822, make, in substance, the following statements concerning this forgery: 1. It is the work of Protestants who were turned out of Hungary in the seventeenth century. It was published by George Lani, in 1676, and soon afterwards by Anthony Reiser, but disavowed by Catholics. 2. From the time of the Council of Trent, the Creed of Pope Pius IV. has always been in use among Catholics in every part of the world, also in Hungary. This Creed of Pius IV. — either in full or in an abbreviated form — is the only one that has ever been made use of by converts on their reception into the Church. This the Fathers state most emphatically. 3. The nonsensical and shameful errors contained in the forged Confession are repugnant alike to faith and to reason.

"Dr. Wald has made himself guilty of a grievous insult against the Church in Hungary, and against the whole Catholic Church, by repeating the calumny in the essay which he published in the programme of the Academy of Koenigsberg for Easter, 1821. Dr. Jordanszky has published a refutation of Dr. Wald's arguments. The Acts of the National Synod of Hungary can be found in the 'Collectio Lacensis,' tom. V. The passage of which I have given an extract is on col. 936."

The Discalced Carmelites of Ireland.

A BRILLIANT RECORD.

It is doubtless of much interest to many readers of Donahoe's Magazine, particularly those from Dublin and Longhrea, to know at what period the Discalced Carmelite Fathers, this vigorous off-shoot of the ever-verdant and flowering Vine of Carmel was planted in the fertile soil of Ireland, among a people at all times devotedly attached to Our Lady. In October, 1625, about sixty years after the great reform of the Order was accomplished by St. Teresa de Jesus, and forty-four years after the Constitution had been confirmed by apostolic authority, the first convent of the Discalced Carmelite Friars was established in Dublin by Rev. Fathers Edward and Paul, both natives of that city, who had joined the Order in Belgium, in which country they had been distinguished professors of theology. This first convent was erected in Hammond Lane, off Church street. Its establishment was followed by that of other convents at Kilkenny, Limerick, Kinsale, Ardee, Loughrea, Galway, Athboy, and Drogheda.

In 1638, these houses were erected into a province, with the title of St. Patrick. But the days of fierce Puritan persecution soon came. In 1642 and 1643, three Discalced Carmelites suffered martyrdom for the Catholic faith — Father Thomas Aquinas of Jesus, at Drogheda, a celebrated preacher and zealous missionary; Brother Angelus of the Conception (in the world George Halley, of Heresfordshire, England), at Slane, and Brother Peter of the Mother of God, in Dublin, the former a scholastic of the Order, the latter a lay brother. The narrative of their martyrdom is most interesting and touching. Brother Angelus suffered on the Feast of the Assumption, Brother Peter on the Annunciation. God, to show that He watches over the honor of His faithful servants, caused a brilliant light to shine over the spot where the body of Father Thomas had been interred. He rendered His testimony on the 6th of July. The Puritan storm burst over all the houses of the Order, and, with the exception of Dublin and Loughrea, were, one by one, broken up and abandoned. The great Irish Province of the Discalced Carmelites ceased to exist, for the time, in 1653, and the Friars who escaped death, or captivity, retired to the different convents on the continent. However, the succession of Priors at the monastery at Loughrea has never been interrupted even in the darkest days of persecution.

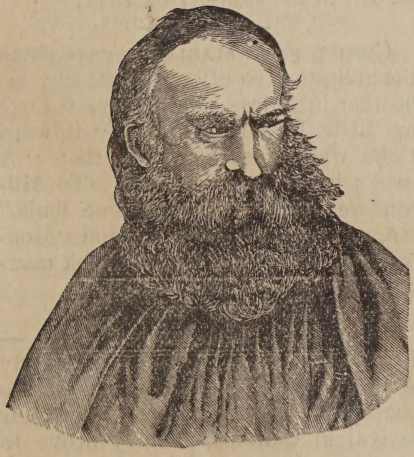
There is a fine old oil painting of the three Friars, noted above, at present in the possession of the Carmelites of Linz, in Austria, the work evidently of a master-hand, which shows how world wide had become their celebrity in those days. Father Cyril, of St. Joseph, who went to Rome for the General Chapter of the Order (1647), carrying with him the juridical acts relating to the glorious death of the three Friars of the Order in Ireland, fell into the hands of the English heretics, by whom he was hotly pursued across the sea; to save himself, he had to throw overboard his precious papers. Juridical informations were again

procured; but the turbulence of the times prevented the commission of inquiry from being as detailed as that first obtained. During the long, dark night of religious persecution in Ireland, the Discalced Carmelites kept the lamp of learning and piety burning in the hearts of their faithful people in the midst of trials of the most galling kind, and when the people of Catholic Ireland were permitted to worship in public, the Discalced Carmelites were the foremost champions of civil and religious liberty, as could be seen in the remarks of the Archbishop of Dublin at the dedication ceremony, last year, of the new House of Studies for the Irish Province of the Order at Donnybrook, Dublin. In his own eloquent style, Archbishop Walsh, in the presence of assembled prelates, priests, and representative Catholics of Dublin, including the Lord Mayor, paid high tribute to their fearless loyalty in the cause of religion and the rights of the down-trodden people of Ireland. They took an active part in Daniel O'Connell's great campaign for freedom. A. M. Sullivan says, in his Story of Ireland: "Owing to the attitude of the bishops, the secular or parochial clergy for a time deemed it prudent to hold aloof from any very prominent participation in the movement, though their sentiments were never doubted. But the regular clergy — the religious orders — flung themselves ardently into the people's cause. When every other place of meeting, owing to one cause or another, was closed against the young Catholic leaders, the Church of the Discalced Carmelites,— St. Theresa's in Clarendon street, — became their rallying point, and place of assembly in Dublin, freely given for the purpose of the community.

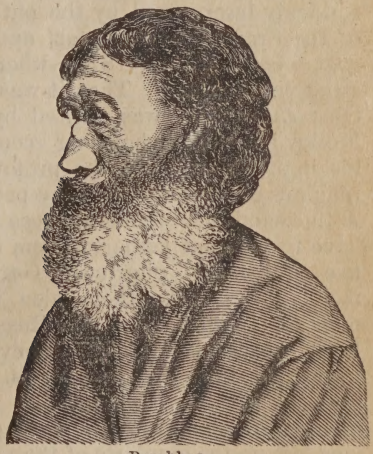
Although the Discalced Carmelites were introduced into Ireland only in 1625, yet the older branch of the Order had existed there since the days of St. Simon Stock. After St. Teresa reformed the Order, Friars and Nuns in Spain, with the strongest approbation of the Holy See, she renounced with her Order all mitigations of the Original Rule given by St. Albert, called the Primitive Rule. Hence those not of her branch are called calced or mitigated Carmelites. It is a worthy colony of Claced Fathers, who have come during the year to New York from their monastery at Whitefriar street, Dublin. From newspaper notices, there is a misconception in many minds throughout the country that they are the Sons of St. Teresa, the Discalced Carmelite Fathers from the famous convent of Clarendon street, Dublin; that they are not, need not alter all the good they are destined to accomplish in this vast Republic. Although both Orders, Calced and Discalced Carmelites, fight equally in special honor of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel, as her privileged children, and although they have one common aim and object, and both enjoy the same indulgences and privileges, yet besides several differences in their holy rules and customs, they form two distinct bodies, two separate orders in the Church, each having its own head Superior General residing in Rome; nevertheless, they maintain inviolate the holy bonds of mutual Christian and religious charity, as especially becomes the children and brethren of the same Divine Mother and glorious Queen, Mary most holy.

CHARACTERS IN THE PASSION PLAY.

Ecce Homo.



Judas.



Barabbas.

THE world-famous "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, now being performed, is attracting great attention throughout the world. On the 7th of May was given the first representation, the play being repeated on the following Sunday, and on every succeeding Sunday until the 26th of September, as well as on the 16th of June, the 24th of June, and the 8th of September. Upon every occasion the performance of the Passion Play, beginning at 8 A. M., ends at 5 P. M., with an hour's break for refreshment at mid-day. From Munich it is a pleasant journey of six or seven hours to Ober-Ammergau, three of those hours being by rail to Murnan, the remaining four involving an agreeable drive through a beautiful country. The scene of these last surviving of the old Mystery Plays is in a pictu-

resque village in a sequestered valley of Bavaria. There, in 1633, a terrible pestilence swept into their graves in about three weeks one fourth of the inhabitants. Appalled by this calamity, the survivors entered into a solemn vow to give a representation of our Lord's passion every ten years in perpetuity, if the merciful God would stay the plague. According to the tradition as to the origin of the play, from that moment the pestilence ceased. Thenceforth every ten years the play has been given by the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau. Twice it was all-but doomed to extinction: once by a manifesto issued in 1772 by the Archbishop of Salzburg for the suppression of all religious plays, and again in 1810, during the great Napoleonic wars. Through all vicissitudes the sanctity of the vow already named has been respected. The Passion Play being due in 1870, five representations had been given when the series was suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and was only completed in 1871, when the struggle was over. Then it was that Ober-Ammergau was visited by Dr. Molloy, and this charming record of his impressions as to the profoundly religious character of the play penned A thousand inhabitants at these times have to welcome amongst them about five thousand pilgrims; Germans mostly, but with them also intermingled English, French, Russians, Irish-Americans, Italians, and even — wonderful to tell — also Jews. An open-air theatre, constructed with plain deal planking in a vast green meadow on the outskirts of the village is the arena of the Passion Play. Most of the actors are — as, indeed, are most of the primitive dwellers in that locality — wood-carvers. The impersonator of our Lord, as also the impersonators of Judas and Peter, of Annas and Caiaphas, are all wood-carvers. The impersonator of John is a house-painter, of Pilate a teacher of drawing, of Herod a master potter, and of Barabbas a day-laborer. All who have witnessed the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau testify to its marvellously impressive and edifying character. The "Times" correspondent said of it, "I have never seen so affecting a spectacle." Another eye-witness, quoted by Mr. Blackburn in his "Art among the Mountains," says, "The simple grandeur of the Christ was almost awful." The "Graphic" averred that "The effect upon all who were present was solemn to an extraordinary degree." Fifteen centuries ago — that is, about the year of our Lord 364 — St. Gregory Nazianzen is reputed to have constructed a drama upon the passion of Christ, to counteract the profanities of the heathen stage; akin to which drama, one thousand five hundred years later, is the Passion Play now being represented at Ober-Ammergau. We give the play in this issue as witnessed by Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., in the summer of 1871.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brother in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." "Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "A paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness."

English Nobility at Knock. — Lord Arundel, of Wardour, and Lady Arundel have paid a visit to the chapel at Knock. Directly after their arrival in Claremorris they drove to Knock and returned in the evening. The following day Lord and Lady Arundel attended the morning mass, and in the evening, at the usual afternoon service and at benediction. His Lordship had a letter of introduction to Canon Bourke, the parish priest. Lord and Lady Arundel left Claremorris by the early train on Monday, quite pleased with their visit to Knock, where, as they state, they witnessed miracles.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, IN THE SUMMER OF 1871.

By the Rev. GERALD MOLLOY, D. D., Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, Ireland.

"I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Character.	Name.	Age.	Occupation.
Christ.	Joseph Mair.	27	Wood Carver.
Judas.	Gregor Lechner.	51	Wood Carver.
Peter.	Jacob Hett.	60	Wood Carver.
John.	Johann Zwink.	20	House Painter.
Pilate.	Tobias Flunger.	55	Teacher of Drawing.
Herod.	Franz Paul Lang.	56	Master Potter.
Annas.	Gregor Stadler.	51	Wood Carver.
Caiaphas.	Johann Lang.	36	Wood Carver.
Barabbas.	Johann Allinger.	57	Day Laborer.
The Blessed Virgin.	Franziska Flunger.	25	
Mary Magdalen.	Josepha Lang.	25	
Leader of the Chorus.	Johann Dimmer.	41	Wood Carver and Master Furrier.
Conductor of the Orchestra.	Joseph Gutzjell.	48	Schoolmaster.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

In a pleasant valley of the Highlands of Bavaria is a picturesque village, situated on the banks of the river Ammer, just where it issues from a deep and narrow gorge. The inhabitants, who are simple and primitive in their ways, depend for their livelihood chiefly on the art of wood-carving, to which they are greatly devoted, and in which they have attained a high degree of perfection. This little village, which, from its position, is called Ober-Ammergau, is the last resting-place in Germany, and I may almost say, in Europe, of a kind of religious drama that was common enough in times gone by.

It happened, in the year 1633, that a fearful pestilence swept over the districts of Southern Bavaria. For some weeks the secluded valley of the Ammer was free from its deadly breath. All ingress and egress were rigorously forbidden by the local authorities, and every pass was carefully guarded, to shut out the dreaded contagion. At length, however, a native of the place, who had been working in a neighboring district, wishing to return to his family, eluded the vigilance of the sentries, entered the valley by a secret path, and unconsciously carried the infection with him. In two days he was a corpse. The contagion spread, and before the end of three weeks, eighty-four of the villagers, about one fourth of the whole community, had been laid in their graves.

The terrified survivors, having lost all hope in human aid, met together and bound themselves by a solemn promise to God, if he would stay the plague, to give a representation every ten years of the passion and death of Christ. From that moment, as the tradition goes, the pestilence was arrested in its course, and they who were already infected quickly recovered. Faithful to their vow, the grateful villagers gave the first representation in the following year, 1634; and ever since, as each ten years have gone round, the Passion Play has been repeated, with constantly increasing taste and skill, and without any diminution of that reverent, religious spirit in which it first began.

But the Passion Play at Ober-

Ammergau has not been without its vicissitudes. More than once its very existence was threatened; and for its preservation we are chiefly indebted to the pious zeal of the inhabitants. The history of this matter is well deserving of notice.

There are many reasons why the religious drama of the Middle Ages should be found ill suited to the condition of modern society. First of all, it is scarcely reverent to expose the most sacred things to the ridicule, or even to the indifferent criticism, of free-thinkers; and we all know there will be many free-thinkers at the present day amongst a large audience in a public theatre. Besides, many of these religious plays were mixed up with profane and grotesque associations; and though they may have been looked upon with reverence in ruder times, they would be more likely now to excite feelings of repugnance and disgust. Again, there is the danger of such representations being turned to account by ingenious speculators as a means of making money. And, lastly, there is the temptation to intemperance and riot which is always present when large, promiscuous crowds of people are assembled together.

Influenced by these and other such considerations, the Archbishop of Salzburg, in the year 1773, issued a manifesto with a view to the general suppression of religious plays. The civil power lent its aid, and during the next ten years vigorous measures were taken for their extinction in the various towns and villages of Southern Germany. But the people of Ober-Ammergau urged the religious obligation of their vow. They represented, too, that their play, which had been conducted under the enlightened guidance of the Benedictine monks attached to the neighboring monastery at Ettal, was free from the abuses that existed elsewhere. Their prayer was heard, and a special exception was made in their favor.

In the year 1810 the Passion Play seemed once again on the point of extinction. The monastery at Ettal had been unhappily suppressed some years before, and when the monks were gone there seemed to be no longer any sufficient guarantee that the religious character of the play would be upheld. A decree was accordingly passed by the authorities at Munich forbidding its further celebration. The energetic villagers, however, sent deputies to the capital to plead their cause before the king; and their play was spared. From that time it has been left unmolested; and it now remains, tolerated rather than encouraged by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers, a solitary example of the ancient Christian drama.

In addition to the constant revision which the play received for many generations from the hands of the Benedictine monks, it has been greatly improved and embellished within the present century. When the monastery at Ettal was suppressed, one of the monks, Dr. Ottmar Weis, was made parish priest of Ober-Ammergau. By him the design of the play was recast, and a great part of the text was written anew. About the same time the music which is now in use was composed by Rochus Dedler, the village organist and schoolmaster. Previous to the performance of 1850 the text was again revised by another parish priest, Anton Alois Daisenberger. This venerable man, after a quarter of a century spent in the active work of his parish, has retired upon a small stipend. But he still lives amongst his people, and during the preparations of the past year he was always ready to encourage them by his presence and to assist them with his counsel. Neither the text nor the music has ever been published, and they are known only to those engaged in the performance.

As the first representation took place in the year 1634, it will naturally be asked how the decennial repetition has happened to fall on the year 1871. The answer to this question is easily given, and is not without interest. About the year 1680 it was deemed

expedient that each recurring representation should correspond with the beginning of each successive decade of the century. To attain this end the time for the next performance was anticipated by four years, and the year 1680 was made, as it were, a new starting point, from which the successive periods of ten years each were thenceforth to be reckoned. The play was, therefore, really due in 1870; and in point of fact it had been carefully prepared for that year, and five representations were given. But suddenly the war broke out; the call to arms rang through the peaceful village, and the players had to leave the stage for the battle-field.

Some of the principal performers were, by royal authority, exempted from active service, and reserved for garrison duty. Joseph Mair, who represented Christ, had an interview with the king, and obtained special leave to retain his long hair, that he might be ready to resume his part when the war should be over. The post assigned to him was in one of the military depots at Munich. But the bulk of the able-bodied villagers had to face the horrors of actual war. Seventy went out to fight, and of these eight have not returned. Two are sleeping in the deep trenches of the blood-stained fields of Sedan; five died in the hospitals of France; and one has not been heard of, but his fate is scarcely doubtful.

As soon as the war was over the first thought at Ober-Ammergau was to continue the series of representations which had been so rudely interrupted. In each decennial celebration the practice is to give a performance once a week for about three months of the summer; and if, on any occasion, the crowd should be so great that all cannot find a place in the theatre, an extra performance is given on the following day. This year, accordingly, the play was acted for the first time on June 24, and it was repeated once or twice each week until the close of September.

Those who witnessed it early in the season came away greatly impressed with the religious spirit and artistic skill that marked the performance. The news spread abroad that a highland village in Bavaria was giving to the world such a living picture of the great drama of redemption as had never before been seen. The name of Ober-Ammergau became famous in the fashionable assemblies of great capitals, and soon crowds of eager tourists and pious pilgrims were hurrying over the highways of Europe to see the Passion Play of 1871.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE.

My first impressions of Ober-Ammergau and its people may be of some interest to those who have not been there. I find them thus recorded in my note-book at the time:—

"This is a wonderful place the day before the Passion Play. Though little better than a mountain hamlet, of perhaps a thousand inhabitants, it is suddenly inundated with a crowd of tourists, more than five times that number, who have been pouring in for two days from all parts of the world. Englishmen are here, of course, and Americans in abundance. France is in mourning, and has sent but few representatives. But there are Italians in great numbers, and Russians, and even, it is said, some Jews. The bulk, however, of the visitors are Germans; and of these the greater part seem to have come to the Passion Play as to an act of religious worship. Among the English there are many of great note and high title; peers and peeresses, and members of Parliament, and dignitaries of the church.

"Happy are they who, with wise foresight, wrote weeks ago to Madame Sebastian Veit, or Madame George Lang, or to Johann Zwink, or to some one of the other village magnates, to engage rooms and tickets for the play. When they arrive, travel-stained and weary, they are met with a cordial

smile of welcome; they give their names, and at once an attendant is at hand to lead them off to some neighboring house, where rooms have been neatly set in order and religiously guarded for them. Those who come late and have made no provision must be content to wander about by day, and at night to lie in the hall or on the staircase of some hospitable dwelling, after the more fortunate lodgers have gone to bed.

"I had not written before; but I arrived at mid-day on Saturday, and the play was not to come off until Monday. So, being early in the field, I set to work at once, and after some hunting about got shelter and a welcome in the house of a humble family. Speaking comparatively, I may say that I am luxuriously lodged. I have four clean, whitewashed walls all to myself; a bed, a chair, a dressing-table, and a second table for writing at, which has been generously supplied by my hostess, — not, I fear, without some sacrifice of her personal convenience. The room is lighted by two rustic windows. Over the bed is a crucifix with the inscription 'Praised be Jesus Christ.' My portmanteau rests on a large and venerable stove. And when everything is tidily stowed away, I have just room to move about without coming into collision with my furniture.

"After taking possession of my lodgings, I went out for half an hour to see the town; and on my return I found my table adorned with a bunch of wild roses in an earthenware mug. A lovely boy of three years old, and a pretty little girl of eight, were playing about in their bare feet. They were the children of my hostess, and are both to appear in the play. We soon made friends, and ever since they have been my constant and most welcome visitors.

"This was Sunday morning. The masses began at three o'clock in the parish church, and went on without intermission until ten. The Parish Mass, called the *Hoch Amt*, was at half past eight. It was a Missa Cantata, with organ, orchestra, and choir. The music was simply magnificent. I cannot say if it would entirely satisfy the critical taste of musical scholars; but it seemed to me to rise above the domain of criticism. It burst forth from the lofty organ gallery like a song of joy and triumph coming from a higher and purer sphere. It swelled through the ample nave; it found its way into every heart; and few, I think, who heard it were disposed to weigh its merits according to the nice laws of musical science.

"Then the devotion of the people was something beautiful to see. Men, women, and children all had their prayer-books and their beads. Except for a few minutes, they knelt during the whole time of mass, and were evidently absorbed in earnest, thoughtful prayer. It could not be that a people who had produced such music in a secluded valley were insensible to its influence. But they did not come to hear it as a fine display of art. It seemed rather to enter into their souls and to blend with their prayers, as they knelt before the altar of God. Never before had I witnessed such a combination of refined art with simple and earnest devotion.

"After the gospel the music was hushed for a time, and one of the priests gave a short practical sermon. The people, apparently out of respect, stood until he had finished the exordium of his discourse, and then sat down. When the sermon was ended the whole congregation joined in prayer aloud. It was a sort of a recitative. The rich baritone of the men alternated with the contralto of the women, all the voices on each side being pitched in the same tone and keeping perfect time. Mass was then resumed, and the organ again pealed forth. That such a service should have been given in a village church, and by the village people themselves, is certainly wonderful; and it is not less admirable that, in the presence of so many

strangers, it should have been performed with an entire absence of ostentation and display.

"Many English Protestants were there, and a large sprinkling of regular English tourists, a class not generally remarkable for good behavior in Catholic churches abroad. But here they seemed all deeply impressed with the religious character of the scene. They retired, for the most part, to the rear of the church, and looked on with attention and respect. What the play may be to-morrow it is hard to anticipate, but from what I have seen to-day I cannot doubt that it will be solemn and impressive."

CHAPTER III.

THE THEATRE.

At daybreak on Monday, the 14th of August, every one was up and stirring in the village of Ober-Ammergau. Though it was not a festival of the Church, masses were celebrated from a very early hour; for the good people of Bavaria think it a duty to prepare themselves for the spectacle of the day by prayer and holy communion. Indeed, if one were to see only what went on within the walls of the church, he would easily suppose that the crowd which for two days had been flocking into this mountain hamlet were come on a pilgrimage to worship at the altar of God, and to say their beads before the colossal statue of our Lady.

The *hoch amt*, or parish mass, began at half past five. When it was over, the band went playing through the village. This was the signal for the theatre to open; and a long string of people, eager and enthusiastic, but singularly well conducted, poured down the winding street into the green meadow beyond, where, close to the clear waters of the Ammer, stood a clumsy-looking wooden structure of gigantic size. At half past six the doors were thrown open, and at seven the theatre was full, excepting that part where the seats were numbered and reserved. All the tickets for these seats had been secured a fortnight before; and they who had the good fortune to possess them would be time enough in another hour, for the play was not to begin until eight. Not being among the fortunate few, I went early with the crowd, and was rather pleased than otherwise at having a little time to look about me and to glance over a programme of the play, which I had picked up on my journey to Ammergau.

The theatre, though plain and simple in its construction, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Between two rows of poplars, in the open meadow, a large space is enclosed by common timber planking. It is in shape an oblong rectangle. At one end is erected a stage of ample dimensions,—one hundred and twenty feet in breadth, one hundred and seventy in depth. The rest of the enclosure is occupied by the spectators. Plain deal benches are laid straight across, which rise, one above another, from the stage to the extreme rear, and afford accommodation to about 5,000 people. The foremost part of the stage, to a depth of about fifty feet, has no scenery or decoration of any kind. It is here that the chief part of the action takes place. The back is divided into three compartments. That in the centre, which is much the largest, is itself a complete stage of the ordinary kind, with a drop-scene in front, and scenery that changes according to the occasion. To the right of this central compartment, or inner stage, as it may be called, is the house of Annas, to the left the house of Pilate, each with a balcony in front. These balconies, as will appear in the sequel, have a prominent part in the performance. Beyond the houses, on either hand, are the side compartments. They are provided with fixed scenery, which represents the streets of Jerusalem stretching away in the distance, and are much used for the various processions introduced throughout the play. The theatre is open to the sky, except

the inner stage and about one third of the benches, which are protected by a thin covering of boards.

From every part of the theatre there is a good view of the stage; but for the convenience of visitors, it has been railed off into various divisions. The scale of charges for admission is exceedingly low, ranging from ten pence to about five shillings; for the high-minded villagers have no thought of making money of their play. Out of the proceeds a small sum is paid to the principal performers, — which is, however, scarcely sufficient to compensate them for the time expended in preparing their parts. Whatever surplus remains at the end of the season, after all expenses have been defrayed, is devoted to works of charity or of public utility.

And here I cannot help observing that the same praiseworthy spirit prevails throughout every department of business in this primitive village. There is no disposition to extort money, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the enormous influx of visitors. At the inns and private houses the charges for accommodations are singularly moderate; and the beautiful carvings in wood, which have been wrought in the long winter nights with infinite labor and surprising skill, are sold at prices that but ill repay the artists.

It was a curious sight, that vast audience of 5,000 people, as they sat waiting in eager expectation for the play to begin. Artists and critics, poets, historians, and philosophers, statesmen and soldiers, church dignitaries and men of science, people of noble rank and people of boundless wealth, were gathered together from the ends of the world to witness the drama of redemption represented by the untravelled peasants of a mountain village. Yet these were but a handful compared to the more humble pilgrims who had come from the neighboring districts of Bavaria and the Tyrol, and from the various towns of Catholic Germany. Great numbers appeared in the peculiar costumes of their respective countries, which, by their bright colors and picturesque character, added not a little to the liveliness and variety of the scene. Perfect good-humor prevailed, but there was no levity of manner; and any disposition to treat the play with derision was sure to meet with instant and effective reproof.

Beyond this crowded mass of human beings, and beyond the wooden walls that bounded the enclosure where we sat, the green meadows of the valley were distinctly visible, shut in by a glorious amphitheatre of hills. At first the hills and the valley were bathed in mist, and the pretty village of Unter-Ammergau, two miles away, was scarcely discernible as it lay sleeping in the gray light of morning; but little by little the mist cleared off, and the sun began to creep down the slopes of the mountain, giving to the cornfields a more golden hue, and to the meadows a brighter green. The trees, waving in the wind, cast their shadows down the valley towards the west; the cattle grazed lazily over the rich pastures, while at intervals, as if to heighten by contrast the beauty of the scene, large patches of cloud darkened for a moment the landscape as they flitted across the sky. It will be easily believed that a scene like this, together with the pure fresh breeze of the mountains, lent a very peculiar and picturesque charm to the rustic theatre of Ober-Ammergau.

CHAPTER IV.

SCOPE AND DESIGN OF THE PLAY.

THE design of the play is to present, in living reality, a striking picture of our Lord's passion, beginning with his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on the Sunday before he suffered, and ending with his resurrection and final ascension into heaven. All the events of the gospel narrative are portrayed with perfect fidelity; but the gospel narrative is expanded and, so to speak, interpreted by means of dia-

logue and dramatic action. This was no doubt a difficult and delicate task to undertake, but it has been accomplished with judgment and skill. The several narratives of the four Evangelists have been blended together into one complete history; the apparent contradictions or inconsistencies, with which every one is familiar who has made a special study of the passion, have been admirably adjusted; and in the dramatic additions which have been made, every word, every movement is in beautiful harmony with the tone and spirit of the sacred text.

With a view to make the representation more impressive, and to bring out the intimate connection between the Old Covenant and the New, the successive events in Our Lord's passion are preceded by one or more types from the history of the Old Testament. These types are, perhaps, to an ordinary spectator, the greatest charm of the play. They are represented on the inner stage by *tableaux vivants*, which display an artistic taste and a skill for effective grouping not unworthy of the most cultivated city in Europe, and certainly wonderful to discover among the peasantry of a mountain village.

There is a third element in the Passion Play which contributes not a little to its dramatic effect. At stated intervals, on the front stage, appears a bright-robed train of choristers, whose part it is to explain, sometimes by monologue, but generally by song, the tableau, which is disclosed to view at the same moment, and to interpret its typical signification. They suggest appropriate sentiments, and express, in beautiful and touching poetry, the anxieties, fears, and hopes which may be supposed to fill the breast of a spectator. Sometimes they pray to God to deliver Christ from the hands of his enemies; sometimes they expostulate with the Jews; sometimes they call upon the audience to walk in the footsteps of the suffering Redeemer.

It will be observed that the function assigned to this band of singers is almost exactly the same as that which belonged to the chorus in the classical plays of ancient Greece. And yet, curiously enough, there is reason to believe that this feature in the Passion Play is not the result of any conscious imitation, but has been developed rather, in the course of time, by the exigencies of the performance, and the dramatic taste of the highland peasantry. The German text of the choral odes has been published, and occasional specimens will be given in the following pages, from which some idea may be formed of their general character and spirit.

PART II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY.

PROLOGUE, ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO TABLEAUX.

EXACTLY at eight o'clock the boom of a cannon was heard, and the music of the orchestra began. At first it was faint and low; but the vast audience was hushed into perfect stillness, and every note was distinctly heard. Gradually the music swelled in volume and power; and as the first great bursts of harmony sent a thrill through every frame, the choristers entered from either side of the front stage, clad in white embroidered tunics, over which were gracefully flung brilliant mantles of scarlet, green, or blue. They moved across the stage with a singular grace and majesty of deportment, and formed in a line facing the audience. The leader was in the centre, and the others were ranged at either side according to height, the lowest being placed at the extremities of the line

It was a lovely picture as they stood there in the morning sun, with their long, flowing hair, and their brilliant robes, and their sandalled feet. Accompanied by the orchestra, they proclaim in song the great drama about to be represented. The human race,

bowed down under the curse of God, is doomed to death. But mercy comes from Sion. The Eternal is not always angry with his people. He will redeem them in the blood of his only Son.

TABLEAU I. ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN. — *Gen.* iii. 23, 24. As they sing

> "Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world,"

the curtain of the inner stage slowly rises behind. The chorus, dividing in the middle, fall back, right and left, so as to form a line on either side, stretching outwards from the extremities of the drop scene, towards the front of the stage; and the first tableau is disclosed to view. It is the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Life in the middle, and at a little distance the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Flowers and fruits are blooming around, and all looks fair and pleasant. But an angel stands in front, and guards the entrance, with his bright sword lifted aloft and gleaming in the sun. Adam and Eve are seen on the right, in the act of retiring. They glance at the angel, and seem to start back with a look of awe and shame. After a few minutes, during which the figures remain motionless as statues, the drop-scene falls; the choristers form again into a single line, and announce the coming of a Redeemer.

TABLEAU II. THE SYMBOL OF REDEMPTION. — As the curtain rises on the second tableau, the choristers again divide and fall back as before. A large cross is seen erect in the background. Around it are grouped a number of children on their knees, and an angel points to it as the symbol of Redemption. The choristers, too, fall upon their knees, and a plaintive chant is sung, which admirably expresses the moral of the play.

These two pictures, — Man fallen by sin, and redeemed by the Cross, — together with the chant of the chorus, which reaches the hearts of all, constitute a beautiful introduction to the drama of the Passion. The effect is immediate and universal. Every one is impressed with the solemnity, the religious spirit, the good taste, that mark the performance. Prejudice, if it existed, is disarmed; the apprehension of irreverence or profanation is dispelled. When the chant is ended, the chorus withdraw behind the scenes on either side, and the First Act of the Passion Play begins.

ACT I.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Joyful shouts are heard in the distance; presently, winding down the streets of Jerusalem, a motley crowd is seen of men and women, youths and maidens, and little children. They are clad in Oriental dresses; they carry green branches in their hands, and cry out, as they move along, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" In the midst of the throng is a striking figure, seated on an ass, and clothed in a long, flowing purple robe, with a crimson cloak. This is Joseph Mair, who represents the Christ. He is about six feet in height, of graceful form, and calm, dignified deportment. His features have an olive tint, and convey the idea of serious thought and patient endurance. In his manner there is a wonderful combination of majesty with gentleness and simplicity. His jet-black hair is parted down the middle and falls loosely over his shoulders. Around him are grouped the twelve apostles, dressed in similar robes, but of plainer material and more gaudy colors. Each carries a staff in his hand; and already, in their looks and bearing, one may detect the traces of those various characteristics which are developed as the play proceeds.

Meanwhile the chief priests and scribes approach from the opposite side of the stage, and confront the Christ. They question him with haughty arrogance, and hear, with ill-disguised rage and jealousy, the shouts and applause of the people. At this time there could not have been less than two hundred people on the stage; and all, even to the little children led by the hand, performed their parts with simple good taste, without any apparent effort, or any straining after theatrical effect.

While all eyes are fixed on the great Central Figure, for the first time brought face to face with his enemies, the curtain of the inner stage is up-

lifted, and before us is the Temple, where money-changers are driving bargains, and dealers are buying and selling. Christ enters amongst them, with great dignity, as one who has power. He overturns the tables of the money-changers, and making a scourge of small cords, he drives out of the temple those who were buying and selling, using the words of Scripture: "It is written, 'My house is a house of prayer': but you have made it a den of thieves."

An uproar ensues. The Pharisees, urged on by wounded pride, and the money-changers by avarice, make common cause together. They charge Christ with rebellion against the law of Moses and the Prophets. The chief priests try to excite a rising among the people, and cry out: "With us all that belong to Moses! Moses is our prophet! Revenge! revenge!" Mildly, but with an air of authority, Christ rebukes their hypocrisy; and then, taking leave of the crowd, turns away in the direction of Bethania.

ACT II.

THE HIGH COURT OF THE JEWS IN COUNCIL.

TABLEAU. THE BRETHREN OF JOSEPH CONSPIRE AGAINST HIM — *Gen.* xxxvii. 18–24. The chorus, entering as before, introduce by song the story of Joseph. They tell how his brothers, instigated by jealousy, conspired together for his destruction, and then they explain how the Scribes and Pharisees were driven by the same evil passion to conspire against our Lord. Meanwhile the curtain of the inner stage rises; they fall back in two lines, right and left; and the tableau appears. It is the wilderness of Dothain. The pit is there into which Joseph has been thrown. Two of his brothers are looking into it; the rest are standing about in groups. All is motionless, and the chorus explains the significance of the type.

As the chorus retires the curtain of the inner stage is drawn up; and before us, sitting in council, is the Sanhedrim, the great High Court of the Jews. Annas, with snow-white beard, and Caiphas, a much younger and more vigorous-looking man, of commanding aspect, occupy the principal seats in the centre of the background. The chief priests and the Pharisees are ranged around on elevated benches, and the Scribes are seated at desks, in the middle of the hall. They make a brilliant show with their varied and gorgeous costumes, which in shape and character are designed, as far as may be, according to the evidence of Scripture illustrated by archæological research.

The debate begins; and it soon becomes evident that their hearts are filled with pride and envy. "The whole world runs after him," they say. But they know how to cloak their evil passions under a mantle of virtue. It is not their pride that is hurt, no; it is religion and the people that are in danger. "The Romans will come and take away our place and nation." Many speeches are made, but they all tend in the same direction; and the words of the High Priest are echoed from every bench, "It is better one man should die and that the whole nation perish not."

It only remains to discover some means by which they may get possession of Christ, without exciting a tumult among the people. They call in the aid of the money-changers, whose counters were overturned by our Lord in the Temple. One of these men is acquainted with Judas. He eagerly enters into the wicked designs of the court; he engages to test the fidelity of Judas, and by promises of gold to induce him to deliver up his Master. With this the debate is closed, and the curtain falls.

ACT III.

CHRIST IN BETHANIA BEFORE HIS PASSION.

TABLEAU I. YOUNG TOBIAS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS PARENTS. — *Tob.* v. 20–28. This tableau and the one that follows are intended to typify the parting of Christ from his blessed Mother and his friends in Bethania, when the hour of his passion had arrived. The young Tobias appears in the freshness of youth, with a sorrowful and dejected countenance. One hand he gives to the Archangel Raphael, who stands by his side; the other is held in the grasp of his weeping mother and of his old, blind

father. In the background is the paternal dwelling, and the maid servants are weeping at the door.

TABLEAU II. THE FORLORN BRIDE LAMENTS THE ABSENCE OF HER BELOVED.—*Cant.* v. 8–17. The scene is a garden in fairest bloom. The bride is there in her bridal robes. Around her are grouped the daughters of Jerusalem, arrayed in white with girdles of blue, and adorned with wreaths of flowers. In the midst of all this show of joyousness the bride is sad and disconsolate. She looks to the maidens for comfort, and they return her look with glances of sympathy. All the figures remain fixed as marble statues while the choral ode is sung.

"Wo ist ert hin? wo ist er hin,
Der Schöne aller Schönen?
Mein Auge weinet, ach! um ihn,
Der Liebe heisse Thränen.

'Ach, komme doch! ach, komme doch!
Sieh diese Thränen fliessen:
Geliebter! wie Du zögerst noch
Dich an mein Herz zu schliessen?

"Mein Auge forschet überall
Nach Dir auf allen Wegen;
Und mit der Sonne erstem Strahl
Eilt Dir mein Herz entgegen."

"Where is my love departed,
The fairest of the fair?
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love and grief and care.

"Ah, come again! ah, come again
To this deserted breast!
Beloved one! oh, why tarriest thou
Upon my heart to rest?

"By every path, on every way,
Mine eyes are strained to greet thee;
And with the earliest dawn of day
My heart leaps forth to meet thee."

The chorus retires, and Christ appears with his twelve apostles, in the village of Bethania, discoursing with them on his approaching passion. He is met by Simon, who invites him to come and sup at his house. The invitation is graciously accepted, and they all go out together. A moment after, the curtain of the inner stage rises, and we are shown a great hall in the house of Simon.

The supper table is laid. Our Lord enters with his apostles, and they take their seats. Martha waits upon the guests; while Mary Magdalen, bearing in her hand a box of precious ointment, softly enters the hall, and glances hastily around. As soon as her eyes fall on the figure of Christ she throws herself prostrate before him, and then, rising, pours the ointment over his head. Afterwards, breaking the box, she anoints his feet, and wipes them lovingly with her long and flowing hair.

Judas complains of the waste with an earnestness that half reveals his secret lust of money. He argues, with an air of piety, that the ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor. Some of the other apostles, too, though with greater composure of manner, condemn the waste, and murmur against Mary Magdalen. Then follows the gentle rebuke of Christ, in the words of Scripture: "Why trouble ye this woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me. For the poor you have always with you, but me you have not always."

Going forth from the supper-room, Christ meets his mother, who has come, attended by some faithful friends, to bid him a last farewell. The overwhelming grief of the mother, the tenderness and dignity of the Son, were portrayed in this scene with taste and feeling. Nevertheless I could not help thinking that the performance was here, for the first time, inadequate to the occasion. Indeed, the task was too much for human powers; and it is scarcely a censure to say that Franziska Flunger, who acted the part of our blessed Lady, failed to express fully that singular combination of love and grief and reverence which must have filled the heart of Mary when she stretched out her arms to embrace, for the last time, Him who was at once her son and her God.

ACT IV.

CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

TABLEAU. QUEEN VASTHI REJECTED BY ASSUERUS; ESTHER CHOSEN IN HER STEAD.—*Esther* i., ii. This tableau, which symbolizes the rejection of the Jews and the call of the Gentiles, is chiefly rendered effective by the beautiful chant of the chorus. When the curtain rises, King Assuerus, seated on his throne and surrounded by his courtiers, is seen in

the act of choosing for his queen the humble Esther, instead of Vasthi, whom he spurns for disobedience.

The choristers retire, and Christ is seen approaching with his apostles, on his last journey to Jerusalem. When he comes in sight of the unhappy city, he laments over it, and bewails its future desolation. Peter and John get instructions to go before and prepare the Passover. They set forth at once, having first, on their knees, received their Master's blessing. As the Saviour touches on the subject of his impending passion, Judas impudently asks if he will not make some provision for his disciples; and harps again on the wasteful expenditure of the three hundred pence. The other apostles look at him with an expression of surprise and indignation; the Saviour administers a gentle and tender rebuke.

Meanwhile they approach the city; but Judas lags behind. His fingers clutch the almost empty money-bag that hangs from his girdle; and he murmurs at his hard service and scanty reward. Avarice and discontent are gnawing at his heart. While he is dallying with his thoughts, the money-changers sent by the chief priests come to tempt him. First one, then another, appears upon the scene. For a time he is undecided. A conflict of good and evil is going on within him. He is restless and uneasy: one moment he listens to the insidious promises of the tempters; in the next, he seems to drive them away. He resolves, and he changes his mind. In the end he becomes desperate; he gives his word, appoints a time to appear before the Sanhedrim, and then hurries after his Divine Master to the supper-room This scene is admirable in every way; in the conception of the author as well as in the performance of the actor. It traces very intelligibly the headlong fall of Judas, and presents a fearful picture of the power which passion exercises when it once becomes dominant in the soul.

ACT V.

THE LAST SUPPER.

TABLEAU I. THE MANNA IN THE DESERT. — *Exod.* xvi. 4–15. The people of Israel are seen gathered together in the wilderness of Sin. Manna is coming down upon them from heaven, and they are looking up in wonder and thankfulness. Men, women, and children, to the number of about three hundred, clad in every variety of costume appropr ate to their condition in life, take part in this living picture, which is not less remarkable for the perfect stillness of each individual figure than for the artistic effect of the whole group. While the spectators gaze upon the scene with admiration, a choral ode explains the type, and reminds the audience that, whereas they who ate of the manna in the desert are dead, they who eat of the Living Bread in the New Covenant shall live forever.

TABLEAU II. THE GREAT BUNCH OF GRAPES CARRIED HOME FROM THE LAND OF CHANAAN. — *Numb.* xiii. 24. The inner stage is again crowded with the people of Israel, while through their midst a monster bunch of grapes is borne on a lever by two of the spies from the land of Chanaan; a beautiful figure of the Eucharist, which in like manner comes to weary wanderers in the desert as an earnest of the far-off Promised Land.

The reality quickly follows on the type. Peter and John, who were sent forward to make ready the Passover, appear in the streets of Jerusalem. They meet the man "carrying a pitcher of water." They accost him; and he takes them to his master. The supper-room is already laid out; and in a few minutes Christ arrives with the rest of the party. When he meets the goodman of the house he gives him his blessing, "Peace be with thee and with thy whole house." He then sits down to table with his twelve apostles.

The scene that follows exhibits, perhaps more than any other in the play, the deep Scriptural learning, and the rare artistic taste, which seem to have found a home in the valley of Ammergau. Not to speak of the dramatic difficulties that surround such a subject, every one knows that the mere arrangement of the incidents which cluster round the Last Supper has been a puzzle to commentators, from the beginning. It was necessary to make a choice between a great

variety of conflicting opinions; and the choice which has been made shows good judgment, and a minute knowledge of the sacred text. First comes the Paschal meal; towards the close of it, a strife arises among the apostles which of them shall be accounted the greatest; then follows the washing of the feet, in which our Lord gives a signal example of humility; next, the institution of the Eucharist; afterwards, the announcement is made that "one of you will betray me," but so that the apostles remain uncertain which of them it is; lastly, the sop is given, and Judas goes out.

Nothing could be more admirable than the air of majesty and solemn reverence with which the chief part in all these incidents was enacted by Joseph Mair. When he took the bread in his hands, and rising from the table, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and pronounced those sacred words so familiar to all Christians, the audience was hushed into breathless silence. He distributed the Eucharist to the twelve, beginning on his right hand, and going round to each in succession, until he came back again to his own place. The apostles, though they remained sitting, received it with extraordinary reverence; and when the Christ had passed by, each of them was seen with his head bowed down and his hands clasped in prayer. Judas alone was an exception, who acted his part in the ceremony with a cold formality and a look of conscious guilt.

Soon after the distribution of the Eucharist followed the words of Christ, "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray me." Grief and alarm are depicted on every face. One after another, they ask, stretching over the table, "Is it I, Lord?" He answers, "One of the twelve, one who dippeth his hand with me in the dish." Even Judas tries to assume an air of concern, and asks, though not with the same earnestness as the rest, "Master, is it I?" The answer is given to himself, and is not perceived by the other apostles, at least not by all of them, "Thou hast said it." Then John, leaning on the bosom of Christ, asks, at the suggestion of Peter, "Who is it, Lord?" He receives, but only for himself, the answer, "It is he to whom I shall give the morsel of bread when I have dipped it." And the sop is given to Judas with the words, "What thou dost, do quickly." Judas receives it, and hastens out of the room, with a desperate resolve depicted on his countenance to finish the deed of evil he has begun.

The apostles, still uncertain who the traitor is, are startled at the sudden departure of Judas, and their suspicions are aroused. Thomas at once asks, "Where is Judas gone?" Various suggestions are made, but the subject is not pursued; for Christ takes up the discourse with the words, "My little children, yet a little while I am with you. You shall seek me, and as I said to the Jews, 'Whither I go you cannot come,' so I say to you now. A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love one for another." Then Peter cries out with great earnestness, "Lord, whither goest thou?" The Saviour answers, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow hereafter." Hereupon Peter protests, "Why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thee." But Christ replies, with a look of admonition, "Thou wilt lay down thy life for me! Amen, amen, I say to thee, before the cock shall crow thou wilt deny me thrice." After these words they say a prayer in common, and all go out together on the way to Gethsemane.

ACT VI.

TREACHERY OF JUDAS

TABLEAU. JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN. *Gen.* xxxvii. 25–31. The wilderness of Dothain is again before us. Joseph has been drawn out of the pit, and is standing

in the background, imploring for mercy by his looks. But he implores in vain; he has been sold by his brothers for twenty pieces of silver: a fitting type of the Saviour of the world, sold for money by his chosen disciple. The Ismaelite merchants are seen in the act of paying down the price of blood. On one side are their camels laden with merchandise; on the other some of Joseph's brothers are staining his many-colored coat in the blood of a kid. The chant of the chorus is simple and touching.

"'Was bietet für den Knaben ihr?'
So sprechen Brüder, 'wenn euch wir
Ihn käuflich übergeben?'
Sie geben bald, um den Gewinn
Von zwanzig Silberlingen hin,
Des Bruders Blut and Leben.

"'Was gebet ihr? wie lohnt ihr mich?'
Spricht der Iskariot, 'wenn ich
Den Meister euch verrathe?'
Um dreissig Silberlinge schliesst
Den Blutbund er, und Jesus ist
Verkauft dem hohen Rathe.

"Was hier sich uns vor Augen stellt
Ist ein getreues Bild der Welt:
Wie oft habt ihr durch eure Thaten
Auch euren Gott verkauft, verrathen!"

"'What will you give us for the lad?'
So Joseph's wicked brethren said,
'Him at our hands receiving?'
Soon on the sum they are agreed,
For twenty silver pieces' meed
Their brother's life-blood giving.

"'What will you give for my reward,'
Iscariot saith, 'if I my Lord
Betray to you for gold?'
The bond, the bond of blood is signed,
And Christ is to his foes consigned,
His precious life-blood sold.

"A scene of woe; yet much I fear
A picture of the world is here:
How oft have ye in deeds denied him,
How oft betrayed and crucified him!"

When the music has ceased the curtain rises, and we find ourselves again in the presence of the high court of the Sanhedrim, with the chief priests and the Pharisees assembled in council. Judas is brought before them. After some debate a bargain is agreed to; and he engages to deliver Christ into their hands for thirty pieces of silver. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus raise their voices against this iniquitous proceeding. But they only bring down upon themselves the angry maledictions of Caiphas; and finding that their protest is of no avail, they leave the court.

In the mean time the money is brought in by one of the scribes, and counted out to Judas. Nervously he clutches each coin as it drops on the table, and counts the whole over again with an eagerness that forcibly portrays the absorbing passion of his soul. A time and place are appointed for the deed of treachery, and the wretched man, buckling on his money-bag to his girdle, hurries away from the scene of his guilty compact. The Pharisees, however, too wise in the wisdom of the world to trust a traitor's word, appoint one of their number to keep him in sight. Congratulations are now exchanged between the members of the council on the success of their plans for the capture of Christ; and as the curtain falls the cry is raised on every side, "To death with him, to death with him, the enemy of our fathers!"

ACT VII.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

TABLEAU I. ADAM TOILING FOR HIS BREAD IN THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW. — *Gen.* iii. 17–19 This picture is intended to shadow forth the agony of our Lord on the Mount of Olives. As Adam was condemned, in punishment for sin, to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, so too, in punishment for sin, the Redeemer was covered with a sweat of blood in the Garden of Gethsemane. When the curtain rises, Adam, clothed in sheepskins, is seen laboriously tilling the earth. In one hand he holds a spade, with the other he wipes the sweat from his forehead. Eve sits mournfully by with a baby in her arms. Two of her children, in the background, are tearing up thorns and thistles; two others, of more tender years, are playing with a lamb; and one holds an apple in its hand. The chorus interprets the type and points the moral of the scene.

TABLEAU II. JOAB, ON PRETENCE OF EMBRACING AMASA, PLUNGES A SWORD INTO HIS BODY. — 2 *Kings* xx. 8–10. Joab, captain of the host of David, is seen near the rock of Gabaon, greeting Amasa with a kiss, while at the same time he basely murders him; a striking type of Judas, who by a kiss delivers up Christ into the hands of his enemies. This tableau gives occasion to a highly poetical address to the rocks of Gabaon.

When the choral chant is ended the garden of Gethsemane is disclosed to view on the inner stage. From behind the scenes Christ advances with

his apostles, and the agony begins. Leaving the rest of his apostles behind, he takes with him Peter, James, and John, and he says to them, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with me." Then going to a little distance, he prays. "Father, thou canst do all things: if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will be done, but thine." Three times he repeats this prayer, and three times he falls to the earth, worn out with suffering and fatigue. In the depth of his bitter agony an angel comes from heaven to comfort him. But when at length he rises from the earth, drops of blood stand out upon his face and trickle down upon his purple robe. All this time his chosen apostles sleep, and when awakened they sleep again.

But Judas, who sleeps not, comes now with a crowd of soldiers and attendants, and saluting his divine Master, betrays him with a kiss. The soldiers are seized with a sudden awe; at the sound of the Saviour's voice they start back and fall prostrate to the ground. Peter, with characteristic impetuosity, draws his sword and cuts off the ear of Malchus. For this he is reproved by Christ, and the wounded man is made whole. Then the soldiers, gathering courage from the gentle words and looks of the Saviour, surround him, bind his hands behind his back, and lead him off captive to the city. The terrified apostles fly in all directions; but after a little, Peter and John cautiously venture back, and follow the procession at a distance.

This scene, in which the figure and face of Joseph Mair presented, in a surprising degree, that air of serene majesty and patient resignation which has been already noticed, brought home to every mind the utter loneliness and desolation of our Lord in the Garden of Olives. The vast audience was deeply and sensibly affected. None could behold without emotion that sad, pale face bedewed with blood, and that stately form bowed down to the earth from intensity of suffering. For a few minutes the time and place were forgotten; the theatre and the stage disappeared from view, and the sad reality itself was alone present to the mind, and pictured on the imagination.

At this point an interval of an hour was allowed for rest and refreshment. It was a quarter to twelve o'clock, and the play had gone on continuously for nearly four hours, without the slightest hesitation or failure on the part of the performers, without any symptom of lassitude or inattention on the part of the audience. A change of scene was welcome to every one, and a release from the hard benches of the theatre. In a few minutes the streets of the village were filled with busy groups of men and women; greetings were hurriedly exchanged; and many availed themselves of the opportunity to snatch a hasty repast.

ACT VIII.

CHRIST BEFORE ANNAS.

At half past twelve the great multitude was again pouring into the theatre, and before the hour had expired all were in their places, as eager and attentive under the fierce glare of the meridian sun, as they had been six hours before, when his first joyous rays shone out above the hills on the east. We had not long to wait. In a few minutes the boom of a gun announced that the second division of the play was about to begin; and while its echoes still lingered among the mountains, the chorus advanced from either side and sang a plaintive ode, bringing back to our recollection the last sad scene of Gethsemane.

TABLEAU. MICHEAS, THE PROPHET, STRUCK ON THE CHEEK FOR SPEAKING THE TRUTH BEFORE KING ACHAB. — 3 *Kings* xxii. 10-24. The curtain rises, and a royal court is disclosed to view. Achab and Josaphat are seated on thrones and clothed in royal apparel. Before them is a crowd of courtiers and false prophets. The chief of these, Sedecias, is seen in the act of smiting on the cheek Micheas, a prophet of the Lord, because he had ventured to speak unwelcome truth. This picture foreshadows the coming scene, in which the Saviour is

(To be concluded next month.)

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER VI.—LACE.

Its Ancient Origin.—The Beautiful Aimer.—Monkish Embroiderers.—English Honiton.—Men Lace-Workers.—The Sword and the Needle.—Lady Arabella Denny.—First Lace School.—Irishwomen during the Famine.—The Ursuline Convent in Cork.—Enterprising Women.—Torchon Lace Making in Mayo.—Degenerate Taste.—Machine-made Lace.—A Parisian Market.—Kenmare.—The Convent of Poor Clares.—Faulty Designs.—Exhibition in Cork.—South Kensington and the Cork School of Art.—Method of Instruction.—A Strong Indictment and a Defence.—The Pope's Jubilee Gift.—How He Wore It.—High Repute of Needlework in Ancient Times.—Laws Protecting Needlewomen.—St. Patrick.—An Irish "Smocke."—Legislation for Irishmen's Shirts.—National Love of Finery.

THE cultivation of lace, as a distinct branch of labor in Ireland, dates from a distant origin. In feudal times, knightly families were in the habit of sending their daughters to the castles of their suzerain lords, there to be trained to spin, weave, and embroider, under the eye of the châtelaine, a custom very prevalent in all primitive countries, and continued in France up to the time of the Revolution. Great ladies prided themselves on the number of their maidens, and passed their mornings in singing ballads, and chatting over their work; the poetry of the time is full of allusions to such industry. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for this sedentary occupation, for, in the olden time, the swampy state of the country and the absence of roads, save those traversed by pack-horses during the fine season, and the deficiency of all suitable out-door exercise but that of hawking, caused women to while away their time within doors the best way they could. Nations far removed from civilization were not ignorant of needlework. The women of Ireland never lost the skill in embroidery and lace-making which they possessed as far back as the days when the beautiful Aimer was courted by the champion of the Red Branch Knights. This lady was found by Cuhulan in the midst of her maidens, working with the needle, and he was smitten by her attractions. Whoever reads the pathetic legend of the sixth century, will see that, in those days, no small amount of cultivation was bestowed on the manufacture to which Irishwomen are still addicted. Needlework was the daily employment of the convent, the sanctuaries of many noble ladies, in days when insecurity of life and property made them the best resting-place. Nor was the occupation confined to women; we read of monks who were commended for their skill in embroidery as well as missal painting. In the literature of the sixteenth century, there are several references to men working at frames. In the matter of personal decoration, the vanity of man is on a level with that of the fair sex. This was strikingly exhibited in the days of Louis XV., of France, the æsthetic epoch of the past, when men wore ruffles of gorgeous patterns sewn on their cuffs, collars, and even boots, when frequently they were wanting in the matter of a shirt. Queen Anne, who was a great martinet in trifles, was in the habit of marshalling her servants before her every day, that she might see their ruffles were clean, and periwigs dressed. Footmen wore gold and silver bags and lace ruffles. The valet was only distinguished from his master by being better dressed, and a critic of that time complained that roast beef was banished from the kitchen, because the powdered footmen would not touch it for fear of daubing their lace ruffles.

Irish lace stands on much the same footing as the English Honiton, the latter introduced by Flemish settlers about the end of the sixteenth century, who found a refuge in Devonshire, when the persecution of the bloody Duke of Alva drove them from their country. Both industries have declined from the same reason, — competition with machine-made lace, which looks very well, and can be purchased for a much less sum. A veil of Honiton lace costs as much as one hundred pounds. The working of embroidery was not confined to monks in the olden time; in Devonshire, boys, until they attained the age of fifteen, and were competent to work in the fields, attended the lace schools daily. Men, especially sailors returned from sea, would again resume the employment of their boyhood, and in this way add to their weekly gains. There were twenty-four men lace-workers in the village of Woodbury, as late as 1820. Some of the greatest generals of the French Republic, Hoche and Moreau, added to their pay by embroidering satin waistcoats, long after they entered the military service.

In the middle of the last century, Lady Arabella Denny took an interest in the industrial condition of Ireland, and had the children of the Dublin workhouse taught the art of lace-making, but the industry did not spread till necessity gave it wings. The first school of lace in Ireland dates from 1823, known as the Bath and Shirley School. It was founded by two sisters, who at first held their class in an outhouse of their brother's farm; but, their efforts being crowned with success, they afterwards built a school in the village of Culloville, and, in 1846, encouraged by this example, the manager of the Bath and Shirley estates erected large schools at Carrickmacross. They have long been famous for beautiful *applique* work, and are, perhaps, the only schools which continued to flourish at a time when others in the country, owing to various causes, had almost ceased to exist. At the present time, there are about one hundred and thirty workers employed, who can earn from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* a day. After the famine of 1847, the eagerness to obtain means of support was so pressing, that a perfect clamor for employment arose.

It was then the ladies of Ireland showed that sympathy for their poorer brethren which has done them honor. Ireland has a well-developed female power, which only wants organizing to make it an effective force in the state. Individually, the members of this body are making numerous efforts to assist in the elevation of their country. It is to be regretted that they do not associate and systematize their schemes. Neither enterprise, capital, labor, nor the demand for work is wanting. These exist in abundance, but artistic cultivation is absent, and without it, individual effort, no matter how earnest, must ultimately prove abortive. The old race of Ireland wants something from its legislators; its women beg for a boon that can easily be granted; the government should provide what those of most continental countries have been doing for some time past, namely, a connected and organized system of instruction.

When the famine of 1847 devastated the country, Irishwomen

were inspired with an energy to work that was truly surprising. Wherever there was a female hand it was set in motion, and generally it seized a needle and wielded it vigorously for bread. Women of the upper ranks developed an extraordinary skill in needlework, and also an aptitude to turn it to profitable account. The repose of aristocratic society and the leisure of the cloister were disturbed. Ladies burst the bonds of conventionalism and went regularly into business, to procure remunerative occupation for their destitute sisters. Lace industry, like water springs, burst up in several places; schools for embroidery, crochet, knitting, netting, tatting, etc., were established all over the country. The monthly earnings at crochet ranged from six shillings to fifteen shillings, and kept steadily increasing for three years; it attained its highest scale of remuneration in 1857. The employment freely propagated itself and settled down in several counties, Cork, Clones, and Monaghan becoming the most important, and they still maintain their distinctive character. There were as many as three hundred thousand women employed in sewed muslin work and twenty thousand in lace manufacture. These constituted a grand force, available for the benefit of the Irish community, and in the hour of necessity they effected a good service. When men's hands were useless, girls' fingers, by means of this lace work, provided for families. The ladies of the Ursuline Convent in Cork supported many poor girls during the famine; the work is still continued, though its sale has fallen off considerably, owing to machine-made goods.

There are, at present, several ladies of high culture and notable sincerity doing valiant service in the cause; but it is to be regretted that there are a large number of their sisters in Dublin, and especially in Cork, not animated with a sufficient love of country to join in this good work. Among the ladies whose names will be honored by posterity are those of Mrs. Hall Dare, of Wexford, who, about the year 1867, came to London to learn lace-making, in order to instruct her village girls. Her plan is to set before her pupils some old lace of a superior workmanship, and imitate the original pattern. Miss Keane, of Cappoquin, about the same time started a lace class, adopting a similar plan; this lady states that she got her women to unravel some old Venetian rose point, and in this way acquired the method of producing a similar article. Mrs. Vere O'Brien, of Limerick, has gone a step further, by putting herself into communication with the best London houses, providing good designs and endeavoring to revive the drooping trade of Limerick lace, once so celebrated.

The torchon lace-making in Mayo, presided over by Mrs. Dawson, is reported to be progressing favorably. This lady obtained good patterns from abroad, and having received a loan of twenty pounds from a friend in England, started, in 1884, with four workers; these have now increased to forty. In the production of the torchon lace, nothing but Irish flax thread is used, which is supplied at cost price by Messrs. Barbour. The workers earn from sixpence to eightpence a day; one even earning 1*s.* 1*d.* a day. This lace, from its great durability, is eminently suited to the trimming of underlinen, and as

it is moderate in price, it is sure of a market, which cannot always be found for the more costly varieties.

About fifty years ago, Limerick lace was taught, and even thirty years ago, there was a large factory which gave employment to about five hundred women. The character of the work degenerated — the material latterly used was much coarser, and more suitable for furniture than dress. The only exception to this deterioration was some work of ecclesiastical character, produced by the Convent of the Good Shepherd. Several of the convents of the South are doing their best in the same direction. Mrs. O'Brien complains of the want of young hands, and is bravely sending some of her skilled workers to Tralee, Cork, and other towns, to teach the finer kinds of lace. We earnestly urge our fair compatriots, never wanting in sympathy, imagination or ability, to organize themselves into a compact body, just as the ladies of the Primrose League have done in London, to form corresponding branches in America and the colonies, where they will find sympathy; to formulate their wants, furnish the Press with printed slips of information, containing reports of their doings, approved of by a representative central body, and to get their wants laid before the House of Commons by their respective representatives, and, having done this, to march shoulder to shoulder till they have obtained their end. Much has been done in the cause of those industries in which women are employed by the unflagging energy of Miss A. I. Gould, a lady who has written largely and ably on the subject. If Irish women can get the special training, which it is the solemn duty of the state to furnish, there is no reason why Ireland should not be in the British dominions what Vosges, Ypres, Malines, and Valence are in their respective countries.

Doubtless, the fluctuations in the demand for hand-made lace are largely owing to the somewhat degenerate taste of the present day, when women are content to smother their costumes in miles of a common, cheap lace, which would have filled their grandmothers with horror. Quantity and not quality seems to be the desideratum of a large majority, while many women cannot distinguish machine-made from hand-made lace. That all are not equally ignorant or degenerate, is satisfactory to the lace-workers of Ireland. "It is all nonsense," remarks a writer in the Irish Textile Journal, commenting on the subject, "talking about machine-made lace having driven hand-made lace off the field. One might as well say that the invention of electro-plating or of Britannia metal destroyed the goldsmith's trade. I do not exaggerate when I say that, in Paris alone, there is a sufficiently large market to take in all the hand-made lace made in Ireland, either as it comes from the cottagers or made up into handkerchiefs and other articles. There are many large dressmaking establishments whose proprietors would be glad indeed to enter into communication with the London depot; but the better plan would be for the 'Cottage Industries' to open a small place in Paris under some less apologetic name and work the Paris market systematically."

Lace Making in our next issue.

A New Era of Prosperity.

It is the opinion of many close observers of the times that this country has entered upon a new era of prosperity. One of the chief reasons for this belief that they cite is, that wheat values, which, with the exception of two or three instances of temporary abnormal inflation, have, for a number of years past, been unusually low, must, in the future, inevitably maintain a higher range, owing to the simple fact that our home consumption is increasing much more rapidly than the production of wheat — that there will be less new land to subdue, less bonanza wheat farming, and a greater diversification of crops in the future than in the past. As the prosperity of the country depends upon that of the farming community, it is easy to see that a steady, legitimate advance in the price of breadstuffs, under the conditions cited, would inevitably bring better times to the people. Increase of home consumption is the factor upon which the farmers and millers must mainly rely to enhance their prosperity. The foreign market will cut much less of a figure in the future than heretofore, and the sooner those who are banking so heavily upon it now arrive at an understanding of this fact, the more contented in mind will they be.— *The Modern Miller.*

Rights and Dignity of Labor.

Cardinal Manning, continuing his contribution to Short Cuts on the "Rights and Dignity of Labor," begins by saying: "First of all, I claim for labor the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly our own. It is altogether and entirely personal. I also claim for labor (and the skill which is always acquired by labor) the rights of capital. The capital of money, and the capital of strength and of skill must be united together, or we can have no production and no progress, and, therefore, labor and capital must ride on the same horse. Whatever rights, then, capital possesses, labor possesses." Referring to the hours of labor, he says: "I am one of those who are of opinion that the hours of labor must be further regulated by law. I know the difficulty of the subject, but I say the application of unchecked political economy to the hours of labor must be met and checked by a moral condition. Then as to children, I will ask is it possible for a child to be educated who becomes a full-timer at ten, or even twelve years of age? Can a child be educated in the agricultural districts, when, at the age of nine, he or she may be sent out into the fields to work? I would also ask, can a woman train her children when she has to work sixty hours a week in a factory?" The Cardinal concludes in the following words: "These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The piling up of wealth like mountains in the possession of classes or of individuals cannot go on, if these moral conditions of our people are not healed."

With the Brigade of Mercy.

THERE is, at present, on a visit to this country, a man of remarkable character and experience. He is the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and Northern Borneo. The stirring scenes of battle, massacre, and hardship through which he has passed, during the last ten years, recall to Americans the deeds of Jogues, Marquette, Allouez, and the rest of that heroic line.

Father Jackson is a Josephite missionary. The object of his visit from Borneo to the United States is to solicit aid for the work of Christianity in that far-off land. He was in Providence, R. I., a short time since, and I had the pleasure of an interview with him at the Episcopal residence of Bishop Harkins. I found the visitor one of the kindliest and most lovable of men. He wears a flowing beard and is an Englishman by birth. He is of medium height, quick and lithe in his movements, and impresses the observer as a man of great administrative ability. Underneath his gentle exterior and happy ways is as courageous a heart as ever beat in human breast.

Father Jackson was a military chaplain with the British forces during the recent trouble in Afghanistan, and participated in every battle of that trying period. The press teems with the deeds of Stanley and Serpa Pinto, in Africa; but these pale before the fearlessness displayed in Afghanistan and Borneo by this humble, unsung priest. Father Jackson was born in Preston, Lancashire, in 1844, and entered Mill Hill College, London, when he was thirty-two years of age. After four years of close study, he was ordained to the priesthood. This was about 1880.

Hostilities having begun in Afghanistan, he was sent out to minister to the Catholic soldiers among the British. Four other priests had gone before him; but one of them, while proceeding to attend a dying trooper, was, by mistake, fired upon by a sentinel and killed. It was given out by the government that he had died of dysentery; but the real facts have recently come to light. Father Jackson was directed to proceed to Karochi, on the Arabian Sea, and was informed, that, upon his arrival there, he would receive orders as to his future course. After an eventful journey he arrived at Karochi; but, owing to the troubled state of affairs, he found no orders awaiting him. His subsequent career was so remarkable, and so fraught with interest, that it deserves the widest publicity. I, therefore, tell it to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE as it was modestly told me by this heroic missionary himself.

After being detained several days at Karochi, Father Jackson finally received a message telling him to proceed to Candahar, the base of military operations on the part of the British. Now, Candahar was many miles distant, across a dreary, trackless desert. There was no means of getting there except by accompanying one of the provision convoys which went out at intervals of a few weeks. He, accordingly, attached himself to one of these and started. The convoy comprised

some fifty or one hundred huge carts, drawn by bullocks and guarded by Sepoys. Most of the latter could speak no English. Many days were consumed in this journey. It seemed an age to Father Jackson, who was anxious to get to work among the soldiers as quickly as possible. One day the convoy halted in the desert, uncertain how to proceed. The trail had been lost, and there were no indications that white men had ever been that way before. A couple of Sepoys were, accordingly, sent forward to examine the ground. In a few hours the scouts returned. One of them, who could speak a little English said, as he waved his hand to the northward:

"On right track. Signs of white man."

The convoy promptly resumed its march. Upon arriving at the "signs" mentioned, they found a heap of empty Bass's ale bottles. This was construed as signifying that a regiment had passed that way. In due time, Father Jackson arrived at Quetta, a frontier station, where there was a British camp. He found that he was not expected, and that no arrangements had been made to receive him. Worse than this, he was told no non-combatant could pass the lines without a permit from the commander-in-chief. This was a sad blow to Father Jackson's hopes, after the long weeks spent on the journey. After considerable delay at the frontier camp, he, at length, succeeded in obtaining permission to proceed. He accompanied a regiment *en route* to Candahar, where he volunteered in his ministerial capacity. Gen. Roberts cordially received him, and tacitly recognized him as a military chaplain. He soon became a favorite with officers and men, and found ample work in his new sphere.

After some weeks in Candahar, he was called upon for duty on the field of battle. An order went forth one night, that a special brigade should be at once organized for active work against the enemy. Some of the officers thought that it was merely intended as a *reconnaissance* in force, and that there would be no fighting. Others, however, shook their heads gravely, and feared a bloody struggle. Father Jackson sought the commander-in-chief for information. He said, that, if there was to be fighting, it was his duty and desire to accompany the brigade. The general replied, that he thought there would be fighting, and, consequently, heavy loss of life. Father Jackson, upon hearing this, immediately arranged his affairs, and went forth with the troops. Owing to the intense heat, the marches were made at night. It was, even then, an awful ordeal, on account of the yielding sands and other perils. Many of the men died on the way, and were hastily buried by their comrades. When about forty miles out of Candahar, a large force of the enemy was sighted. Gen. Burrows saw, at once, that his force of two thousand was greatly outnumbered by the Afghans, who had, at least, eight thousand men drawn up. It was thought, however, that the superior skill and discipline of the British would prevail against the "barbarians." At the outset, the British were encumbered with a train of over one thousand camels, carrying all their supplies.

The Afghans opened with artillery, and as the boom of their

heavy guns reverberated, it was found that they had thirty-two cannon, against eight possessed by the British. Beside this, the Afghans were fighting on their native ground, against a foe they had learned to detest. The battle commenced about nine o'clock, A. M., and lasted for six long hours. The heat of the sun was frightful in its intensity, and was only equalled by the tremendous and repeated onslaughts of the Afghans. The British soldiers fell before the deadly fire of the enemy, or dropped from sheer exhaustion, owing to the dreadful heat. In the rear of the British position, concealed by an eminence, was a dry river-course. A large force of Afghans stealthily concealed themselves in this, and, at a turning-point in the battle, suddenly sprang up, spreading consternation among the British. The latter, dismayed, broke and fled, leaving their dead, and many of their wounded on the field.

The panic increased, and, to add to the confusion, nobody seemed to know the direction to take to get back to Candahar. The only thing that saved them from utter annihilation, was the cupidity of the Afghans The latter seized upon the camels and stores, intent only on plunder. The pursuit was, accordingly, temporarily abandoned, and the flying British were thus given an opportunity to escape. During all this time, Father Jackson was everywhere; absolving the dying, cheering the wounded, and encouraging those who had escaped injury. The shades of night finally descended upon the scene, and the weary fugitives dropped upon the sands to snatch a little rest. Some of them, alas! never rose again. So many perished thus of wounds and exhaustion, that for miles the great plain was strewn, for weeks afterward, with rotting corpses.

Father Jackson was among those who fell upon the sands, fully expecting that night would be his last. How long he slept he knew not, but he was suddenly awakened by voices in the distance. He concluded that it was a detachment of the enemy and resigned himself to his fate. As the voices came nearer, however, he recognized that they spoke English. His hopes thus revived. After some delay, the party arrived near where he was. They proved to be a lot of wounded men, with ghastly faces, riding on a gun carriage. He hailed them and asked to be taken up. After great difficulty, they made room for him, and then slowly proceeded towards Candahar. Every little while a poor fellow would give up the struggle, and asked to be placed on the ground to die. Finally, after terrible suffering, the remnant, including Father Jackson, reached Candahar and safety. Of the two thousand men who had started out in all the gay panoply of war, thirteen hundred never returned. The Afghans immediately invested Candahar, and it looked for weeks as though the city would have to surrender. One day a sortie was made. Father Jackson, the brave priest, was with the men as usual; and his presence cheered them on. The sortie did not change matters, however, and once again the Afghans closed around the city. After terrible weeks of anxious waiting, expected re-enforcements for the British were heard from. They made their approach known by heliographic signals which were sent flashing over the hills. Interpreted by the garrison, they read:

"We are coming three thousand strong; another division ten miles in our rear, five thousand strong."

The Afghans were now between two fires, and were put to flight. In the meantime, the victims of the great battle, weeks previously, were still where they had fallen, exposed to the weather, the vultures, and decay. As soon as possible a "Brigade of Mercy" was organized to go out on that disastrous field, gather up the dead, and suitably inter them. Father Jackson went with this brigade as chaplain. The route of the awful retreat was easily traced by the bones of the dead soldiers and bodies in all stages of decay. An immense excavation was dug, the remains collected and placed therein, and mercifully covered from sight by the gentle earth. This done, Father Jackson celebrated a military Requiem Mass over the crowded trenches of the dead. The Afghans made the country so hot for England, that she was finally obliged to abandon her design to appropriate it.

Upon the conclusion of hostilities, Father Jackson was requested by Pope Leo XIII., to attempt the formation of a mission in Borneo. He cheerfully accepted the charge, and was made a Prefect-Apostolic. Borneo is about seven times as large as Ireland, and is situated on the equator between China and Australia. The result of the mission thus is best told in Father Jackson's own words:

"I and my assistants went to Borneo, with hardly any temporal resources, and knowing nothing of the many languages spoken by the native tribes. To get into the country, some of my missionaries were obliged to go out to sea in rude, native boats, and after being repeatedly shipwrecked, were landed by Pagan boatmen on the coast, and then, at the peril of their lives, had to make long and dangerous journeys to unknown and almost inaccessible places, wading through rivers infested by crocodiles, climbing precipitous mountain ranges, and walking, for days together, through immense bogs and marshes. In the daytime they sometimes fainted from exhaustion and the intense heat, and at night-time they were stung to madness by the sand-flies, mosquitoes, and other insects which abound in Borneo jungles. In some of the tribes human sacrifices are offered. They have a custom of killing people in order to obtain their skulls. It is from this custom they have obtained the name of 'Head Hunters.' But not withstanding the barbarous customs that exist among them, they have many good qualities; they are truthful and honest, and have a great affection for their children. Polygamy is almost unknown among them. Despite difficulties almost insurmountable, my missionaries have learned several of the unwritten languages used by the native tribes, and have established eight stations or centres of work among them. In these places active missionary work is going on. Up to the present time, about five hundred heathens have been carefully instructed and baptized. Over one hundred and thirty native children are living with us, and are being educated as Christians. With the help of God, I and my heroic band of missionaries are willing to continue to live, as most of us have been obliged to do since landing in Borneo, in a state of semi-starvation, and in the midst of privations and dangers of all sorts; but

we earnestly beg for help to carry on this work, which the Vicar of Christ has given us to do amongst the most spiritually destitute people that exist anywhere in the world."

Such, in brief, is a sketch of Father Jackson's energetic labors since his ordination ten years ago. It is a record of heroic sacrifices, unselfish devotion, and wonderful sublimity. Happily conceived, fearlessly pursued, and successfully executed, his great undertaking will be a monument to his memory for many centuries to come.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

The Acids of Fruits

MR. GEORGE W. JOHNSON, in his Chemistry of the World, says, in describing the "vegetable food of the world:" "The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and bin-oxalate of potash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange, and other species of the genus *Citrus* is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of the cherry, plum, apple, and pear, from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants, black, red, and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic, and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow; and that of the cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingredient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber being offensive to some stomachs. It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains bin-oxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. It is this ingredient which renders this fruit so wholesome at the early commencement of the summer, and this is one of the wise provisions of Nature for supplying a blood purifier at a time when it is likely to be most needed.

"Beet root owes its nutritious quality to about nine per cent. of sugar which it contains, and its flavor to a peculiar substance containing nitrogen mixed with pectica cid. The carrot owes its fattening powers also to the sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horse radish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains fourteen and one-half per cent. of sugar and three per cent. of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing; and lastly, garlic, and the rest of the onion family, derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile, acrid oil; but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous substances not yet clearly defined."

WIFE (at breakfast table)—"George, dear, why do all the defaulting bank clerks from the far West go to Canada?" Husband (who is Emeritus professor of geography)—"Because, my dear, though there is less longitude there they have more latitude."

Celtic Influence in America.

THE London Westminster Review: — The Irish in America are already counted by millions. They are scattered in large numbers in every state, from Boston to San Francisco, from Washington to New Orleans. They have settled in immense numbers along the Alleghany Mountains, by the shores of the lakes, and in the gold-fields of the far West. In many states, the highest, the most important, and the most coveted positions are in the hands of Irishmen. Members of congress, senators, the great executive functionaries, the police, the bar, the bench, are all largely recruited from the ranks of the Catholic Church, which, as Macaulay observed, has been more than recompensed in the New World, for what she has lost in the Old, which, in point of numbers is the national church of the states, and which holds out every promise of becoming, in every point, the national church of the future. The loftiest and most sacred functions are filled by ecclesiastics of Irish extraction, or of Irish birth. In a word, the Catholic Church in the states has been founded, fostered, formed for a magnificent future by Irish exiles. We may safely surmise that at present there are in the states from fifty million to sixty million of people; we may likewise venture to state that of these from twelve million to thirteen million are, probably, of Irish blood or of Irish birth. Among every half-dozen Yankees, there is at least one bound by some ties to Ireland. And now comes the question: Is the Republic in any way deeply indebted to these Irish citizens? Have they, with their large numbers, high social standing, great places of trust, contributed aught to her glory or added aught to her commercial greatness, refined her social taste, or assisted in laying the foundation of the real happiness of her people, the real security of her laws, the influence of her divine virtues, which more than anything else gives power and permanency to a naissant and mighty nation? The answer is unquestionably affirmative. We have only to look back on the past, and to scan the present state of American affairs to feel certain of this.

Gregory the Great.

THE thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great, that is, of his accession to the Papal See, in the year 590, will be commemorated in Rome by the holding of a Liturgical Congress. The programme of this congress will embrace Christian art, architecture, music, ritual, archæology, etc. The theological and juridical section will treat of the relations of liturgy with Dogma and Canon Law. The archæological and historical section will be concerned with the ancient monuments of Christianity, and with liturgy at the time when the Catacombs were still in use. The section of music will study the Gregorian chant, classic polyphony, or multiplicity of sounds, and modern music. The section of decorative art will embrace architecture, painting, sculpture, gold and silver ornaments, embroideries, etc. Furthermore, special feasts for this centenary will be held in many of the ancient basilicas in Rome associated with the memory of St. Gregory the Great.

A Visit to St. Joseph's Home for the Aged,

NEW YORK CITY.

O WONDROUS Catholic Church! What mind can conceive, what tongue may tell the universality of thy charities? Thou art universal in time and space, and thy charities are equally boundless. On the day of the Pentecostal fire thou wert universal, for, from the beginning thou containedst within thyself, morally, the power of universality. Now, thy dominion is the limits of the earth, for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered, and the Gospel preached everywhere. Some countries that possessed the faith have lost it, and the loss is theirs; others were stiff-necked, and were but partially converted. These retain, in large part, their old paganism, and are outside of civilization, dying, still dying, in spite of the greatness of their empire and the vastness of their population.

There is absolutely no stage of human existence wanting in the universal charity of the Catholic Church. From the cradle to the grave, and beyond it, that divine charity, like the breath of the living God, is spread over all. There is no ill that flesh is heir to, no disease, however repulsive or loathsome, uncovered by the mantle of this charity. The rich, in their lives of luxury and ease, and corrupting idleness, are enclosed in this all-embracing charity, as well as the poor and distressed, the deaf and mute, the blind, the lame, the leper, the social outcast, the insane, the ignorant, the wounded on the battle-field, the fever and cholera-stricken, the widowed and the orphaned, the Jew and Gentile, white and colored; all, all are alike objects of the universal charity of that tender Mother, the Catholic Church.

This charity is both natural and supernatural; but as the lesser is always contained in the greater, the natural charity of the Catholic Church has, in every instance, a supernatural character as its basis, wanting in which it would be nothing more than common regard for humanity that would fling a dime to a beggar to be rid of him.

New York City is generally conceded to be the second Catholic city of the world; this, in point of Catholic population, which is about six hundred thousand; but in many respects it might justly be classed as the first Catholic city of the world. Among its many charities, St. Joseph's Home for the Aged (women) is quite a peculiar kind of institution; it is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The Superior is Sister Mary Magdalena, a beloved Sister who makes every use possible of the social position and distinction of her friends for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home. She is ably seconded in all her works of charity by Sister Carmelita. If these two daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, and spiritual children of St. Joseph, are not fit to bring the great work of their lives to a successful issue, where are we to find others more deserving of success?

About twenty-two years ago, a Catholic lady, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of New York City, seeing the miserable condition of some distressed, aged women, determined on founding a place where the wants

of this class of women might be alleviated. For this purpose she furnished money to the late Mother Jerome, and four cottages were purchased on West Fifteenth street, and thus was laid the foundation of the noble Home that now shelters some three hundred and fifteen aged women. The cottages were very fine and very home-like, but they soon proved what might have been expected, altogether inadequate for the purposes for which they were intended. The late Thomas Devine, of New York City, was so pleased with St. Joseph's Home, and being particularly devoted to the great St. Joseph, bequeathed ten thousand dollars to the institution. In the hands of the able treasurer of the Home, John O'Brien, an estimable gentleman of New York, this legacy was made to almost quintuple itself, that is, over forty-seven thousand dollars was the result of his management of Mr. Devine's legacy. With that sum in hand, the present splendid Home was built and finished in 1873. Including Mansard roof and basement the building is six stories high, and consists of main building flanked with wings on either side. There are three entrances, one in each wing, and one in the centre of the main building. The front is of Philadelphia brick, with stone trimmings and courses. The chapel has three galleries so that the inmates, in "going to Mass," just pass from their beautiful dormitories into the presence of the altar.

Charity? yes, here is charity in its most thoughtful and considerate form!

There are scarcely any of the three hundred and fifteen inmates able to do anything for themselves. Some of them cannot even feed themselves, many of them are in their dotage, some are blind, and some are paralyzed. Those who are able to move around have every privilege consistent with good order. They are permitted to visit friends and acquaintances in the city every alternate week, and their friends are allowed to see them Sunday afternoons.

The writer visited the Home recently, and, with Sister Theodoria as the guide, saw the inmates in their wards, talked with them, joked with them, and, altogether, spent a pleasant, happy time with those good, poor creatures, apparently hovering between time and eternity. But it seems as if some of them would never die. Many of them looked as if dying when admitted, but, once fixed in the Home, they take on a new lease of life. Some there are who entered the Home poor and aged, twenty golden years ago. Others therein had attained the age of one hundred and ten years before they passed from earth. Really, all this is not to be wondered at. The Home is spotlessly clean, and in point of sanitation cannot be surpassed. The clothing of the inmates and their beds are as pure as can be, the latter snow-white in their appointments, and there is a glow of health and beauty and peacefulness all around. Each ward has its beautiful little oratory, but the old women say their rosaries chiefly by the bedside. The extraordinary cleanliness of the place would be a puzzle to many, for old age is careless and untidy. For explanation of the personal cleanliness here the great secret is the bath. The bath is troublesome but inexorable. Its use must be forced at all hazards of temper and

crankiness; in fact, the bath is law, and, like the Irish immigrant, when asked whom he would vote for, replied: "I can't well tell yees who I'll vote for, but I can tell yees what I'll vote against, I'll vote agin the law."

Poor fellow! He had good reason for such an instinctive reply. So the old creatures of St. Joseph's Home, if they possessed the power, would "vote agin the law," against the troublesome but useful bath. But after the enforcement of the "law," and experiencing its beneficial effects, which makes the lazy blood play a youthful dance through the old women's veins, they become *votheens* in their prayers for the good Sisters, beseeching Heaven that a "crown of glory" may await them, one and all.

Old age is very exacting from others, but refuses point blank to be exacted upon, hence the wearying, worrying work of the Sisters of Charity who wait upon those corporate shadows of the past, and have barely an affectionate thanks in return. Needless to remark that vacancies in St. Joseph's Home are like angels' visits, and as none others can be admitted until vacancies occur, Sister Superior and her hard-worked community have more troubles to bear than those even of the Home, and they are abundant.

Some few of the inmates were able to do something towards their support on entering the Home, but fully four-fifths of those poor creatures were received without a penny, some of them having moved amidst wealth, and enjoyed social distinction, even in their late years; but sickness, deaths, and the vicissitudes of fortune left them as poor as they came into the world. What a wonderful blessing for them that St. Joseph's Home existed to shelter them in their old age!

The annual outlay for the Home is some twenty-one thousand dollars, and God in heaven only knows where it comes from! The Sisters cannot beg for it, so that the contributions of the generous-hearted clients of St. Joseph are the only sources of its income. The above sum would represent something like an average of one and a half dollars per week for each inmate. Where the clothing, etc., comes from is known probably to the Sisters.

There must be a mighty lot of luxuries, and plenty of purple and fine linen for the poor, aged creatures of the Home!

There are people in New York City worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, without "chick or child," who do not even know, or care to know, of the existence of such a retreat as St. Joseph's Home for the Aged; people who are walking on the edge of the grave, and who are as anxious to save a penny as the poorest beggar that passes their door; there are others——. But where's the use in citing examples like these when the world is full of them.

O Blessed St. Francis that dared take Poverty for thy Bride! Where are thy disciples?

A friend once said: "We shall all live till we die." So much is pretty certain, and when that supreme moment arrives it will matter precious little to us what we have eaten and drank in life, what we have worn, and how we were housed, provided we did all things in

moderation. But it will matter a great deal to us how we have ministered to the wants of others, whether living or dead, and this, too, even out of our own poverty, should that have happened to be our condition in life."

It seemed as if there was a bit of true philosophy and wisdom in these remarks, hence, probably their remembrance. The purpose of quoting them here is self evident.

There are many great charities and great charitable institutions in New York City. The largest is the Foundling Asylum, with its twenty-three hundred infant inmates. This asylum is on the east side of the city, facing the sun as he rises from the mists of night. His earliest beams first strike the home of those just budding into life, and the mellow light of our luminary rests kindly on St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, as he takes his departure through the western gate of the heavens. Typical, indeed, of life, this rising and setting of the sun.

Charity is practical, hard-working, ceaseless, all-pervading, absorbing, and lasts while life lasts. This is Catholic charity, and is so unlike the charity of the world that there is no standard of comparison between the two kinds. It is only the Sisters of Charity, and such like religious who have consecrated their entire lives to charity, who are able to realize it in all its wonderful fulness, and yet the hands of such Sisters are tied together, chained, if the charitably disposed fail to come to their aid.

There is a heavy mortgage on St. Joseph's Home, a burden that paralyzes and constantly threatens death to the noble Home! What a pity if such an institution should fail. 'Twas the thought of such a calamity that inspired this article, in the hope that these lines might reach the eyes and hearts of some who could help to avert the impending danger.

What sayest thou, dear St. Joseph? thy clients are many, and thy inspirations powerful. Who knows? PETER MCCORRY.

Good Things to Know.

THAT salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

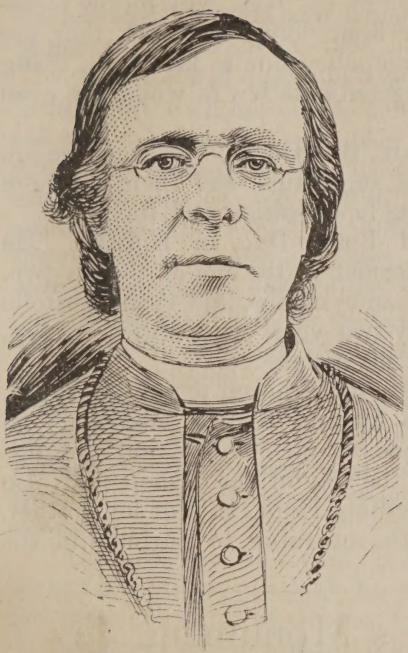
Stanley, the African Explorer.

In a magazine article he says: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence as of death was round me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column." Surgeon Parke, who accompanied Mr. Stanley, paid a visit to his home in Ireland, recently. Mr. Stanley's gallant colleague belongs to a Protestant family, settled in a purely Catholic district of Ireland, where the Protestants do not number one per cent. of the population. His father is not only a landlord, but an agent, and a stanch Conservative to boot. Nevertheless, Mr. Parke was met on his arrival by the local branch of the National League, which did him all the honors of its band, and accompanied him in torchlight procession to his father's house, amid evidences of enthusiasm which could scarcely have been exceeded in the case of Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Dillon.

The Ursuline Convent.

The Ursuline Convent was completed on the 26th of February, 1828. Destroyed by a mob on the evening of August 11th, 1834. A New York contemporary, the Catholic News, under head of "The Punishment of Massachusetts," says: "A little more than fifty years ago, a mob of the worst elements of Boston and Charlestown, incited by the violent preaching of Lyman Beecher and men like him, attacked, in the dead of night, a house occupied by sleeping women and children. It was cowardly, unmanly, a disgrace on the men who held Bunker Hill in the face of British troops. It was a disgrace on the bigoted men who incited the act, and on those whose supineness permitted it to be carried out, and on the state which refused redress. When the hunted ladies and their pupils finally were gathered, they long in vain sought a home. No one would hire a house to the educated, helpless, unoffending ladies. At last, they obtained a house in Roxbury. Here night after night they were assailed with threats, with obscene words and songs, till they shook off the dust from their feet, and went to Canada. Here was the crime. There were mock trials and acquittals; much fuss, no protection, and no redress. The hour of vengeance has come. Massachusetts is cursed with sterility in her people. The birth rate has dwindled to eighteen in a thousand, in the old population; while it is more than double in the foreign element which has come in to occupy the land. Yet even the preaching of Jonas would not bring Massachusetts to repentance."

A Leper Bishop.



BISHOP WULFINGH.

Rt. Rev. William Wulfingh, bishop of Surinam, lately arrived in Boston. He came to obtain aid for the establishment of mission posts in the wilderness of Dutch Guiana, and for such help as Christian sympathy and zeal may give to the most hopeless and wretched of the human race, the lepers of Surinam.

The area of Surinam is about equal to the state of Georgia. It has a population of about fifty thousand mixed of many races. There are Coolies and Chinese, Indians, negroes, and a few white adventurers.

Moral leprosy is there, stalking side by side with its visible and horrible brother. Children are corrupted at the age of seven. Marriage is the exception, concubinage the rule.

The Maroon negroes are blacks who ran away from their masters some two hundred years ago, and after waging a guerilla war against the Dutch, finally succeeded in obtaining their independence. They live almost in the same manner as their cousins in the African forests.

The Indians are the descendants of those that saw Columbus. It is said that some of them are cannibals. Those that live in the mountain forests near Brazil have never yet seen the face of civilization, and the journey to their haunts is as difficult and as dangerous in some respects as Stanley's wild work in Africa.

Homes for homeless children must be supported by the missionaries; stations must be made and manned so as to lessen the privations of long journeys from the fertile alluvial lands of the coast, to the mountains that stand guard on the confines of Brazil; journeys that must be taken through virgin wilds amid the heat of the tropical noon and the howling dreariness of midnight in the jungle.

There is terror in the midst of the swamps that must be traversed; in the deadly viper that slinks from the hole at the traveller's feet; in the chatter of the monkeys, and in the eyes of the tiger shining back at the firelight; but the terror that hangs over the missionary in Surinam is all of these, one after the other, and beyond and above them, like a frightful nightmare, broods the shadow of the curse of God, the fear of leprosy.

The government has established a leper station at Batavia, on the

Coppename river, and there, among the wretched patients, a priest of the Redemptorist Order is dying the death of the martyr Damien.

His fingers are gone, and the rest of his body will follow piecemeal. Priests of his Order are near him, doing the work that the advance of his frightful malady has compelled him to lay down, doing it with cheerfulness and energy, among patients few of whom are even of their own faith.

Strict as the laws of isolation are, the wings of the scourge are spread so wide that there is no hope of separation, and there are more lepers in Paramaribo to-day than in the leper station at Batavia.

Bishop Wulfingh is a native of Bois-le-Duc, in Holland. He entered the Congregation of the Redeemer at the age of twenty-two, and was finally appointed bishop of Cambysopolis, and vicar apostolic of Dutch Guiana. He bears his fifty-two years with sturdy energy, and lives exclusively for the people of his diocese.

There have been services in the Mission Church to aid the cause, and Rev. Charles Currier, who has himself been a missionary in Surinam, preached a sermon on the needs of the country, and offerings were received at that church during the stay of the bishop, and also after his departure. He will go to Reading, Penn., to visit his brother, and sails for Holland early this month, returning to Surinam in the fall.

Unveiling of Lee's Monument.

THE great bronze statue of Robert E. Lee, unveiled in Richmond, May 29, 1890, was erected by contributions of the ladies of the South. It was made in France and, before being sent to this country, was viewed there by the daughters of General Lee, and accepted by them as an excellent likeness of their renowned father. It represents him on horseback, holding the bridle in one hand, and his hat in the other, as if he had just bared his brow to a refreshing breeze. His face is calm and grave, as if his mind were occupied in prayer or lofty thoughts.

Such an outburst of enthusiasm as was called forth by the unveiling of Lee's monument has not been witnessed in the United States for many years. A large crowd was expected, and, for many days before the event, it was difficult to obtain rooms in the city, so great was the concourse of pilgrims to the old capital of the Confederacy; for the feeling of Southerners for General Lee is one, not only of lofty admiration, but of the tenderest love, and when it was a question of honoring the memory of "Ole Marse Bob," as he was often affectionately called, many a scarred and crippled veteran undertook a journey upon which no other occasion on earth would have tempted him to enter.

Long before noon an immense crowd had assembled along the line of march and in the vicinity of the monument. Decorations of streamers, flags, and garlands were extremely lavish, and especially handsome was the ornamentation of the Lee residence, No. 907 East Franklin street, now occupied by the family of Mr. English. The new city hall, now in course of erection, was very beautifully draped. Prominent

everywhere was the conquered banner, its snowy folds entwined with the stars and stripes; even the statue of Washington in Capitol square showed the Confederate flag resting lovingly in the hand of the Father of his Country.

The day was a perfect one. Virginia's sun and sky seemed to be in harmony with her people and were in the happiest of humors. The old city, which could not, even for the once, throw off its air of *dolce far niente*, seemed, in spite of the immense multitude, to be taking life easy. No one was allowed to get hungry or tired, thanks to the generous hospitality which provided every comfort; and on all sides, as the regiments would halt for a few moments, troops of black waiters with snowy aprons and shining faces went up and down the lines bearing food and drink to the welcome guests.

General Fitzhugh Lee, the grand marshal, was assisted by many of the most noted of the old Confederate leaders. The grand stand was built immediately facing the monument. Misses Mildred and Mary Lee, daughters of the general, with many relatives and distinguished guests, occupied seats of honor, and the veterans were massed around it as fast as they arrived, until the crowd numbered over fifty thousand.

Col. Archer Anderson, the orator of the day, delivered a most beautiful address, in which he paid a graceful and eloquent tribute to the noble character of General Lee, to the great old Commonwealth of Virginia, and to the institutions of the American Republic. He spoke of the monument as a memorial "of personal honor that never brooked a stain, knightly valor without thought of self, far-reaching military genius unsoiled by ambition, heroic constancy from which no cloud of misfortune could ever hide the path of duty."

At the close of the oration, General Johnston, accompanied by two gray-haired veterans, proceeded to the statue, where the lines which held the veiling were placed in his hand. The first effort loosened the upper part of the covering and revealed only the head of the old warrior. There was a moment of breathless silence, another vigorous tug at the lines, and the whole figure was unveiled. Then suddenly a deafening shout rent the air; every band within hearing struck up "Dixie;" hats, handkerchiefs, and banners were wildly waved; old men, with tears streaming down their wrinkled cheeks, embraced each other and joined madly in the "rebel yell," which arose from the assembled multitude. For some minutes even the distant thunders of the artillery giving the salute could not be heard by those near the monument; but as the echoes of the cheering died away, some one called out: "Boys, that's no salute, that's regular fightin'"—said the veterans, hearing the heavy booming of cannon answered by volleys of musketry and wild yells, made a rush to the open fields beyond the city, where Gen. C. L. Anderson, in charge of the militia, had organized a sham battle. This little incident caused a pleasant diversion in the midst of the sacred and poignant memories aroused by the event of the afternoon.

One of the most interesting affairs of the day was the reception

tendered the Misses Lee, a reception more crowded and enthusiastic even than the famous ones given by Mrs. Cleveland just before the close of her husband's administration. The evening was made glorious by a grand ball and magnificent fireworks; and the thousands of visitors reluctantly left Richmond, with hearts full of happy and touching memories. AGNES HAMPTON.

Departure of a Beloved Pastor.

ROXBURY, June 24, 1890.

THE Mission Parish has lost its pastor, Rev. A. J. McInerny. He has been appointed to Toronto, Ont., and severely felt by his flock is this sudden bereavement. Never was a pastor more deservedly loved by a congregation; never did a pastor work harder for the welfare of a parish.

No ordinary man was he; hidden under that humble Redemptorist garb was a perfect mint of rarest talents; and as he pursued the white path of his calling, gems from his brilliant mind dropped plentifully by the wayside, and bore much fruit. He was not only guide among his people, he was educator; he not only tended to spiritual wants, but sought with unabated zeal to refine and elevate the mind, and impart rare knowledge.

One must necessarily be a parishioner to understand the richness of his saintly character. He was a worker in the severest sense; he was practical, prudent, careful, as of one constantly weighing results. His favorite talks were on charity; lack of charity, in the human heart, he would define, in his incomparable way, as "the secret of ill success in life."

When in good health and voice, his sermons were scholarly marvels; his conference talks, in the basement chapel, will long be remembered by those who have had the pleasure of imbibing them. On these occasions such an analyist of human nature did he prove, that his discourse and humor adapted itself to the particular need of each member present, and, consequently, no more efficient instructor, or director of souls, could be imagined. His manner towards his people was gentleness itself as of one, to use his own graceful term, studying to more nearly imitate "the God of Sweetness."

An inspiration, an incentive to perfection, a light in the path of the darkened, Rev. A. J. McInerny's name will remain written deep in the hearts of a people, whom he has gathered and indefatigably tended, as a faithful gardener, using all his wonderful gifts, eloquence, sparkling wit, timely satire, all as vehicles for the safe carrying of souls. He has suffered in health considerably, while in the parish, but even so, it will be hard for a parishioner to recall a time when he did not wear his usual encouraging smile, and drop his ready word of cheer.

Since his short stay of three years, he has erected a splendid parochial school and convent, monuments of his hard work and severe cares. He has left for Toronto followed by the blessings and tears of an inconsolable people. He is to be succeeded by Rev. Father Frawley, a native of Brookline, and recently of New York. SEPPERLE.

The Recent Elections in Canada.

THE recent elections for the legislatures of the two principal Canadian provinces, Ontario and Quebec, occurring within a short interval of each other, and having been accompanied by exceptional circumstances of a lively nature, excited intense enthusiasm throughout the Dominion. In the case of Ontario, where the first electoral battle was fought, an extraneous element of discord was introduced into the contest by the Tories and their misled or misleading allies, the adherents of the party of so-called Equal Rights. It is this unseemly feature of the struggle more than anything else that will prove of most interest to a large number of the people of America.

On July 1st, 1867, under royal proclamation dated the 22d of May, four of the British North American colonies were confederated under the title of the Dominion of Canada. Each province obtained a separate legislature and executive government, subordinate to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa.

The first government of Ontario under the Federation Act was appointed on the sixteenth day of July, 1867, with the Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald, a Catholic and renegade Liberal, as attorney-general and premier. In the general election of 1871, this government was so weakened that when the House assembled it was forced to resign. The Hon. Edward Blake was then sent for to form an administration, which he succeeded in doing. In the following year, Mr. Blake retired from the government to take a prominent position in the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Oliver Mowat, who had been for some years out of active politics, now returned to lead the Liberal administration. This exchange of leaders did not necessitate an appeal to the counties.

It is a long run since that time. There have been many changes in the *personnel* of the Liberal cabinet. No less than five general elections have been held since the retirement of Mr. Blake. Yet, in the face of all such vicissitudes, the Hon. Mr. Mowat remains as firm as a rock, like a diminutive Stonewall Jackson, with a protruding upper lip, a warm little heart, and a goodly paunch. He has remained unshaken at the head of his Liberal government for eighteen years. This long tenure of office by one party is an event of such rare occurrence that it may justify another brief paragraph of Ontario political history.

In 1875, took place the first election in which Mowat appealed to the country, and it resulted in a majority of sixteen for his party. The second election was made in 1879, when the Liberal majority was increased to twenty-six members of the House. In 1883, another election was held, which, chiefly owing to neglect of organization and over confidence among the followers of the government, resulted in a majority of only ten. In the election of 1886, although the Tories and the Orangemen manfully "straddled the Protestant horse" to trample upon Mowat, the Liberals increased their majority to twenty-seven from

a total of ninety-one constituencies. This majority was afterwards reduced to twenty-five votes, Dundas County having been won by the Conservatives at a bye-election.

In the great contest which took place on the fifth of last June, notwithstanding the combined efforts of the Tories and their "Equal Rights" friends, Mr. Mowat was given a majority of at least twenty, out of ninety-two constituencies. The very latest reliable returns award the Liberals a swingeing majority of over fifteen thousand from the total popular votes of the Province.

Under Liberal management, the affairs of Ontario have been successfully conducted for the unparalleled period of eighteen years. Its money has been wisely expended in the development of its resources, in the economical and efficient direction of its public business, and in the establishment and maintenance of its numerous charitable and educational institutions, and there has not, in all that time, been one charge of corruption worthy of the time spent in its discussion.* Personally, I am usually no admirer of long tenures of office by any political party; but the Mowat administration must be constituted an exception to this rule. The facts just briefed surely commend themselves to all who admire honest, efficient, liberal, and enlightened government on this continent. Even avowed enemies of Canadian Liberalism, like Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Commissioner at London, have been constrained to confess that the results of the election caused them no surprise, in view of the great popularity of the Mowat administration — a popularity nobly earned by long years of faithful services to the commonwealth.

In the recent contest there was no serious attack on any ground of public policy. Could Mr. Meredith, the weak leader of the Tory Opposition, have procured better materials than false and bitter attacks on Catholics and Catholic schools, I will charitably suppose he would have used them. But none existed, therefore none were to be had. So, Mr. Meredith allied himself with the fools and fanatics of Equal Rights. The cry was, Anything to down Mowat. The Tories tried to steal a victory. The real object of the Equal Rights faction has been aptly expressed by a friend of mine, who took a leading part in the combat, in defence of his party and his church. To use the words of my friend, the Equal Rights folk proposed, to accord "equality to all — papists excepted." There is their whole policy reduced to an epigram. The movement was apparently organized for the sole purpose of ousting Mr. Mowat from power, on the false charge that he habitually panders to the Catholic prejudices, more especially in the desire for separate schools. The truth is, that Catholics have never received more than justice from the Premier, and not even equitable justice at all times. Mr. Meredith was too shrewd a man of the world to formally adopt the programme of Equal Rightry as a more honest man would have done. But he was fully prepared to profit by its success, and his followers in numerous cases ostentatiously identified themselves with this modern Know-nothingism. One may

* The Mowat Government, Toronto, 1890, p. 1.

look in vain for a single instance of an Equal Rights candidate having been opposed by a Tory candidate. With those convincing facts to hand, one need not go beyond the Tory provincial leader to discover the heart and soul of the Equal Rights conspiracy, for conspiracy it was.

The election has resulted in a glowing victory for the Catholics and their esteemed fellow countrymen, the honest, fair-minded Protestants of Ontario. To those latter the hearty thanks of every Catholic in the land is fairly due. The great lesson of the battle, it appears to us, is, that Protestant common sense and the Protestant senses of right and good citizenship can no longer be imposed upon by truculent falsehood on the platform and blatant claptrap in the pulpit. The Catholics, both Liberals and Conservatives, for the first time voted almost as one man. May it not be the last time they will vote in unison. I am at a loss to comprehend how a Catholic Conservative can return to the party which only yesterday compelled him to vote against it. It is difficult to suppose that even one Catholic in the whole of Ontario will ever again look up to Meredith as his political leader.

The Equal Righters have played with loaded dice and they have lost. The whilom Liberals in their ranks have allowed themselves to be made cat's paws of by the Tory ape. The sooner they rub the scales from their bleared eyes, and return penitent to their native fold, the better it will be for themselves. The play is played out all around. The "Protestant horse" has returned to his stable without a kick in his carcass. The orange banner is folded in the ebon darkness of utter defeat. Equal Rightry has been tried and found wanting. Nothing remains for it but to sink into its accustomed night soil, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Its utility has departed from it. Its friends of yesterday deny the monster. All its "munitions of glorious war" will have to be abandoned. The guns which were occultly shotted to destroy Mowat will not be used against the great Cham of Toryism, Sir John S. Macdonald. Beyond a few vitriolic screeds by way of death rattle, and a dying splurge distinguished by nothing but impotent rage, we shall hear no more of Equal Rights in Ontario.

Of the thirteen "straight Equal Righters," who contested for seats, only one has been returned. His majority is small being the unlucky number thirteen. Judged by the speech which this candidate delivered at the close of the polls, his general support in the House will be given to the government.

The election for the Quebec legislature came off on the seventeenth of last June. Till about three years ago, the French province was ruled by Tories almost from time immemorial. The Tories, as usual, wolfed up the total fiscal resources of the country leaving it beggared. When Mr. Mercier, the present Liberal premier, assumed the reins of power after the last general election but one, he found his province in the deplorable condition of utter bankruptcy. He forthwith bravely faced the onerous task of rapid reform, and the equitable settlement of the Jesuit Estate's question, and the successful floating of a loan at an unprecedently low rate of interest, may be pointed to as the promising first fruits of his reign.

There are seventy-three constituencies in the province of Quebec. In the election which has just been held, the Mercier government was sustained by a largely increased majority. The Liberals seem to have carried fifty and the Tories twenty constituencies. In the districts of Chicoutimi, Gaspé, and Lake St. John, the elections are still pending; but the Liberals are almost certain to capture two of those seats, if not the whole three. The Liberal gains in the province were fifteen, the Conservative gains were six. The popular vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the Mercier administration.

A facetious acquaintance of mine, who is not enamoured of royal decorations of any sort, is wont to exclaim, when he hears of the Mercier victory, "Great is thy power, O yellow breech!" in allusion to the premier's brilliant nether garments as Cavalier of St. Gregory. It must be allowed, Mr. Mercier makes the most of his papal favors when he goes among his simple-minded people at election time. Could the Holy Father behold all the things that are done in the name of his decorations, by the wary and sly politician, he would be forced to laugh, or surrender all claim to the humorous sensibility of which he is said to possess a generous share. A badge from the Pope is, after all, infinitely preferable to a *fiat* from an Orange grandmaster. Mr. Mercier has been accused of unscrupulousness in his method of attack. Certain it is, he does not make war with rose-water and kid gloves. He strikes for gore, with the greatest possible broadening of the first vowel in the word. But those do not seem heinous faults in a political, no more than in a martial, leader. Perhaps the hardest thing that can be truthfully affirmed of him is, that he uses, with the utmost dexterity and entire success, the same instruments which were used against himself and his party while in opposition.

Montreal, June 20, 1890. OLAF MANN.

Consecration of the Cathedral at Philadelphia.

THE consecration of the Cathedral at Philadelphia, June 30, 1890, calls to mind the early history of the Church in that patriotic city. The advent of Catholics to this part of the world was simultaneous with that of the Quakers, whose peace-loving disposition promised them, at least, a respite from the persecution of the mother-country; but the intolerance of the Anglican establishment pursued our forefathers even into the land of brotherly love, and we find Penn, in 1708, reproached by a correspondent in England, who wrote: "There is a complaint against your government that you suffer public Mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here."

As early as 1686, divine worship was celebrated in a wooden chapel on the north-west corner of Front and Walnut streets; a second chapel was built fifty years later on the corner of Chestnut and Second streets; but in both places, the services were continually disturbed and interdicted. A Catholic chapel existed in 1729 on the road from

Nicetown to Frankfort, a short distance from Philadelphia, attached to the home of Miss Elizabeth McGawley, where the faithful were allowed to worship unmolested, as the chapel being a part of a private residence escaped the fanatical persecution of the English authorities.

Father Josiah Greaton, S. J., assisted by a liberal Catholic lady, in 1733, built the humble chapel of St. Joseph on Fourth street. He was succeeded by Father Harding who built, in 1763, St. Mary's Church; and Fathers Farmer, Molyneux, and others carried on the good work in the city and the adjacent province. About this time the missions of Goshenhoppen, Conewago, and Lancaster were growing rapidly in importance, and zealous missionaries, at the peril of their lives, travelled from the Atlantic Coast to the Ohio valley, burning with zeal to spread the gospel.

In 1784, Father John Carroll, who had been appointed Superior of the clergy of the United States with the power to administer confirmation, visited Philadelphia, and there the Holy Sacrament was conferred for the first time in a city of the United States. The scene was a most edifying one. In many cases three generations approached the altar, the white-haired grand-parent, the middle-aged parent, and the tender child kneeling together to receive the Holy Spirit whose coming had been so long and so fervently desired.

Father Carroll was delighted with what he saw of the Catholics of Philadelphia, who at that time numbered about seven thousand; and such was the political importance of the city, he thought it would be chosen as the seat of the new bishop who would soon be granted to the American clergy. Providence willed otherwise, however, and Baltimore was selected as the first diocese, in 1789; while Philadelphia was not erected into a See until 1809, when the Rev. Michael Egan was appointed her first bishop. He was followed by a series of learned and saintly prelates: Conwell, Kenrick, Neumann, Wood, and Ryan. The See was erected into an archdiocese, and Bishop Wood was created archbishop in 1875. He was succeeded, in 1884, by the gifted and genial Archbishop Ryan, then coadjutor to the Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, of St. Louis.

The ceremony of consecration is never performed within a church which is not entirely free from debt, out of respect for the law which provides that a consecrated church "shall never be transferred to common use;" for property upon which creditors have claims cannot be unreservedly given to God until all just debts are satisfied. Happily the magnificent cathedral of Philadelphia, which was designed by Bishop Kenrick, continued by Bishop Neumann, and finished by Archbishop Wood, is now really and truly the temple of God, wedded to His divine service by the most beautiful and imposing ceremonies. What a source of congratulation not only to her archbishop, her clergy and people, but to all the Catholics of this broad land!

The history of this great See has been a stormy one; torn with dissensions caused by the trustee system, violated by the excesses of the Know-nothing rioters, she has, nevertheless, grown steadily, and after giving up territory enough to form six younger dioceses, she is

to-day blooming and flourishing with ever renewed strength and vigor, and occupies a most important position among American archiepiscopal Sees. There is a most intimate connection between Philadelphia and Baltimore, dating back to the ministry of Father John Carroll. Her third bishop, the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who laid the corner-stone of the cathedral, was transferred to Baltimore, in 1851, to succeed the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston. A warm and devoted friendship exists between the present archbishops, and it was most fitting that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons should have been invited to preach the sermon on this happy occasion.

The consecration services, which were private, began at an early hour, Archbishop Ryan officiating, and were followed by Pontifical High Mass at eleven. Cardinal Gibbons delivered the sermon at the eleven o'clock Mass, and the Right Rev. Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, preached in the evening at Vespers. Immense crowds surrounded the sacred edifice from an early hour, but only those partaking in the consecration services were admitted in the morning at half-past five. At the eleven o'clock Mass, the congregation filled the Cathedral to overflowing, and numbers waited outside in hopes of gaining admission. The ceremonies of the Pontifical Mass were conducted with the utmost solemnity and magnificence.

The grand procession entered the Cathedral to the strains of the "Pilgrims' March" from Tannhauser, exquisitely rendered by a fine orchestra. The Rev. Ignatius Horstman, of Philadelphia, was master of ceremonies; he led the procession, followed by the cross-bearer, acolytes, seminarians, priests, bishops, archbishops and the Cardinal. There were about four hundred clergy; the archbishops of Philadelphia and Chicago, the bishops of Dubuque, Scranton, Erie, Buffalo, Albany, Newark, Trenton, and Wichita, Monsignors Preston and Farley, and the Right Rev. Bishop Donnelly, of Dublin, were among the most distinguished of those present. A large delegation of Augustinians from Villanova, and representatives of other religious bodies were among the clergy. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, the oldest of the visiting bishops, was the celebrant of the Pontifical Mass.

A selected choir of the best musicians in the city rendered Beethoven's Mass in C, Dietsch's "*Veni Creator*," and Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling." Outside of the Cathedral were the glare, the heat, the tumult of a busy, crowded city; within were refreshing coolness, the fragrance of flowers and perfumed incense, the solemnity of ritual, the peaceful holiness of prayer, and the inspiring strains of harmony. All these gave a substantial basis to the beautiful oration of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, who spoke of the use, the beauty, and the necessity of rites and ceremonies in public worship. His words were listened to with breathless interest by the immense crowd; for there is an indescribable charm in the preaching of our gentle Cardinal, in his sweet voice, the grace of his gestures, and the earnest simplicity of his language.

He took for his text the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the second book of Chronicles; and he began by alluding to the occasion which had called forth the sublime scene around him. He said:

"The spectacle which presents itself to our view this morning, dearly beloved brethren, is truly an inspiring one. The majestic proportions of this Cathedral, the interior beauty of this house of God, the immense multitude of worshippers that fill the sacred edifice, the long line of prelates and clergy that crowd the sanctuary, the presence of your beloved Archbishop, seated on his throne in the midst of his priests, the delicious strains of music tenderly appealing to our religious emotions, all these circumstances are calculated to impress us with the grandeur of our Catholic ceremonial."

His Eminence compared the beautiful rites of the Church to the stained-glass windows, which, viewed by an ignorant stranger from the outside, appear unsightly and grotesque, but viewed from within by an intelligent Christian serve to illustrate and embellish some mystery of revelation. He spoke of the interior devotion without which all religion would be "as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol," and continued:

"But while the essence of all religion is from the heart, the rites and ceremonies, which are enjoyed in our public worship, are not only useful, but necessary; they are imperatively demanded by the constitution of our nature, and hence they were sanctioned by God in the old law, and are approved by our Saviour in the new law.

"The angels being pure spirits without a body, render to God a purely spiritual worship. The physical world around us — the sun and moon and stars of heaven, being composed of matter without spirit — pay to God a kind of external homage.

"But man, by possessing a soul, or spiritual substance, partakes of the nature of the angels, and by possessing a material body partakes of the nature of the physical world about him. He is the connecting link between the material and the spiritual world. It is, therefore, man's privilege, as well as his duty, to pay to his Maker the homage of his soul and of his body, or to render to him an internal and external worship."

His Eminence alluded to the natural outpourings of affection between a father and his children. He spoke of the devout bearing of a sincere, practical Catholic, who is faithful in assisting at the public services of the Church, who complies with the duties and performs the outward devotions of his holy religion, contributing according to his means to works of piety and charity, and said that the heart of such a man is probably right with God. He spoke of the elaborate ceremonial of the old law, and pictured David in the exuberance of his devotion, dancing before the ark of the Lord, and ridiculed for his action by Michol. He said: "The race of Michols has not died out. . . . But it were better to dance with David than to sneer with Michol."

He spoke of the ceremonial, the vestments, the chants of the Church which make all Catholics feel at home within these sacred walls, though they may be gathered from the ends of the earth, and cannot understand the language of those around them. The Cardinal drew a parallel between the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, which was designed, executed, and adorned by three different kings, David, Solomon, and Joas, while this Cathedral was designed, built, and adorned by three great prelates.

"The venerable Archbishop Kenrick, a man like David, according to God's own heart, laid the foundation of this Church. After the saintly Neumann had gone to his reward, the building was completed by Archbishop Wood, who

possessed no small share of the wisdom and foresight of Israel's anointed King Solomon, and your present beloved Archbishop, who commands your admiration by the charm of his eloquence, and wins your hearts by his amiable disposition, completes the parallel by adorning this temple like King Joas, and he has had the consolation to-day of solemnly consecrating it to Almighty God."

He congratulated the people of Philadelphia on the consecration of their beautiful Cathedral, which "sits enthroned like a queen arrayed in a vesture becoming the spouse of Christ." He congratulated the Archbishop, who in this temple, a short time ago, had consecrated himself, body and soul, to Almighty God and the service of his people, and he prayed that both the high-priest and the temple might be sweet and acceptable oblations in the sight of God; and he concluded with these words:

"God grant that the blessing which the Lord promised to those who would pray in the temple of Jerusalem may be shared by all who will worship in this Church; and that the words which He spoke to Solomon may be fulfilled in you: 'My eyes shall be open and My ears attentive to the prayer of him that shall pray in this place. For I have chosen and have sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and My eyes and My heart may remain there perpetually.'"

At the conclusion of Mass, the Pontifical blessing was given by Archbishop Ryan, the indulgences attached to this solemn and happy occasion were announced, and the impressive services were over. The invited guests, immediately after Mass, took a special train for Overbrook, where a banquet was served at St. Charles Seminary in the afternoon.

The happy and memorable day had a fitting close in the Pontifical Vespers, at which the bishop of Dubuque gave a most eloquent and masterly discourse, which will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

All who visited Philadelphia were delighted with the beauty and splendor of the services, and it is unnecessary to say that the Archbishop and clergy and people of the city were exuberant in their joy and happiness at the solemn consecration of their beautiful Cathedral, already endeared to them by many dear and sacred memories of the saintly prelates who have ministered there. AGNES HAMPTON.

A CURE for leprosy has been found, says Mr. Clifford, the last European to visit Father Damien. It is gurjun oil, the produce of a fir-tree which grows plentifully in the Andaman Islands. It was discovered by Dr. Dougall, and Mr. Clifford was "assured by Sir Donald Stewart, who was then governor of the islands, and who has sent me the official medical report, that every single case in the place was cured by it. The lepers were convicts, and it was therefore possible to enforce four hours a day of rubbing the ointment all over their bodies, and the taking of two small doses internally. In some of the cases the disease was of many years' standing, and the state to which it had reduced its victims was indescribably dreadful, yet, after eight months the sufferers were able to run and to use a heavy pickaxe, and every symptom of leprosy had disappeared." Father Damien tried it but too late.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Going Back to School.

A MERRY tramp of little feet,
Just hear the sweet vibration!
The children over all the land
Have had a long vacation,
And back again they haste to take
In school the dear old places,
To measure out the days by rule
With fair, unshadowed faces.

They troop along the city streets;
Grave eyes grow young that see them,
And wistful hearts from every blight
Of sin and pain would free them.
Athwart the dusty ways of 'Change,
With wafts of flowers and grasses,
As if to music sweet and strange,
The brilliant army passes.

Along the quiet country roads,
By purple asters bordered,
At nine o'clock and half-past three
The gay reviews are ordered.
And childish voices, clear and shrill,
Amaze the peeping thrushes,
The vireos and the orioles,
Housekeeping in the bushes.

We older people like to watch
Our little lads and lasses,
As sturdily they set to work
In sober ranks and classes,
Such happy brows are overbent
To con the pictured pages,
Such earnest wills are wrestling with
The story of the ages.

And sometimes, sighing as we gaze,—
So fast the bairns are growing,—
We think of darker skies to come
For these, so glad and glowing.
Fain would we keep the children still
Brown-cheeked and blithe and ruddy,
With nothing harder in their lives
Than days of task and study.

But God our Father's wiser love
Prepares them for the evil;
This army yet shall wage the war
With world and flesh and devil.
God bless them in the coming years,
And guard the waiting places,
Which, by and by, He'll bid them fill,
His smile upon their faces.

Tom White's Repentance.

FATHER MONTAGUE left the hospital when he saw that little Dick was gone to God, and having made arrangements for the funeral, went sadly home. He found Father Lyster and Anna anxiously awaiting him, hoping against hope, and vainly trying to encourage each other in the belief that Dick might not be so badly hurt as was represented. But one glance at Father Montague's face told them all. He sank into a chair quite exhausted with fatigue and sorrow. The work alone of a London parish is hard and trying to a priest, without the anxiety, the disappointments, and the insults that he daily has to bear for the Master's sake.

"You had better tell the boy to go away," said Father Lyster to Anna in a quiet voice, hoping that Father Montague would not hear. "He isn't fit to see any one now."

"What's that?" asked Father Montague, rousing himself. "Does any one want to see me?"

"Tom White, sir," answered the housekeeper." "He's been waiting here for some hours."

"Bring him in by all means. We may gain an influence over the boy by this unhappy accident. Tell him to come, Anna, please."

Tom White entered the room with an air of defiance, born of the wonder he felt at the resolution he had taken.

"Do. yer remember sending the little cove" (his voice grew

strangely husky) "with a half-sovereign to get a watch as had been mended?"

"Yes," answered Father Montague.

"Well, I dessay yer thought as he had lost it or taken it. But he didn't, he didn't. I took it; and if yer sends me to prison I'll go, for I'm dead sorry now the poor little chap's gone. He wur a plucky little chap, too; we used to bully him in the Court 'cos he would go to Mass, as he called it, and would say his prayers to God. I don't know nothink about God myself, He seems so far away; but if Dick's with Him now, I guess He'll make it up to Him somehow, won't He? And I'll come to-morrow in case yer wants to send me to prison, and if not I'll come and work for yer till I've made up the half-sovereign, honor bright now!"

"My boy, we don't want to send you to prison, but you shall come and work for us," said the priest, thinking it right to encourage the good that was working in Tom's heart, and leading him to try to make restitution. "Come to-morrow by all means, and we'll give you the Christmas present we had for Dick, and your dinner. No sloping, my lad," he added with a smile.

"No, honor bright, sir!" and the boy turned to go out.

"Oh, here is a letter from Mrs. St. John; I forgot to give it to you before," said Father Lyster. "She asks us to dine there to-morrow."

"I can't dine anywhere to-morrow. I didn't know I had grown so fond of little Dick. Poor little laddie! I wonder what he suffered when he left us, and where he went. Was not that a strange thought for an ignorant boy like Tom White, about God rewarding Dick, or, as he said, making it up to him?"

"How loyal of little Dick to brave everything as he did. I told Mrs. St. John (I met her in the street) that I did not think you could accept her invitation for to-morrow, and I was sure I could not."

"No, we won't go; but we must not grieve for Dick. There can be no doubt, from what we know of him, that he is happy now. This life of martyrdom must have purged him from any stains of sin; to us he seemed perfect, but we cannot tell."

The next morning brought Tom White very early. He begged to be given something to do at once, and set to work with a good will which would astonish his companions in idleness. The housekeeper noticed, too, that he tried to be very respectful, and said "mum" in addressing her nearly every other word. His astonishment at the breakfast she gave him was also very great.

"Thank ye, mum, I'm sure, mum," he said. "Lor, mum, I haven't ever had sich a breakfast in my life before, mum." And he did ample justice to it.

After dinner, Father Montague took him into the study and tried to explain to him the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. He was very much impressed with the thought of our Blessed Lord being born in a stable.

"Why, even in Paradise Court we're better off than that," he said.

He was very attentive, and at the end of it said:

"I think I should love God very much; only he can't love a wicked boy like me. Just think what I did to Dick 'cause he loved God, and I've told lies and stole many a time, and cursed and swore awful."

Father Montague took advantage of the boy's acknowledgment of his evil life, to tell him of the infinite love of God, and his unfailing forgiveness. Tom was sitting on a low stool before the fire, with his head on his knees. The priest was surprised to hear a low sob. He laid his hand gently on the boy's head and stroked his hair. Tom's sobs broke forth uncontrolled, and he cried:

"Oh, sir, I want to love God, I do; but if I go back to Paradise Court I shan't be able to be good, for they'll come and want me to do wrong things — stealing and lying, and all that — and then God won't have me back again. But I want to love Him, I do, and I am sorry for being such a bad cove, and so cruel to Dick."

The priest's heart was glad with the joy that there is in heaven over one that doeth penance. It was the cry of the soul, longing for God — the soul that had known naught but sin and foulness, and dark deeds, willing, nay, eager, to cast them off and return to Almighty God.

"Tom," he whispered, raising the boy's head to his own knee, and smiling reassuringly, "you shall stay here for awhile, and learn to love God, and how to please him."

Tom gave a wild cry of delight, and fairly hugged the priest in his excitement; as Father Lyster came into the room, he turned to him and cried:

"He says God will forgive me and let me love Him, and I may stay here, and he will teach me. Oh, sir!" clasping Father Montague's hand, "ain't you one of them blessed things called angels, what Dick used to talk about?" Then, rather ashamed of having shown his feelings, he said, "I must go back to my work now, sir; I am cleaning out the cellar. No; I'd rather do it, sir," as the priests told him he might leave his work for the day.

"Do you think it's wise," asked Father Lyster, when Tom was gone, "to take a young thief into the house, because, under temporary excitement, he makes promises of amendment?"

"I think the grace of God is working in his heart; that to send him out into the streets would be certainly to quench it, and to make him a hardened rogue. If I had enough money and time, I should have several boys, picked up in the streets, under my care; as I can only have one, I will keep one that I cannot help thinking God sent to me. If he has the grace of perseverance, he will make an earnest, good Catholic. Just think of an ignorant, wicked boy offering to make restitution for that half-sovereign?"

"Yes, that was very nice of him — especially as he knew we didn't know anything about it. And offering to go to prison, too!"

Tom White went on very steadily for a long time. He was sharp, as most of the London street boys are, and he gradually left off his impudent manners, which clung to him at first, and tried to be respect-

ful and polite. Once, and once only, he was heard swearing, and Father Montague gave him a reproof which he never forgot. As a rule, a look from the priest was enough for him. After his first Confession he was so anxious not to stain his soul again, and looked forward so eagerly to his first Communion, that Father Montague promised it should not long be delayed. But he was not, any more than the rest of us, a saint, and now and then he was a very long time gone on a message, when he would often come back with his pockets full of marbles, which he had won in a game with some of his old companions. Once he brought back a book of murders and horrible stories, and would not burn it till Father Montague threatened to cane him.

"I like exciting tales, sir," he pleaded; "and I can't always read pious books."

"I will lend you some stories of adventure now and then, for a treat," was the answer. "With your work and lessons you have not very much time for reading; and I will not have that trash brought into the house. Do you want me to be ashamed of you?"

Tom burnt his book without more ado, and worked very hard for a week to show his penitence. The idea of Father Montague being ashamed of him had stung him to the quick.

One day Father Lyster had occasion to scold Tom for having been a long time gone on an errand. He was much annoyed, for it had been of some importance, and he spoke very sharply to Tom, who answered very rudely.

"I shall speak to Father Montague about you, when he comes in," said the priest.

"Do, if you like. Run after him now, or perhaps you will forget," answered Tom. "It would be a pity not to get me into a row, wouldn't it? Put on your seven-leagued boots, and stride along."

Tom was in a towering passion, or he would not have been so insolent. As he went on dusting, when Father Lyster was gone, he banged the furniture about, and did his work very carelessly and badly. As he threw a book down on the table, it knocked down a little inkstand. There was no ink in it, but when Tom picked it up, he saw it was dreadfully broken. It was a very pretty little inkstand of Worcester China, an apple with a delicate pink flush, surrounded by a wreath of exquisitely fine flowers. The apple was broken in two, the flowers chipped and mutilated beyond all hope of mending. Tom looked at it in horror. He had heard Father Lyster say, the day before, that it had been given him by a sister who was now dead, and that he prized it more than anything he had. What would happen? Father Lyster would be very angry, and would have him sent away, perhaps. Then there was his first Communion. Of course that would be put off. And if he were sent away, what could he do? How they would jeer at him in the Court. He thought of Father Montague, whom he really loved very dearly, and the separation from him would break his heart, he thought. How sorry he was for his bad temper now. He wished he could begin the day over again, so that he could act differently. But it was no use thinking of that. What should he do now? Then the ever-busy devil whispered in his ear:

"Leave the pieces on the floor, and let them think Smut did it."

Smut was Father Montague's cat. He had found her starving with cold and hunger on the church steps one day in the winter, and had brought her home and taken care of her. He was very fond of her, for she was affectionate and intelligent as a dog, and would have followed him wherever he went, had he been willing.

Tom struggled against the temptation; but, alas! he forgot, as we too often do in the hour of temptation, to pray. Had he begged help of our dear Mother, had he thought of his Guardian Angel, it is likely that he would not have given in. But he only thought of the punishment and disgrace that would fall on him, if this were discovered to be his doing.

"After all, Smut is only an animal," he said to himself. "And neither Father Lyster nor Anna would beat her because of vexing Father Montague. And she hasn't a first Communion to be put off, nor will they turn her away, as they might, and most likely would, do to me."

He left the pieces on the floor, and went on with his work. After dinner, Father Montague took him into his study, and caned him for his impertinence.

"You must also beg Father Lyster's pardon. I am thoroughly ashamed of you, and more vexed than I can say. No, don't tell me you are sorry; go and tell Father Lyster, if you really are. At any rate, you must apologize. Go!"

But at this moment Father Lyster himself came into the room, the broken pieces of the inkstand in his hand, his face troubled and angry. Father Montague started up in dismay.

"Yes," said the younger priest, "is not this annoying? I found all the pieces on the floor of my study. Did you do it, boy?"

Tom faltered, "No, sir." He felt sure of being sent away if he owned the truth now.

"Are you sure?" asked Father Montague, uneasy suspicions crowding into his mind at the boy's confused manner.

"Quite sure, sir."

Tom had lost the second chance given him of speaking the truth. This time he spoke boldly and firmly, and the priests felt ashamed of having doubted him, especially as his manner might so easily be accounted for by his recent scolding and punishment.

"Very well, you may go," said Father Lyster.

"No, stay a moment, Tom, and do what I told you," said Father Montague.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for being rude. I am very sorry," said Tom in a low voice, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Father Lyster, who took his downcast manner for sorrow, said very kindly:

"Very well, my boy; but you must not dawdle on my errands again. We will forget it now, and I don't think you will repeat the offence."

He laid his hand lightly on Tom's shoulder as he spoke, in token

of forgiveness. Tom almost broke down, but he was afraid now to tell the truth, and went back to the scullery to his knife-cleaning with the heaviest heart he had ever known in his life.

The priests went out that afternoon, and came in to tea as usual. Nothing was said, and Tom hoped that they blamed Smut for breaking the inkstand, and were going to say no more about it.

When he was clearing away the tea, Father Montague said:

"Tom, find Smut and bring her to me, when you go out into the kitchen again."

Tom said, "Yes, sir," and took out his tray full of things. When he came back with the empty tray, Smut ran in with him. She trotted up to her master and jumped up on his knee.

"Poor little Smut, you don't know what is awaiting you. Now, Lyster, bring the pieces here."

"Don't do it," said Father Lyster. "Let her off this time. It will hurt you far more than it will her, and I don't think she will do it again."

"No, she must be taught not. Give me the pieces at once, please. I don't like to keep her here thinking I am playing with her, when I am not," answered Smut's master.

It flashed upon Tom's mind what was going to happen now. Still, he was too great a coward to speak. Father Montague held the pieces of the broken inkstand before Smut's eyes, and looking away himself, not to see her in pain, gave her the first blow. Her cry, and the look of pain in Father Montague's face went to Tom's heart. Just as Father Montague lifted his hand to strike her again, he seized the priest's arm and cried:

"Don't hurt her again, sir. I did do it. But I thought if you blamed Smut you would not hurt her, and so I told lies."

The priests were too surprised and sorry to speak for a few minutes, then Father Montague said in a sad, quiet voice:

"Go away, now. I can't talk to you about it to-night, I am too tired. I will see you about it in the morning. Poor little Smut!"

Tom went out of the room with his tray.

"What's the matter?" asked the housekeeper, seeing his dejected look.

He gave her a true account of all that had taken place.

"They won't turn you out of doors," she said; "though it was very bad and ungrateful, when they have both been so good to you. And to let Father Montague hurt that poor dumb animal, that he loves almost like a child!"

Tom passed most of the night tossing restlessly about in his bed, and crying. After breakfast Father Montague took him into his study and said:

"I am going to flog you. It pains and grieves me, but you must see that you deserve it. Father Lyster, kind and forgiving as he is, has asked me to let you off, but I do not think that would be just to him, or good for you."

When he had given Tom his flogging, he added:

"I am glad you did not say you were sorry before, or I should have thought you were crying off. But I hope you are very sorry for having done what you can never make straight as long as you live. Then, too, you have offended God, and that at a time when I thought you were earnestly preparing for your first Communion. Think of your ingratitude to our dear Lord Jesus, who rescued you from your bad life in the streets, and taught you about Himself. It was only a Sunday or two ago, that I explained the parable of the Lost Sheep to you, and you must remember how you were touched, when you thought of all our most sweet Lord suffered for you, and of how He had sought you until He found you."

Tom was very sorry, and lost no time in saying so, and trying to show that he was sincere in his promises of amendment. It was some time before he could look Father Lyster in the face again, he was so ashamed of having told a lie, and so sorry for having done him such an irreparable injury.

As the time drew near for him to make his first Communion, Father Montague urged him to be very watchful over his every word and action, and to shun all intercourse with any boys who might speak to him in the streets. The last three days he was to be very quiet, and not to speak a word more than he could help.

"I send you out on purpose," said the priest, "for you to learn to fight against temptation. I don't think much of those who have not fallen because they have never had the chance of falling. 'Who hath been tried thereby and made perfect, he shall have glory everlasting. He that could have transgressed, and hath not transgressed: and could do evil things, and hath not done them.' But, my boy, beware of thinking you can stand alone. Don't forget to ask our Lady to take your hand and lead you, as St. Felix did; if he, so great a saint, were afraid of falling, how much more must you be." With which little sermon he dismissed Tom on a message.

The boy ran off, intending to obey his master strictly, and not to be led out of the way by any temptation, however great. As he was returning, he heard Punch and Judy in a street some little way off. "I can go round that way," he thought, "it won't take me much longer and there can't be any harm in looking at Punch and Judy for a few moments." He took the longer way, and found himself in a not very respectable street, where Punch and the constable were having a fight. It was very fascinating. Tom had not seen Punch and Judy for such a long time, and there was much in this show that he had never seen before. He was amused, too, at an old man beside him, very neatly dressed, who looked like a gentleman, who was enjoying himself as much as the youngest child there. When it was over, Tom tried to push his way through the crowd to run home. Just at that moment the old gentleman, who had put his hand in his pocket for his purse, to give some coppers to Punch and Judy, cried out:

"Thieves! pickpockets!"

A policeman, who had been standing near, expecting something of the sort, seized Tom, the first boy he could lay hands on.

"Now, young vagabond, it's of no use your kicking and struggling: I have you."

He proceeded to turn out Tom's pockets, asking the old gentleman, at the same sime, to describe his purse.

"Dark-green Russian leather," said the old gentleman. "Four pockets, ivory tablets for every day in the week, and stamp-pockets in which were ten penny stamps, and fourteen half-penny ones. My name and address on three cards in the card-case. Five pounds, seventeen and sixpence-halfpenny in the money-pockets."

"Ha!" cried the policeman, diving into Tom's right-hand trouser-pocket, and bringing the very purse to light. "Pity every one ain't as business-like as you, sir," he said, as he examined the purse, and found all the details as the old gentleman had described them. "Now you, sir, will be pleased to come with me to be locked up."

"I won't," screamed Tom, struggling with all his might. "I didn't take the purse, and I won't be taken to prison."

"Won't you?" said the policeman, "You had best come quietly. I have been on the look-out for you for a long time, Mr. Tom White, and I shall not let you go again in such a hurry."

It was useless for Tom to scream and kick; the policeman was tall and strong, and had not much difficulty in marching him off.

It was useless, too, for Tom to repent of his disobedience now. If he had only remembered in time, — if he had thought of what Father Montague had just said to him before he started! What would they think of him now? Would they hear of it? he wondered.

"Not if I can help it," he thought to himself. "When I get away, I'll just run away and go to sea. I can never ask them to take me back again." Tom thought of his first Communion, and his tears flowed apace. No one would let him make it now, he thought, — taken up for stealing, when he was pretending to look at Punch and Judy.

He passed three very wretched hours till he was brought before the magistrates, and heard that he was to go to prison for ten days. He fell on his knees and begged to be let off, but he had been too well known in his old Paradise Court days for any leniency to be shown to him. He spent three days in misery, his only comfort being his Rosary, which the policeman gave back to him with a sneer, asking him where he stole it from. It was only a small one of steel, or most likely it would have been taken from him. On the fourth day, to his great surprise, and no less joy, Father Montague came to see him. He had wondered and wondered why Tom did not come back, and the next day had seen the account in the papers.

Tom begged him to believe in his innocence, "though," sobbed he, "I can't ask you to take me back into your house now I am disgraced."

The kind priest comforted him as best he could. He had had much experience in dealing with London boys, and he did not doubt Tom's innocence.

"You shall come back to us for a little while," he said, "to make

your first Communion, and learn a little about your duties as a page; and Mrs. St. John, in remembrance of little Dick, is going to take you to her country-house, where we think you will be better than in town. You will be safe from old associations, and may do very well if you like; and Mrs. St. John has promised that no one shall know anything about you, unless you tell them yourself. Now, good-bye, and don't fret any more. Imagine yourself in retreat for your first Communion."

"Good-bye, sir. Thank you, and God bless you, sir, for your kindness to me."

At the end of the ten days Tom went back to the Presbytery. He was very quiet and subdued; the trial had had a good effect on him.

It was a happy day for them all when he made his first Communion. Happy for Father Montague, who received the reward for his painstaking in forming the boy's character and winning him to the love of God. Happy for Father Lyster and Anna, who had grown found of the boy who had at first given them so much trouble, and had afterwards tried to make amends for it in such earnest humility. Happy, above all, for the boy, who, from a life of sin and misery, had been brought into the one True Fold, and received the Good Shepherd into his soul, and gave Him love for love.

He went soon after to Mrs. St. John's, who took a great interest in him, for little Dick's sake at first, for his own afterwards. He felt parting with the first kind friends he had ever known, very much for a time, but was much comforted on hearing that he would come to town with the family every year, and would have frequent opportunities of seeing them.

He is first footman now, and often when he goes out with the carriage, seeing ragged, dirty, evil-looking men and boys loafing about the streets, recognizes them as some of his Paradise Court acquaintances. But they do not know him; how should they? For there is little likeness, in the handsome, well-grown footman in his neat livery and powder, to the half-starved, cunning Tom White, once the ring-leader in all kinds of mischief and depravity.

Tom feels that he can never be grateful enough to the priests who rescued him from the kingdom of darkness, and led him by kindness, prayer, instruction, and example, into the Church of Him who is the "Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Only it was not known how the old gentleman's purse came into Tom's pocket, that day when he was so engrossed in Punch and Judy. Tom thought sometimes that one of his old companions, who had a spite against him for leaving them, might have taken it from the old gentleman, and put it in his pocket.

Will it be one of those things which will never be known until every work be brought into judgment, "with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil?" More innocent souls suffer wrongfully than we ever expect or think; but God knows, and He, "Who seeth in secret, will reward them openly," now or hereafter, as He thinks best.

Sleep for Babies.

It is to be regretted that to so many mothers, and not young mothers either, baby's nap should seem a matter of such slight importance. During the first few weeks of his life, in which his hours are almost wholly passed in slumber, when he falls immediately asleep again upon being awakened, admiring friends are allowed to take him up whenever it pleases them. To be sure, he soon begins to resent this, and to be "cross" when disturbed; and for this reason only his rights are respected as he grows older. Even then, his slumbers are not really guarded against interruption, but he is put to sleep amid the sound of voices and the glare of light, and nature is expected to do her repairing under these circumstances. And such a stupendous work as it is! Almost making over the whole tiny frame. Just compare a baby's strength with your own, and then think of the work he performs during the intervals between naps, — kicking, crowing, grasping, trying to understand all the mysteries surrounding him, till every little sinew aches, every muscle is worn out, and the baby nerves cry out for rest and quiet. An eminent physician has said: "Infants must have sleep for repair and rapid growth; children for repair and moderate growth; middle-aged folk for repair without growth, and old people for the minimum of repair." So, during his nap, baby is not only made over, but added to. How important, then, that Nature be given a fair chance to do her work. Much has been said about the importance of perfect regularity in the nursery, but any one who has had the sole care of an infant knows that this is always, in a greater or less degree, impracticable. Still, it is the wisest and best to have his hours for eating and sleeping as regular as may be. Of course, the little fellow cannot be bathed every time he sleeps, but he should be rubbed gently with the palm, and his hands and face sponged with tepid water; then, after a very moderate meal, he should be laid in some cool, darkened room where he will not be disturbed. Have it understood that it is his right to be let alone. The optic nerves need relief from light, and the brain must not be kept from rest by hearing throughout his slumbers the noises which keep him sufficiently alert when awake.

Learn a Trade.

A good trade is something which bank failures and commercial panics do not destroy. It is a passport to all countries and climes. Something which can be carried in our heads and hands. A demand note which passes current everywhere. The one thing thing that cannot be learned in an academy or college. A strong crutch upon which to lean. The friend of our youth who will not desert us in our old age or affliction. The only language understood by the people of all races and climes. Beyond the possibility of decline at any time — years hence its value. The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold.

Amelia.

HALF-PAST five! and why are not the girls at recreation in the lovely orchard? The day is warm and beautiful, and usually at this hour merry voices are heard at croquet and play.

I will tell you the reason of the sacred, solemn silence which pervades the convent; and why in the chapel little forms are kneeling in prayer, and the soft tinkling of a bell is heard, as through the hall goes a procession of black-robed Sisters and young girls in white veils, all carrying lighted candles, and lastly, Father Grady, with the Blessed Sacrament.

An angel, no less an angel than the one of death, has appeared, and bright, sunny, merry-hearted Amelia Low is spending her last moments on earth. Seemingly in perfect health three days ago, to-day dying of pneumonia, and only twelve, but so willing, nay, happy and anxious, to go to Jesus and Mary.

"Sister," Amelia whispers faintly, "tell my mother and father all I said this morning; give the kiss to darling mamma, and the note to papa. I know they are on their way here, but I will never see them in this world again. Ah! I hear the bell; Father Grady is coming, bringing our Lord to me. Pray for me, Sister, dear."

What a beautiful picture! The pale face with already the sweet smile of heaven upon it; the kneeling Sisters and white-veiled girls; the little altar, the priest, the flowers and lights.

Minutes come and go, the Angelus rings softly, the rays of the setting sun flood the room, the expected angel comes and takes away the jewel, leaving the casket. Amelia closes her eyes on earth to open them in the presence of our dear Lord.

A few weeks later, a beautiful statue of our Lady of Lourdes was received at the convent, with a note from Mr. Low, saying he had learned from a letter dictated by Amelia, after she knew she could not live to see him again, that his darling little daughter desired he would take her money in the bank, and purchase for the school she loved so dearly, this statue.

A grotto was arranged and taken charge of by the Children of Mary, and there every day, — indeed, many times a day, — not only Amelia was remembered in earnest prayer, but her father also. Mr. Low was not a Catholic, and little Amelia had offered up her first Holy Communion, and then her life, for her dear father's conversion.

As the feasts of Our Blessed Lady came the convent children begged even more earnestly of the heavenly Mother that she would ask her divine Son, who can refuse her nothing, to bestow the true Faith upon Mr. Low, and I am sure a sweet young saint in heaven pleaded for the same grace.

The dear Lord, who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given," at last granted their prayer, and on the first anniversary of Amelia's death her father was baptized in the grotto chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes in the convent of ——.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE hear, now and then, of Catholic children being taught their catechism in the public schools, after the regular school hours, as if this were a way to make the godless public schools Christian, and to remove from the minds of good Catholics the fear that their children will lose their faith by going to those schools. This is a device which has been tried and condemned, and well-informed Catholic parents should not be deceived by it. The truth is this: a Catholic child is to be taught in a Catholic school, and all the plans, devices, etc., to the contrary, are weak endeavors to change this law of the Church, or to evade it.

"AND what sort of citizens will they be who graduate from a school in which the facts of all spiritual existence, and any allusion to the love and tender watchful care of an ever-present God, are treated as forbidden topics?" A question like this to the American public, whether it be Catholic or Protestant, would hardly be expected from a secular paper, and that the oldest in New York City. Nevertheless, the New York Journal of Commerce asks it, and gives the reasons why the public schools, to which it refers, should not be used by parents of any Christian denomination.

THE Journal of Commerce puts the public schools down as godless. It proves that the first schools in America stood "side by side" with the Church, "not only as the symbols of a higher civilization, but as the bulwarks of social order and free institutions." After that it shows how that order of things was reverted to suit the people who had no religion, or who, having a religion, were satisfied that if they sent their children to godless schools, they could make up for the lack of religious training there, by home education, the Church, or the Sunday school.

"ALL earnest Christian people believe that there can be no proper education of a child, without giving him, with every line of study, a constant reference to the great end and aim of man's being." This is exactly what the Catholic Church teaches, and it is a great pleasure to know that the Journal of Commerce, with its wide influence, takes the same view of education that the oldest institution on the earth takes of it. So vehement is this great paper in its opposition to the present system of godless schools that it says boldly and without fear: "We are strong in the Protestant faith, and do not believe in giving the public funds to schools in charge of any church, but we should much prefer to have the money exacted from us, or to have a child of our family go to the schools of that denomination, than to a godless school managed by a time-serving politician."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Fair in aid of the Working Boys' Home, Boston, yielded the handsome sum of thirteen thousand dollars.

A BANQUET to Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, one of Boston's popular orators, was given at the Thorndike, Monday evening, June 23, Ex-Mayor O'Brien presided. Col. R. F. Scannell was among the leading celebrities. Mr. F. has gone to Europe.

THE strawberry festival in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, held at the Home on the day and evening of the 21st of June, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association (of which Mrs. Elizabeth Curtin is president, and Miss Mary E. Mullen, secretary), was a most gratifying success, about two thousand people attending.

THE Rev. P. B. Murphy, of Natick, is organizing three companies of cadets, to co-operate with the Father Mathew Association. The members are boys between nine and fifteen years of age. A fife and drum corps is to be formed which will furnish music for the cadets.

THE president has approved the act granting a pension to Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, daughter of Commodore Stewart, of "Old Ironsides," and mother of the Irish National leader.

THE Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, rector of the Cathedral, Springfield, Mass., was presented, on June 18, by the Sunday-school Teachers' Association, with a gold watch and a purse of one thousand dollars. The occasion of this deserved compliment is Father Conaty's approaching health-visit to Europe.

BISHOP KEANE, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is under treatment at the Providence Hospital, Washington, for the injuries he sustained in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad accident of the 19th of June. Drs. T. F. Mallon and Charles Koones were speedily summoned and gave the bishop a most thorough examination, and reported no bones broken. They hope that he has suffered no internal injuries. Mr. William H. Lepley, who saw the bishop shortly after his arrival at the hospital, says he found him in bed, in good spirits and looking well, considering the shock to which he had been subjected.

OUR attention has been called to a foot note, in our June issue, in relation to Michael Davitt. Whatever trouble the author of Glimpses of Irish Industries may have had with Mr. Davitt, we do not share in them. Had our attention been called to the note before its insertion, we should not have inserted it.

A South American Damien.

THE Rt. Rev. William Wulfingh, Bishop of Dutch Guiana, lately arrived in Boston, and the guest of the Redemptorist Fathers, has been doing among the lepers of Batavia, Surinam, the work of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai. The horrible disease has claimed thousands of victims there, and three of the Redemptorist Fathers, who have been ministering to the lepers with Bishop Wulfingh, have fallen victims to their charity. Boston Catholics will doubtless be glad to give Bishop Wulfingh aid for his desolate and needy leper mission. We give elsewhere a more extended account of the bishop's visit to this country.

MISS LENA CALDWELL was married to Baron Zedwitz, German Minister to Mexico. The marriage was in the small Chapel of the Catholic University, at Washington, on the 11th of June. Bishop Spalding officiated at the altar of the University Chapel in conducting the ceremonies, and Cardinal Gibbons at the conclusion of the ceremony pronounced the Benediction. Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, the guardian of the bride, gave her away.

Cardinal Manning's Silver Jubilee.

£3,676 was the amount handed to Cardinal Manning on the completion of the 25th anniversary of his consecration to the Archbishopric. The sum seems small when we consider the great services of Cardinal Manning to the Church in England. The address presented to the Cardinal well remarks: "We have felt it a reproach that, during your Eminence's lengthened episcopate, the church, which since 1869 has served as your cathedral, should still be burdened by the incubus of debt."

THE visit of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association, of Boston, to Portland, Me., on the 12th of June, to visit their brothers in arms, the Montgomery Guards, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was a social event in that city. Everything was done by the citizens and soldiers at large to make everything agreeable during their stay. Mr. Patrick Donahoe was cordially invited to accompany the veterans, but was prevented from doing so. For this and many other courtesies, Mr. Donahoe returns his heartfelt thanks.

Judge Fallon's Resignation.

THE Boston Daily Globe: The resignation of Judge Fallon from the school committee is an event which is likely to arouse wide discussion; and the reasons for his action, as given at the last meeting of the School Board, will be read with very general interest. Judge Fallon was one of the most valuable members of the School Board, and his loss will be severely felt. His long term of service, extending over twenty years, is enough to make it certain that he does not take this step without due deliberation, and the fact that his resignation is intended as a protest against "the influences which have prevailed in the Board for the last two years" is enough to set the public to thinking. The article alluded to will appear in our next issue.

Cardinal Manning.

THE Boston Daily Herald: Cardinal Manning has never appeared to better advantage, with all his opportunities to pose as a Roman official before the British public, than he appeared the other day when thanking those who had honored his jubilee as a bishop of the Vatican with their gifts. Not a bit of the wealth which is thus conveyed to him as a son of the Church will he touch. He holds that the priest should neither be encumbered with wealth while living, nor should he die possessed of it. He appears to have taken the threefold vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity in full faith, and to have adhered to them during his whole ministry in the Catholic Church. The jubilee gifts will increase his benefactions to worthy objects, but not a dollar will he use for himself. Persons who are not in sympathy with his religious opinions cannot help admiring the high purpose by which he regulates his life. Here is a prelate who asks nothing from others which he is not ready to do himself.

Catholic Missions in India.

AT the death of St. Francis Xavier, there were in India, 350,000 Catholics; a little before the suppression of the Jesuit Missions by the *clique* Pombal & Co., there were 2,500,000. At the beginning of this century, under Goanese management, the number had sunk to 475,000! and would have sunk even lower, had it not been for the efforts of the Carmelites and Capuchins. Now, owing to the continued efforts of the Propaganda, the Madras Catholic Examiner is able to register 1,275,000, besides about 400,000 belonging to the jurisdiction of Goa.

THE Gaelic, or old Irish language, is to be taught hereafter in St. James' school, Newark, N. J. The history of "The Island of Saints" is also to be taught there.

Cardinal Manning on O'Brien's Novel.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER, June 3d.

My Dear Mr. O'Brien: — In my last letter I promised you that I would write again when I had finished reading your book; but when I came to the end, I forgot the book, and could only think of Ireland, its manifold sufferings, and its inextricable sorrows. For years I have been saying these words. The Irish people are the most profoundly Christian, and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth. They have also been afflicted by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined. All that centuries of warfare of race against race, and religion against religion, can inflict upon a people, has been their inheritance, but the day of restitution is nearly come. I hope to see the day-break, and I hope you will see the noontide when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, as far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the empire. Then Ken and Mabel shall be no more parted. Believe me, always yours very faithfully,

HENRY E., CARDINAL MANNING.

WHEN will North America have a seminary for the training of priests for the foreign missions? asks the Catholic Columbian.

THE Catholic Columbian: The Rev. C. M. Hyde, of Honolulu, who was flayed by Robert Louis Stevenson for reviling Father Damien, arrived at San Francisco by the last steamer from the Sandwich Islands. He probably is trying to escape the scorn of the people where he is known.

Catholic Policy.

THE Milwaukee Catholic Citizen favors the following line of policy on the school question: 1. The up-building of parochial schools, and their improvement and elevation. 2. Opposition to state control, or interference with private education. 3. Avoidance of conflict with, or opposition towards, the unsectarian public school. 4. Opposition to all bigots and Know-Nothings, who, because of this attitude of Catholics on the school question, impugn the civil capacity of Catholic citizens.

God or the Devil, Which?

OUR Lord said: "He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who gathereth not with Me scattereth." If we are not on his side, then we are on the side of the enemy. The school question calls upon Catholics now to take sides. If they want to prove themselves "liberal" by advocating a godless system of education, and by sending their children to schools where they will be snubbed and sneered at when they make the sign of the Cross, then they take their stand upon the side of those who hate the Cross. If they wish, on the other hand, to prove themselves loyal members of the Church, then they will act in accord with the authorities of the Church, remembering the unerring words of Christ, "He who will not heed the Church, let him be to thee a heathen and a publican." We are told to keep our children out of godless schools. If we rebel, we must take the consequences. Our own interests and the eternal interests of our little ones are at stake.

An Apostate Served Right.

THE Western Watchman: Mrs. Partingall died in New York, some time ago, leaving three children and a large fortune. In her first will she named John W. Wallace guardian of the children. By a second will, she named Mrs. Alice Tombs guardian. It seems when the first will was made, Wallace was a Catholic. For some reason or other, he left the Church, and Mrs. Partingall struck his name from her will. He brought suit, alleging that the priest who had waited on Mrs. Partingall had unduly influenced the testator. Surrogate Abbot decided the other day, that the will was good and there was good reason for changing the guardian. We should say so. We would not appoint a fallen-away Catholic guardian over a mangy dog.

Irish Literature.

MR. JOSEPH MCCARTHY, M. P., contributes an essay to Times on the Influence of Ireland on the Literature of the Day. He thinks it very little, and explains: The truth is, that the intellect of Ireland has, for the time, gone into politics: it is heard speaking from the platform and on the floor of the House of Commons. When the Germans were beginning to rally against the mastery of Napoleon, Fichte closed his lecture hall and announced that he would resume his course of lectures when the country had been liberated. Ireland has acted in much the same spirit. The poets have, for the most part, stopped singing; the novelists wait for quieter times in which to tell their tales; the essayists write leading articles for the newspapers. It is a busy and stirring time; it is a crisis; after all this has passed away, we may look for a new Ireland. The long struggle over, the minds of Irish men and women will begin to settle down, and the lecture halls, the studies, and the studios will be open again. There is a treasure for the historian rotting on the shelves and in the crypts of the Royal Irish Academy, which I trust may be turned to early account. An Irish National Parliament could not do better than to vote a sum of money for the publication of some of these historical materials and the translation of others.

Cardinal Manning's Reply.

THE letter of Cardinal Manning, in reply to that of Cardinal Gibbons, who had tendered the congratulations of Americans on his silver jubilee, contains the following beautiful and touching words: "I cannot let a day pass," says the great Archbishop of Westminster, "before I tender to you, and to all my brethren in America, my heartfelt and grateful thanks for the great consolation of your affectionate words. They are only too kind, but they come at the end of a long and eventful life, as a witness that I have not altogether failed in my desire to serve our patient Master. Such a testimony from your great Episcopate, will cheer me, now that the day is far spent, and my slender work is nearly done."

THE 10th of June was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reception of the Sacrament of Holy Orders by his Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, he having been ordained on June 10th, 1865, in the Cathedral of Malines, Belgium, by Cardinal Archbishop Sterkx.

DR. RICHARD H. CLARKE, so widely known for his historical labors, will prove a worthy successor to the late Henry L. Hoguet, Esq., as president of the New York Catholic Protectory.

Working Boys' Home.

AT the annual meeting of the Working Boys' Home, held last week, at the Home on Bennet street, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. D. O'Callaghan; vice-president, Hon. Henry F. Naphen; treasurer, William J. Quinn; clerk, John Conlon; superintendent, Rev. John F. Ford; directors, Rev. D. O'Callaghan, *ex-officio*; Rev. H. P. Smyth, Captain James H. Lambert, T. F. Taff, T. H. Cummings; auditing committee, T. B. Fitz, H. V. Cunningham, Dr. J. E. Dorcey.

DURING the past fifty years, six admirals of the British navy have been received into the Church.

Marriage Bells.

MR. JAMES F. MAGUIRE, son of Hon. Patrick Maguire, and Miss Eugenie Ober, daughter of Louis P. Ober, were married on the fifth of June, in the chapel of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, by Rev. James B. Troy. The wedding was strictly private, only the immediate families of the young couple being present. After the ceremony had been performed, the young couple started on their wedding tour. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Maguire will reside at Nantasket for the summer. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE extends its heartiest congratulations to all concerned.

THE brother, nephews, and nieces of James Anthony Froude, the bigoted historian, are all converts to the Catholic faith.

An Unexpected Visitor.

ON a recent Sunday morning, during divine service, a huge bear, which had escaped from the stable of a public house, in which its owner, a travelling showman, was staying, entered a Methodist chapel situated on the high road between Barnes and Mortlake. The consternation of the congregation may be easily imagined. Women shrieked, children cried, and there was a general rush made for the door. The bear, however, calmly made its way to the empty choir stalls, where it lay down, and looked around with apparent satisfaction. The pastor of the chapel, whose high and commodious pulpit had suddenly become occupied by several ladies desirous of protection, was in the midst of his discourse, at the time of the animal's appearance. The sermon was brought to an abrupt termination, and from his elevated and safe position, the minister discussed, with the more plucky members of his flock remaining below, ways and means for the bear's expulsion. Fortunately, the anxiety of pastor and people was set at rest by the arrival of the owner of the animal. The bear and his master embraced, and the animal was got out of the chapel with ease and taken back to its quarters. When it was gone, the preacher came down from the pulpit.

BARNUM said farewell to a fellow circus proprietor in England, who, much moved, made this solemn and pathetic utterance: "We shall meet again in heaven, my dear Barnum, if you are there."

HISTORIAN GILMARY SHEA says in the Catholic News: Miles Standish belonged to the Catholic family of Standish, of Standish, and Standish, of Duxbury, England. He never joined the church at Plymouth, or became a member of it. Robinson, the founder of the Separatist Church in Holland, which sent out the pilgrims to Plymouth, knew Standish personally, and evidently had a strong friendship for him; but in one of his letters he deplores the fact that he was far from the kingdom of God, which in Protestant parlance would mean that he was not a Protestant.

Fast from Liquor as well as Beef.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the London Tablet in praise of mortification, and expresses some ideas well deserving of serious thought. He says that there are many people who find it harder to abstain from intoxicating liquors than from flesh meat; and, considering how wide-spread is the evil of drunkenness, he suggests that a movement be inaugurated for the purpose of asking the Holy Father to make it obligatory to abstain from intoxicating drinks on all Fridays and Saturdays during the year, on the vigils, and during Lent and Advent. "A wholesome mortification would thus be imposed upon the moderate consumers of liquor, a powerful restraint put upon the more or less immoderate, many a drunkard perhaps reclaimed, and especially children be taught from their childhood to restrain themselves."

COUNT CAMPELLO, formerly canon of St. Peter's, Rome, who became a convert to Protestantism, has returned to the Church. He will perform a three weeks' penance in a convent, after which it is expected his abilities as a diplomat will be utilized by the Vatican. Count Campello left the Church in a fit of pique, and, as usual, where there is no grave moral disorder, he has come back to his Father's house. It will be remembered what a shout the Protestant world set up at the time, though, to say truth, Count Campello remained silent, and seemed rather ashamed of his act. That was a good sign, says the New York Freeman's Journal.

BELGIUM, which had for some time been cursed with Masonic rule, is now thriving under her Catholic government. The *Bien Publique* records the fact, that from 1878–1884, a period when Free Masons held sway, the financial deficit amounted to nearly sixty million francs. But from 1884–1889, under a religious government, not only is there no deficit, but a *surplus* of forty-eight millions. Poor "United Italy," which the curse of masonic rule has brought to the verge of bankruptcy, would do well to ponder the lessons taught by these figures.

No Smoking.

REV. FATHER TUBMAN, president of St. Aloysius Boys' Sodality, Virginia City, Nev., which has a membership of one hundred youths, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, has established a rule that forbids any member of the sodality smoking cigarettes or using tobacco in any form. The penalty for a violation of the rule is peremptory, and is dishonorable expulsion from the sodality.

See that Catholic Books are in the Libraries.

FATHER CRONIN calls attention in the Union and Times to the neglect of Catholics in not seeing that the public libraries of their respective towns and cities are supplied with Catholic books. As a rule, librarians are very grateful for suggestions concerning the purchase of books; and if in the Buffalo Library the Catholic side of matters is represented by some old directories, Father Cronin declares it is the fault of the Catholics themselves.

AN English cablegram states that Gladstone is about to fabricate a land purchase bill which will be acceptable to Ireland, and secure for it the support of the Liberal party. With this sublime act, he bids fair to close his political career with glory.

Protect the Flags.

PERSONS who have been desecrating the American flag by putting advertisements on it had better be careful in future. Representative Caldwell, of Ohio, has introduced a bill in Congress, running substantially as follows: "Be it enacted, etc.: That any person who shall disfigure the National flag, either by printing on said flag, or attaching to the same, or otherwise, any advertisement for public display, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, in the District Court of the United States, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisoned not less than thirty days, or both, at the discretion of the Court."

WORK is the key to eloquence and knowledge, as well as to virtue.

NEW YORK Catholic Review: DONAHOE'S for June begins with a second article from Peter McCorry on Irish History and Literature in our Catholic School-books. He finds fault justly with the present indifference of the Irish, and their children in America, to literary and historical Ireland. It is a curious fact that the Irish, most blamed and cursed by the so-called American for his Irishism, displays less of his blood in his schools than any other of European extraction. The contents of the MAGAZINE are varied and interesting as usual.

The National Teachers and Archbishop Ireland.

THE local committee of arrangements of the National Teachers' Association, of St. Paul, invited Archbishop Ireland to address the convention. The Archbishop accepted the invitation, and prepared for this occasion a lecture on the subject of "Parochial Schools." On learning the nature of the subject of the Archbishop's lecture, the president of the Association, a Mr. Canfield, of Kansas, withdrew the invitation. The people of the North-west who, without regard to religious belief, hold Archbishop Ireland in high esteem are indignant. Notwithstanding the protest of the bigoted man who will wield the gavel, the committee has decided that, having extended the invitation, it would be policy to let the Archbishop read his paper. Perhaps the caustic rejoinder to the president's assumption had something to do with the reconsideration. At any rate, "the cyclone of the West," as Archbishop Ryan once humorously named him, will be certain to have a respectful hearing.

THE late DR. WILLIAM KIRBY SULLIVAN, formerly president of Cork College, ranked as one of the most eminent scholars in Ireland, and his death is deplored as a great loss to science and letters. He was especially distinguished as a chemist and philologist. The organization of the scientific department of the Catholic University is due to his efforts and prestige. Dr. Sullivan was no less modest than learned, and was admired and beloved by all who knew him.

Ritualism.

To judge from the figures published by the English Church Union, Ritualism would seem to be rapidly increasing. The society, over which Viscount Halifax presides, claims an accession of eleven thousand members in the last two years, the average annual augmentation during the previous decade being only fourteen hundred. The organization now numbers thirty-eight hundred clergymen, of whom twenty-four are bishops, and twenty-six thousand nine hundred lay communicants.

Fifty Years a Bishop.

NEARLY six columns of a recent number of the St. Louis Sunday Post-Dispatch were devoted to the venerable Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, the archbishop. He was born in Dublin, August, 1808, completed his theological course at Maynooth College, and was raised to the priesthood in 1832. Coming to Philadelphia while his eminent brother was its bishop, he was placed in charge of the theological seminary of that diocese, and made vicar-general. He was consecrated bishop of Drosi, in 1841, by Bishop Rosati, and when that prelate died in Rome, in 1843, Bishop Kenrick succeeded him. The archbishop's habits are very regular. He rises at five o'clock, and celebrates Mass at six in his private chapel. His diet is light and sparing. Among his peculiarities are these: He will not talk for publication, and cannot be induced to break this rule. For many years, also, every attempt to influence his Grace to have his picture taken proved unavailing. The Post-Dispatch article is very interesting. It gives illustrations representing his unpretending home, his private chapel, his library, etc. The latter, it says, is "one of the finest general collections in the United States."

MR. WILLIAM A. GOLDEN, Secretary of the Pioneer Diocesan Council of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, at Pittsburgh, Pa., has sent out an interesting pamphlet showing the need of an alliance of the Catholic laity throughout the country. He says: "Aside from the incidental development of the general brotherhood, common to the children of Holy Mother Church, and the promotion of a more widespread, cordial, and generous personal fellowship amongst the rank and file of the Catholic laity everywhere, most meritorious objects in themselves, the signs of the times unerringly point to the ever-growing necessity for the vast body of our people to unite in a compact working force in temporalities, even as they are a unit in matters spiritual."

AN amusing story about the late Mr. Biggar, the celebrated member of Parliament, is told by a friend of his now in Australia. Trying to steal an hour from a much-needed and well-earned rest to give to devotion, he, despite himself, fell asleep while attending the service of Benediction at one of the Catholic churches in London. The service had ended, and almost all the congregation had departed, when Mr. Biggar awoke. Seeing the benches almost empty, and forgetting where he was, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, I move that the House be counted."

The Sisters of Mercy.

THE largest teachers' college in the world is at the Convent of Mercy, Baggot street, Dublin, where hundreds of teachers are trained for the British colonies and other parts. It was founded many years ago by Mother Keenan, received aid from the government, and is open to government inspection. The brother of Mother Keenan, Sir Patrick J. Keenan, is the Head Commissioner of National Education in Ireland. He has given aid of every description to the Teachers' Training College. This splendid institution, which supplies teachers and governesses to so large a section of country, is dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Mercy, under the title *Sedes Sapientiæ*, Seat of Wisdom. The first professors of the country give lectures in the great hall of the college, on every useful subject.

THE Sisters of Notre Dame, of Cincinnati, O., will celebrate their golden jubilee next November. The first Sisters of this noble Order arrived there in the year 1841.

Now that the Catholics have a National University at Washington, the Methodist and Baptist churches have resolved upon a similar university at the capital of the nation. It may happen that when Catholics have established parochial schools in every parish our divided brethren may hasten to imitate their example. Stranger things have happened.

BISHOP MERMILLOD has been made a Cardinal. This will be gratifying news on this side of the Atlantic where the bishop's heroic defence of the rights of the Church in Switzerland are well known and appreciated. Cardinal Mermillod was born in Caronge, in Switzerland, in 1824, was preconizated bishop in 1863, and consecrated by Pius IX. in his private chapel. For eight years he labored as a parish priest in Geneva, performing Episcopal functions when necessary. In 1870, he was banished by the Swiss government, as they would not tolerate a vicariate apostolic in Geneva. For ten years he was an exile in France. He resigned the vicariate and was named by Leo XIII., bishop of Lausanne, Geneva. He was then allowed to return to Switzerland. For the past seven years he has labored in his diocese with zeal and success, and in reward for his glorious services to church and religion he is now raised to the purple.

Cardinal Manning and the Working Women.

A WORD for the working women has been spoken by Cardinal Manning, whose tender charity for all classes of toilers and sufferers has endeared him to the whole world. He said in a recent interview: "I think the time has come for strenuous and proper efforts to be made to protect working women, and to insure them fairness in the matter of their hours' work and their wages. The time is, perhaps, not far off when the sight of the young, ill-fed girls acquiring permanent injuries through long hours of toil, breaking their backs bending over machinery in ill-ventilated rooms, will be regarded as an act of barbarity, and will be punished as such. America, which loves to call itself 'the land of the free,' is renowned for its gallantry and kindness to women; so let us hope that the great New World w lead the crusade against every one wh over-works, underpays, or ill-trea working women."

"Ireland Temperate, Ireland Free."

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, replying Sunday, May 11, to an address fro the newly organized temperance so ety of the parish of Luca, coun Dublin, which numbers about 2,0 total abstainers said: "The new nation temperance movement has even ready taken its place amongst t most solidly established religious ins tutions of the country (applause). Ireland is mapped out into so ma dioceses, and every diocese into many parishes, and every parish made up of its own small district Let but every parish, then, every di trict of a parish, do its own small sha of the great work, by doing simply i own work, within its own borders — you have done it here — and the vi tory is won all along the line." (A plause.)

A Mother of Heroes.

ALICE BRADY, an aged widow, di at 61 Willett street, N. Y., June 4. 1860, Mrs. Brady lived at 381 Ea Fourth street, near the old Mechanic Bell, and had six sons, Patric Thomas, Bernard, Michael, Edwar and John. Patrick was in Meagher Brigade at the first battle of Bull Ru and was killed. Thomas was in t Metropolitan Regiment, and died exposure in the field. Bernard w blown to pieces at Mine Run. He w with the Irish Brigade. Her thr other sons died shortly after, leavi Mrs. Brady childless. The poor o woman, who was over eighty years o lived on a small pension.

Eye Magnet.

IN machine shops it is a freque occurrence that particles of metal pe etrate in the skin and eyes. Mess Frister and Rossman have, accordi to *Revue Industrielle*, constructed magnet for the special purpose of e tracting such particles. It is horsesh shaped, polished, and nickel-plate the two branches are rounded off, a end in a point only a few millimete thick. Its attraction for iron exten for several millimeters

Sermon Preached by Cardinal Gibbons

AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE PHILADELPHIA CATHEDRAL, *JUNE* 30, 1890.

"My eyes shall be open and My ears ttentive to the prayer of him that shall ray in this place. For I have chosen and anctified this place, that My name may be here forever, and My eyes and My heart hay remain there perpetually." — *II. Book f Chronicles* VII. 15, 16.

THE spectacle which presents itself o our view this morning, dearly eloved brethren, is truly an inspiring ne. The majestic proportions of this athedral, the interior beauty of the ouse of God, the immense multitude f worshippers that fill the sacred difice, the long line of clergy that rowd the sanctuary, the presence of our beloved Archbishop seated on his Episcopal throne in the midst of his riests, the delicious strains of music enderly appealing to our religious motions, — all these circumstances re calculated to impress us with the randeur of our Catholic ceremonial.

And the occasion which calls you ogether is in keeping with the sub- ime scene which surrounds us. For ou have assembled to-day, dearly be- oved brethren, to witness two of the nost august rites of the Catholic Church, the consecration of this beau- iful temple to Almighty God, and the elebration of a Pontifical High Mass. An outsider on observing these cere- nonies might be tempted to say (as has been said before), that there is oo much formalism in our public vorship. But to the practised eye of he intelligent Catholic, there is not a ingle meaningless ceremony in our ublic liturgy. Every one of them is ull of sacred and solemn significance.

If you look at a stained-glass window rom the outside of a church, it appears o you unsightly and grotesque, with- ut form or beauty. It conveys no neaning to your mind. But if you iew the same window from within, ow rich and beautiful it appears, specially when the sunlight of heaven s shining upon it! how it embellishes he church, and how admirably the roup of figures is calculated to illus- rate some scene of scripture or of ecclesiastical history! In like manner, stranger to our religion regards our eremonies as vain and meaningless, because he sees no relation between the rites performed and the mystery which they symbolize; but the same ceremonies viewed by an intelligent member of the Church fill his soul with delight, because they embellish some mystery and illustrate some truth of revelation.

I shall begin with an important declaration which is to be always held in view, — that all true devotion, all devotion to be acceptable to God, must be interior, and must come from the heart, for, "the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father indeed seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." All religion that lacks this interior spirit, is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Almighty God reproached the Hebrew people because they had no heart in their prayers. "This people," He says, "draw near Me with their mouth and with their lips glorify Me, but their heart is far from Me." And again He says: "To what purpose do you offer Me the multitude of your victims? . . . Offer sacrifice no more in vain. Incense is an abomination to Me. The new moons and the Sabbath and other festivals I will not abide. Wash yourselves, be clean, take away the evil of your devices from My eyes: cease to do evil, learn to do well, and then come, saith the Lord: if your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow: and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool." But if God rejected their Sabbath it was because it had degenerated into a day of rigid exterior decorum without the soul of joyous piety; if he condemned their public prayers, it was because they did not come from the heart; and He disapproved of their sacrifice, because it was not accompanied by the interior sacrifice of a penitent spirit.

But while the essence of all religion is from the heart, the rites and ceremonies which are enjoined in our public worship are not only useful, but necessary; they are imperatively de-

manded by the constitution of our nature, and hence they were sanctioned by God in the Old Law, and are approved by our Saviour in the New Law.

The angels being pure spirits without a body, render to God a purely spiritual worship. The physical world around us,—the sun, and moon, and stars of heaven, being composed of matter without spirit, pay to God a kind of external homage. And hence, the royal Prophet cries out: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament announceth the work of His hands." And another prophet exclaims: "Sun and moon bless the Lord; stars of heaven, bless the Lord; mountains and hills, bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever."

But man, by possessing a soul, or spiritual substance, partakes of the nature of angels, and by possessing a material body, partakes of the nature of the physical world about him. He is the connecting link between the spiritual and physical world. It is, therefore, man's privilege, as well as his duty, to pay to his Maker the homage of his soul and of his body, or to render to Him an internal and external worship.

The fire of devotion, like material fire, is an active principle. It manifests itself by a glow upon the countenance; it bursts forth spontaneously into words of praise, thanksgiving, and supplication; for "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." And as interior piety finds its expression in outward acts of religion, so does public worship serve like fuel to feed the flame of interior devotion. They mutually act and react on each other.

The fruit of a tree does not consist of the bark, or the branches, or the leaves. Nevertheless you have never seen a tree bearing fruit that was not clothed with bark, adorned with branches, and covered with leaves. These serve to foster and shelter the fruit. In like manner, though the fruit of devotion does not consist of external acts of religion, they are necessary, however, to foster and nourish interior piety. There is as close a connection between interior devotion and public worship as there is between the fruit and the leaves of a tree.

I appeal to any father of an affectionate family in this congregation. Will your children be content with burying their love for you in their heart? No, but they will show their love by embracing and caressing you. They will take delight in conversing with you, and will be eager to serve you. And when your birthday or the anniversary of your marriage comes around, they will surprise you by some gift, and will joyfully sit around you at the festive board. And so will the child of God manifest his love for his heavenly Father in a thousand ways. He will speak to Him in words of praise and thanksgiving. He will publicly honor Him on the Lord's day which is consecrated to His service, and will be glad to partake of the Eucharist at the banquet of love.

Show me the man who devoutly makes the sign of the cross, who on bended knees daily prays to his Maker, who is faithful in assisting at the public services of the church, who regularly receives the Sacraments, who diligently complies with the other official duties of religion, and who contributes, according to his means to the cause of charity and piety, and I will show you a man whose heart is most probably right with God; not because these and such external acts constitute the essence of piety, but because they are the aroma of piety; they are the fragrance of the flower. Show me, on the contrary, the man who never bends the knee to his God, who never assists at public worship, who never or rarely performs any external act of religion, and I will show you the man in whose soul the spark of piety is very faint, if it is not entirely extinguished.

Almighty God regarded ceremonial worship so indispensable a handmaid to interior devotion that He prescribed in the Old Law, in the most minute detail, the rites and ceremonies and ordinances which were to be observed by the priests and people in their public worship. What is the book of Leviticus but an elaborate ritual of the Jewish religion? Who had a more tender piety towards God than David? We have only to peruse his Psalms to be convinced how his heart glowed with love for his Maker. And yet so

earnestly the royal prophet advocates the solemn and festive praises of God! "Praise ye the Lord," he says, "in His holy places. Praise Him with sound of trumpet. Praise Him with psaltery and harp. Praise Him with strings and organ." And this you have done to-day, my brethren, in coming to this holy place consecrated to the Lord. You have come to praise Him amid the sound of the organ and the chant of the choir and of the ministering clergy.

David, in the exuberance of his devotion, "danced with all his might before the ark of the Lord," girded with a linen ephod, and "all Israel played before God with all their might with hymns, and with harps, and with psalteries, with timbrels and cymbals and trumpets." And when Michol the daughter of Saul, saw King David dancing before the ark, she despised him in her heart, and ridiculed him.

The race of Michols has not died out. They are numerous to-day. They will have no ephods or chasubles or sacred vestments in the sanctuary. All joyous feeling and emotion must be suppressed. Some of them would even banish all musical instruments from the House of God.

But it were better to dance with David than to sneer with Michol. And if God was pleased with the Royal Prophet when, with joy and simplicity of heart, he danced before the ark of the Lord, he will surely look with not less approval on the priests and acolytes when they move in solemn procession and bend the knee with reverence and love before the Lord of the ark that dwells in our tabernacles.

And in the lesson appointed for Ash Wednesday, the Prophet Joel thus addresses the children of Israel: "Be converted to the Lord with your whole heart, and rend your hearts and not your garments." Here he recommends interior devotion. But immediately after, he exhorts the people to public prayer in these words: "Sound the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the people together: between the porch and the altar, the priests, the Lord's ministers, shall weep and shall say: spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, and give not Thy inheritance to reproach." This is precisely what the Church has done at the opening of Lent. She proclaimed a fast to the Christian world. The people assembled in their respective places of worship; the priest prayed for the people at the altar, and their foreheads were marked with ashes as a reminder of their mortality, and as an emblem of their contrition of heart.

Our divine Saviour came upon earth to establish a purer, a more spiritual and a more elevated religion than that which had preceded His time. And yet He was accustomed to associate external forms with His religious acts. After the last Supper, He rose from the table and chanted a hymn with His disciples. He afterwards went to the garden of Gethsemani, and fell upon His face in humble supplication. And shortly before His Passion, He entered the city of Jerusalem in solemn procession, preceded and followed by a large multitude bearing branches of palm in their hands, and singing Hosanna to the Son of David. I need not tell you how faithfully we commemorate this ceremonial in the procession of Palm Sunday. It is true indeed that the rites accompanying our public worship are more gorgeous and elaborate than were those recorded of the primitive church; but is it not quite natural that the majesty of our ceremonial should keep pace with the development of Christianity.

But where shall we find a ritual so gorgeous and elaborate as that which is presented to our view in the Apocalypse, and which is descriptive of the worship paid to God in heaven? It pleased Almighty God to uplift the veil and to disclose to St. John a passing glimpse of the adorers assembled around the throne of the divine Majesty in heaven. Angels are represented to us as bearing golden censers and offering incense to the Lord "on the altar which is before the throne of God." And the elders are represented as laying their crowns of gold before the throne. And virgins, too, with harp and canticle, follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And a great multitude whom no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, are standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and how

palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice: "Salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb." And the angels and the elders reëcho the anthem. Wave upon wave of melody float through the court of heaven while they sing: "Praise and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God forever and ever." How glorious is the pageant! How elaborate in detail! Surely there ought to be some analogy, some harmony, some proportion and resemblance between the public worship which is paid to God in the Church triumphant in heaven, and that which is rendered to Him in the Church militant on earth. And where shall we find this resemblance so strikingly exhibited as in the solemn service of to-day?

Witness that stranger that has come to your city, perhaps from Germany or the mountains of Switzerland. It is Sunday morning; he is walking your streets when he hears the sound of your Cathedral bell. What hallowed associations it arouses in his memory! He accepts its voice as an invitation to prayer. He sees the cross-crowned dome, and the cross speaks to his heart. And entering your Cathedral, while tears run down his sun-burned cheeks, he exclaims: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. For, the sparrow hath found herself a nest, and the turtle dove, a home. Thy altars are my home, my King and my God." Looking around him, he observes the paintings of the Saints and of the Lord of Saints, whom he was accustomed to venerate at home. He sees the baptismal font which reminds him of the sacred font where he was regenerated in baptism, and of the days of his baptismal innocence, and the well-known words of the Psalmist spring to his mind: "I will go unto the altar of God, to God who rejoiceth my youth." He sees the confessionals which recall to his mind the place where he was accustomed to kneel at the feet of the Lord's anointed, and hear those saving words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." He sees the altar-railing where he was accustomed to partake of the Holy of Holies. He sees the altar ablaze with lights. He sees the pontiff and priests robed in their sacred garments, these quaint old garments, so strange to him who is not of the household of the faith, but as familiar to him as his mother's face. He hears the sound of the organ and the chant of the choir singing the joyful "Gloria in Excelsis" and the immortal Creed. He listens to the touching notes of the preface, that master-piece of musical creation, so simple yet so sublime, so familiar yet so soul-stirring. He sees a multitude of kneeling worshippers like himself, and he feels in his heart of hearts that he is in the presence of brothers and sisters who have with him "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in us all."

Although this stranger could not understand a word of our language, all these objects spoke to him intelligibly with a hundred tongues. They spoke to his intellect; they appealed to his memory; they aroused his imagination; they addressed his heart and affections, they appealed to his emotional nature; they appealed to his senses and feelings. They preached to the whole man as God has made him, so that every faculty of his soul and every fibre of his frame was swayed by the sweet influence of religion. Such, brethren, is the power, such is the mute eloquence of Catholic ceremonial worship.

Do not tell me that this is sentiment, that this is emotional religion. Well, be it so. Is not sentiment and emotion a component part of man's nature, and were not these gifts given to man to be exercised as well as his intellect? Not by reason alone is man guided, but by his heart and feelings also. Take away the poetry from a man's nature, take away his sense of the beautiful and harmonious, and he shrinks to a cold, calculating machine. To eliminate sentiment and the emotional faculties from humanity would be like blotting out the spring-tide and the flowers from the seasons.

The Catholic Church takes hold of man as God has created him, with all his gifts and attributes; she appeals to the light of reason, the dominant faculty of his soul; but she appeals also to his heart, his imagination and sensibility, those lesser lights which encircle reason's imperial throne; and he who

upbraids her for arousing these faculties, upbraids the Author of our being, who created them.

I congratulate you, Most Reverend Archbishop, on the work you have accomplished to-day. It is not long since, before this altar, you consecrated yourself, body and soul, to Almighty God and to the service of this people; and now you have consecrated to Him the temple itself. May both the high priest and the temple be sweet and acceptable oblations in the sight of God.

I congratulate you, my brethren, on the solemn consecration of this beautiful cathedral,—a cathedral worthy of the Lord of hosts, and most worthy of this great city of Philadelphia, in the midst of which this modern Sion sits enthroned like a queen, arrayed in a vesture so becoming the Spouse of Christ. And in erecting this church to Almighty God, you, and your fathers before you, have done honor to yourselves. For, if it is esteemed a great privilege for the citizens of the United States to erect a monument to the Father of his country, how much greater is the honor which redounds to you in erecting this noble monument to your Father in heaven.

So great indeed is the prerogative attached to the erection of a house of prayer, that when it was a question in the Old Law of building a temple to the Lord, the project was conceived by one king, it was carried into execution by another, and the temple was renovated and beautified by a third king. King David conceived the plan of erecting the temple; King Solomon carried the plan into execution, and King Joas repaired and adorned the temple.

The history of this cathedral has some points of striking analogy to the history recorded of Jerusalem's temple. As three great kings are associated with the rise, and progress, and decoration of the ancient temple, so three great prelates are identified with the founding, the construction, and the consecration of this church. The venerable Archbishop Kenrick, a man like David according to God's own heart, laid the foundation of this church. After the saintly Neumann had gone to his reward, the building was completed by Archbishop Wood, who possessed no small share of the wisdom and foresight of Israel's anointed King Solomon. And your present beloved Archbishop, who commands your admiration by the charm of his eloquence, and wins your hearts by his amiable disposition, completes the parallel by adorning this temple like King Joas, and he has had the consolation to-day of solemnly consecrating it to Almighty God.

God grant that the blessing which the Lord promised to those who would pray in the temple of Jerusalem, may be shared by all who will worship in this church, and that the words which He spoke to Solomon, may be fulfilled in you: "My eyes shall be open, and My ears attentive to the prayer of him that shall pray in this place. For I have chosen and have sanctified this place that My name may be there forever, and My eyes and My heart may remain there perpetually."

FOURTH OF JULY was the fiftieth anniversary of the day the Cunard line began its transatlantic business. On the 4th of July, 1840, the wooden paddle-wheel steamer Britannia started for Boston, making the voyage in fourteen days. Since that time this line has built and manned seventy-eight steamships, and the present Cunard fleet consists of thirty-five steamers. From fourteen days, the time of passage has been reduced to about six days, and other improvements have corresponded to this. Mr. Donahoe has been connected with this line since its advent.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* A circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

Our Schools, Colleges, Academies, etc.

THERE are in the United States 35 seminaries, 102 colleges, 635 academies, and 3,200 parochial schools, under the care of devoted Catholic teachers, says the New York Freeman's Journal. In British North America there are 17 Catholic seminaries, 51 colleges, 238 academies, and 4,120 parish schools. In the special educational institutions of our Republic alone are taught nearly 700,000 Catholic students. We venture to say, from what has come under our own eyes, that no portion of our school-going youth has been better fitted for the affairs of life, here and hereafter, than the boys and girls of our Catholic schools.

The competition for the West Point Cadetships in New York settled it beyond dispute, so far as the Metropolis is concerned. Here the prizes were, in nearly every case, carried off by the boys of the Brothers' schools, and, in Savannah, we note that the Catholic Cathedral public school stands at the head of all the schools in that city. These facts are sufficient of themselves to dispel the absurd notion imbibed by some foolish parents, that religion cannot be taught to children except at the expense and neglect of their secular studies.

At Boston College, College of the Holy Cross, academies and schools throughout New England, the exercises attending the close of the scholastic year have been very satisfactory. The increase in the attendance has been greater than any previous year. The same remarks may be applied to our educational institutions throughout the country. What will it be when every parish in the country will have its parochial school?

Marriage of Mr. William O'Brien, M. P.

AMID the congratulations of a grateful people, and accompanied by associations unique in the history of Irish prominent public men, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was married in London on Wednesday morning, June 11, to Miss Sophie Raffalovitch. The Union (says the Dublin Freeman), was a true one of hearts, and linked forever until death doth them part, one now the uncompromising defender of a people's cause, and a hearty sympathizer from a friendly nation. The union is as auspicious as it is happy. The Shamrock of the Emerald Isle is bound with the Lily of France. The great sympathy shown by the French with the Irish cause is strongly accentuated in the marriage of the gifted young lady with the sterling Irish patriot. A new bond of feeling and fraternal love is set up between the two countries. Rather is the old tie strengthened. The glories of Fontenoy and the hopes of Bantry Bay are vivified. The happy union was honored by the presence of the great and patriotic prelate, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, whose sincere and lasting friendship for the bridegroom is now extended to the happy bride. All Mr. O'Brien's Parliamentary colleagues were present on the felicitous occasion, and many more besides, who are bound to him by ties of friendship and esteem. With them we wish the happy pair long life and happiness.

Concluding we can only say —

God's benison upon thee, hero true,
Undaunted champion of a land opprest!
As fearless when our friends were scant and few
As now when they are many! Be thou blest
With many a year of active, noble life,
To bid the ancient feuds of faction cease!
Having done yeoman service in the strife,
May God preserve thee to perfect the peace!

And welcome to thee, lady! For his sake
We'd welcome thee; but 'tis not that alone.
Thy heart hath throbbed Eire's fetters foul to break,
So, therefore, doubly welcome for thine own!
Cead mille failthe to our ancient land!
Eire gains a daughter worthy of that son,
The Bayard of the patriotic band
By whom the nation's rights will soon be won!

Ordinations at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

On Friday, June 27, the imposing and impressive ceremony of ordination took place at the cathedral in presence of a large concourse of spectators and worshippers. The recipients of orders were seminarians from the Brighton Seminary. The most reverend archbishop officiated. He was assisted by a large body of clergymen. The following were ordained:

Priesthood. — James A. Walsh, archdiocese of Boston; Emmanuel C. Terra, diocese of Providence; James P. Quigley, diocese of Wilmington.

Deaconship, — Patrick H. Casey, Alexander J. Hamilton, archdiocese of Boston; Francis Reilly, diocese of Springfield; Matthew J. Traynor, diocese of Hartford; Austin A. Dowling, diocese of Providence.

Office of Exorcists and Acolytes. — Cornelius F. Hennesy, Joseph S. Sherin, Francis Walsh, James A. Walsh, archdiocese of Boston; Thomas S. Duggan, diocese of Hartford; John P. O'Neil, diocese of Manchester.

Four Minor Orders, — Joseph G. Anderson, Edmund T. Butler, John A. Butler, John A. Degan, Joseph J. Dermody, Daniel F. Horgan, Cornelius M. O'Connor, James F. Stanton, Mark J. Sullivan, archdiocese of Boston.

James J. Donnelly, John P. Leary, diocese of Springfield; Dennis F. Hurley, Patrick J. McGivney, diocese of Hartford.

Office of Porter and Lector, — John T. Kennedy, Michael J. O'Connor, diocese of Hartford.

First Tonsure, — Charles F. Donahue, Philip J. Gormley, John J. Harkins, John B. Holland, Daniel W. Lenehan, John A. McCauley, Stephen S. O'Brien, James A. O'Rourke, Edmund T. Shanahan, William A. Quinn, archdiocese of Boston; Edward J. Fitzgerald, John J. O'Malley, James A. O'Malley, diocese of Springfield; Peter H. McClean, diocese of Hartford; George A. Guertin, diocese of Manchester.

Wedding Bells.

Hon. Michael M. Cunniff, of Boston, was married to Miss Josephine McLaughlin, daughter of the late Francis McLaughlin, Esq., on the 30th of June. The wedding took place at the chapel of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Leo P. Boland, rector of the Cathedral, officiating. The happy couple went immediately to New York, whence they sailed for Europe, where they are to spend several months.

On June 19, by the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. M. J. Loftus, rector of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, assisting, Mr. Austin E. Ford, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, was married to Miss Annie S. Oakley. The Nuptial Mass was attended by the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

Donahoe's Magazine extends its best wishes to the happy couples in their battle of life.

Thirty-six Years a Priest.

Rev. Lawrence Smythe, the venerable pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Smith, Ark., was ordained to the priesthood in All Hallows College, Dublin. He is a native of county Cavan, that has given hundreds of priests to America. After his ordination he spent two years in the English mission, and came to Arkansas in 1856. He was stationed at Napoleon until 1862, when he was assigned to the pastorate of the Catholic Church at Fort Smith. He has been there for twenty-eight years, and, to use the reverend gentleman's own words: "I am priest, bishop, and pope of this parish." Father Smythe is now in his sixty-fifth year, enjoys the best of health, and he is hale and hearty, and good for many more years of useful labor in the church. It can be said in addition, that Father Smythe is one of the most popular and enterprising citizens of the town. He is always ready to aid in every possible way any enterprise that has for its object the future welfare of Fort Smythe. He numbers his friends among all classes, irrespective of creed, nationality, or color, and is highly respected and honored. Many and sincere will be the congratulations tendered to the worthy pastor of the Immaculate Conception by his parishioners and friends on this, the thirty-sixth anniversary of his priesthood. The Times of Fort Smith joins in wishing him many a "Vivat Pastor Bonus," so does Donahoe's Magazine.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complection." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

Silver Jubilee of a Hard-Working Priest.

Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood Sunday. Father O'Callaghan was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1841. He came to America with his parents in 1848. They settled in Salem. The future priest attended the city schools until the opening of St. James' school. Here he completed his grammer school course in 1855. He was among the first of the Catholic young men of Salem to study for the priesthood. His preparatory course was made at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., where he had for his schoolmates Cardinal Gibbons, Right Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and Right Rev. J. J. Kain, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va. He made his theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood with Rev. P. L. Chappelle, D. D., now rector of St. Matthew's, Washington, D. C., on June 29, 1865. Father O'Callaghan was appointed assistant at SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston, and spent several years in hard pastoral duty in this parish. In 1868 he was commissioned to organize St. Augustine's parish, and ten years later purchased from the city the splendid site on Dorchester street, on which St. Augustine's Church stands. On September 11 of the same year, Archbishop Williams laid the corner-stone, and on July 2, 1871, the basement was opened for public service, and on August 31, 1874, the finished church was dedicated by Archbishop Williams. This church is one of the largest and most beautiful in New England. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, built of brick, with ornamentations of Nova Scotia freestone. It has a bell tower and exceedingly graceful spire, rising two hundred feet from the ground. Within, it is beautiful with lofty arches clustered with columns, marble altars, and stained glass windows, and is altogether most symmetrical and beautiful. It was erected at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A little later Father O'Callaghan purchased an eligible property near the church, on which, in the near future, a parochial school will be erected. There is no debt on this valuable and rapidly acquired church property, with the exception of a small sum resting on the bells and the new organ, recently added to the church.

The solemn High Mass at 10.30 o'clock was the principal feature of the day's celebration. The following clergymen officiating: Celebrant of Mass, Rev. D. O'Callaghan; deacon, Rev. M. C. O'Brien, of Bangor, Me.; sub-deacon, Rev. C. T. McGrath, of Somerville; master of ceremonies, Rev. James Masterson, of Peabody.

Monsignor Griffin, of Worcester, ascended the pulpit, and delivered the sermon. After alluding to the duties of the priest, Monsignor Griffin said of Father O'Callaghan that, from his reception into the ministry up to the present time, the trees he planted always bore good fruit, assuring us that God abided with him and his Church. In this elegant house of worship we find evidence of the fruit which was brought forth by his labors. For twenty-two years he has labored among his people, and this outpouring is an evidence of the respect in which he is held. His work is not done yet, however, and we trust the silver to-day will be dimmed by the glory of the golden jubilee that is to come. When his labors are over, and the golden sunset comes, he will wear a crown of glory, and God will welcome him to that eternal paradise saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the kingdom of heaven."

At the conclusion of the Mass, Father O'Callaghan entertained about thirty priests at dinner in the parochial residence. The feast over, congratulatory speeches were in order.

In the afternoon Father O'Callaghan was tendered receptions by the Sunday school, which presented him, through Miss Katie Sullivan, with a check for four hundred dollars, and by the St. Vincent de Paul Society and by St. Augustine's Temperance Society, both of which organizations presented sets

of congratulatory resolutions. Solemn high vespers closed the services of the day.

On Monday, Father O'Callaghan entertained about one hundred and fifty clergymen at a banquet in St. Augustine's Hall. Archbishop Williams had the seat of honor, and on his right was Bishop Healy, of Portland, and on his left, Father O'Callaghan. Seated around the tables were Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, Ia.; Vicars-General Burke, of Albany, Murphy, of Portland, and Barry, of Manchester, N. H., Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S. S., Very Rev. Charles Rex, of Brighton Seminary, Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop, Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College; Rev. F. X. Nopper, S. J.; Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro, and the pastors of all the churches in and around Boston. It was just four o'clock when Father McKenna arose, and, after a brief address, called upon Archbishop Williams to respond to the toast, "The Pope." The latter made a very able address, in which he took occasion to compliment Father O'Callaghan for the ability displayed in all his undertakings. Congratulatory speeches in response to toasts were made by Bishops Healy and Cosgrove, Father Fulton, Father Blenkinsop, and others. Following the speech-making came the presentation of an elegant gold chalice, valued at one hundred dollars to Father O'Callaghan. Rev. Robert Johnson made the presentation speech in behalf of a number of the recipient's clerical friends. Father O'Callaghan made a neat response.

Those present at the dinner were presented with a souvenir printed on heavy cream bristol cardboard, with bevelled panel, on the face inscribed "1865–1890," with the monogram of Father O'Callaghan in the centre. On the inside, printed on a satin ribbon, was a picture of Father O'Callaghan, with the inscription, "Souvenir of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of My Ordination."

During both days numerous presents were sent to the parochial residence, and Father O'Callaghan may well feel proud of the demonstrations, testimonials, and good wishes showered upon him at his jubilee.

Mr. Banigan, the Noble and Generous-Hearted Rhode Island Millionnaire, has Found Another Great Charity.

In a few weeks, at the most, the new St. Maria Home for Working women will be dedicated in Providence, R. I. The Home is founded by Mr. Joseph Banigan, and is the latest of a most remarkable series of charities extended by that gentleman. The Home for the Aged, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, which he built and furnished entire at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, and his numerous gifts to hospitals and churches, will be lasting monuments to his memory. His latest work, the St. Maria Home, will be a place of refuge for the working-girls of the State, and will be in charge of Sisters. Mr. Banigan is a chevalier of the Pope, having been knighted for his great acts of charity.

St. Mary's Church, Milford, Mass., of which the venerable Father P. Cuddihy is rector, had, on Sunday, June 29, a splendid celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of its dedication. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. H. L. Robinson, D. D., of Chicopee, with the Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton, deacon, and the Rev. M. Murphy, Westfield, subdeacon. The Rev. M. Ahern, Milford, was master of ceremonies. Father Cuddihy and his assistants, the Revs. J. T. Canavan and D. J. McGillicuddy, were in the sanctuary. The sermon was by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, and was an eloquent exposition of the text: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." On Saturday, July 5, Father Cuddihy started on his twenty-first visit to his native Ireland.

CATARRH,
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.— *Christian Advocate.*

THE author of The Five Talents of Woman quotes several amusing anecdotes of tale-bearers. One tells of a Scotch minister who rebuked one of his flock for her gossiping habit. It was in the days when a gentleman carried a "repeater," a watch which struck the hours, and repeated the strokes on pressing a spring. "Janet," said the clergymen, "I have warned ye often; ye are ower muckle given to scandal. Ye maun keep your mouth, as it were, wi' bit and bridle, as the Scripture saith."—"Aweel, minister," replied Janet, "sae I hae always keepit a watch upon my tongue."—"Hoot, Janet! It maun hae been a repeater then."

The Franciscan Fathers,

WHO have charge of the holy places in Palestine, conduct regular offices in forty-two sanctuaries, have forty-two convents and hospices, and sixty churches, all of them centres of both spiritual and material advantage to the people at large, and upon which they are again dependent, some thirty-seven elementary schools, three orphanages, technical schools, seventeen communities of nuns, and four of Christian Brothers, besides pharmacies or dispensaries, where medicines are distributed gratuitously. During thirteen years they have received into the Church some twelve thousand converts from schism or heresy, and converted five hundred Jews or Mohammedans. All this great work, together with the entertainment of at least twelve thousand pilgrims a year, is almost entirely dependent upon the generosity of the faithful throughout the world. They make no charge for the entertainment of pilgrims for fifteen days. Those who wish to make an offering can do so, and they are prayed for as benefactors. This is, indeed, a great and holy work, and it is one the importance of which increases year by year, and it is earnestly hoped that it will attract more and more the attention of Catholics everywhere, and call forth their generous benefaction.

THE Church will take care of English teaching in the Church schools. The Baltimore Fathers recommend that the children belonging to German or to French families, or those of any other nationality, should learn the catechism in English as well as in the language of their parents.

THE Catholics of the West are certainly setting the Catholics of the East a good example. They are wide-awake, and are determined not to allow the anti-Catholic crusade to go on any longer without some efforts to stay it. The latest development in that direction is a pamphlet of fifty pages entitled, The Vail-Burgess Debate, a religio-educational discussion between O. F. Burgess, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Roger Vail, vice-president of the Catholic Truth Society, with a preface by Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, D.D., Bishop of Duluth. This proves to be a republication, from the columns of the Minneapolis Tribune, of a controversy occasioned by a speech made at a meeting of Methodist ministers, in which the speaker, Mr. Burgess, indulged pretty freely in the reckless assertions about the Catholic Church, Catholic parochial schools, foreign influence, etc., which is quite common with a certain class of narrow-minded bigots.

Mr. Vail, vice-president of the Catholic Truth Society, threw a bomb-shell into the enemy's camp, in the shape of a challenge to the redoubtable anti-Popery man to produce his authority for his assertions. The controversy which resulted was an animated one, and, on the Catholic side, was very ably conducted by Mr. Vail, who had the consolation of being commended by some of the more candid and liberal-minded Methodist brethren, and asserted that he had the best of the argument. He headed off his opponent on every charge that he had made, and compelled him to hide his diminished head. We have no means of knowing the actual result of the controversy upon the community in which it occurred, but, judging from the outcome as it appears in this pamphlet, we are convinced that it must have had a decided influence in favor of the Catholic cause. Why should we not have a Catholic Truth Society in Boston, which shall be ready to meet our opponents with equal promptness and efficiency?

THE Catholic Knights of America have perfected a plan by which its members, when sick or disabled, will receive the sum of seven dollars a week. Such benefits are secured by a mutual aid association, admission to which is open to all members of the order.

The Steamer City of Paris Saved by Prayer.

THE New York Freeman's Journal: Among the passengers on the disabled City of Paris, were Father Benedict, the Provincial of the Passionist Order in America, accompanied by Fathers Thomas, Sebastian, and Robert. The last-named, in a letter, tells a remarkable story of St. Joseph's intercessory care. He says: "He (Father Benedict) told us to bless the winds and the waves. Many vows were then made in honor of our Blessed Mother, dear St. Joseph, and our holy father, St. Paul of the Cross; also many offerings for the poor souls in purgatory. We had recited the Rosary together, many of the passengers joining in our prayer. We chanted the 'Ave Maria Stella,' that the star of the sea might guide our ship safely to port. We blessed the sea with relics of St. Paul, St. Joseph, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and then, with unlimited confidence in St. Joseph, we turned to him on whose feast we sailed from home, and under whose special protection we had placed ourselves, and taking his little statue, which we carried with us, we dropped it near the captain's bridge into the stormy sea, when lo! a calm came over the mighty ocean, the winds and the waves were quieted, and all on board said: 'How good God is to us'!" Father Robert also says that the sailors who went in a boat with Chief Officer Passo in search of assistance, came to the missionaries to receive their blessing before leaving the ship. When the City of Paris reached Queenstown, the priests offered up a Mass of thanksgiving in the Cathedral there.

DR. FLINT is quoted as saying: I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic.

RIGHT REV. KEANE, of the Catholic University, at Washington, in a lecture to the students of the Notre Dame University on "Christian Patriotism," made some statements worthy of careful consideration. Stating authoritatively the position of the Catholic Church, he said that an American, while he loved God more, should not love his country less. In England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Catholic Englishmen like Lord Howard had not hesitated to take up the arms of their country against a Catholic power that threatened their motherland. In olden times the states of Europe were obliged, in self-defence, to maintain union in religion. That condition of affairs has passed away. Toleration is the watchword of American citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic. Catholics believe in the motto, "Union is essential; tolerance is non-essential; charity to all." Catholics are not opposed to state schools, but to unchristian state schools. Americans who are as keen, at least, as the English and Canadians, will find a way, he said, of making Christian state schools. The bishop told all the students of Notre Dame to be politicians, to vote from their convictions, and knock any man down who would attempt to buy a vote. He urged them to love America as they love God, and to remember that duty to Christianity was duty to one's country.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

P. O'Shea, New York.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By Brother Azarias, of the the Brothers of the Christian Schools. One volume 12mo, neatly bound in cloth. Price, $1.50. Single copies furnished to teachers for examination with a view to introduction, at one half the retail price.

It is now fifteen years since the first edition of this work appeared. The enthusiasm with which it was welcomed by the greatest scholars then living is sufficient guarantee of the worth and timeliness of the book. This new addition has been carefully revised and partly re-written, and several chapters have been added to it, rendering it far more complete than any of the previous editions. Whilst it is eminently a book of literary principles, it is also a complete compendium of general literature. It contains the only theory of the development of thought that can consistently refute Darwinism in literature. It is, therefore, a useful, almost necessary guide to the literary studies of the young, and is an antidote to the Agnosticism which poisons so much of our modern literature. This is the fourteenth edition.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

THE SECOND READER. By Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland.

The preface says:

The plan of this book is similar to that of the New First Reader, and, like it, combines the advantages of the word, the phonic, and the alphabetic methods. The lessons are in the easy, "conversational" style, which, from its familiarity, is most attractive for children. While they serve to teach reading, they are pervaded throughout by sound Catholic sentiments. As in the New First Reader, each word when first used appears at the head of the lesson, and bears its proper phonic marks. But plurals regularly formed, possessives, compounds, and simple derivatives of words which have already appeared, and are not included in the new words. Language lessons follow nearly every reading lesson. These comprise exercises in answering questions, supplying ellipses, and describing pictures, and afford abundant material for first attempts at composition. The language lessons, however, are merely suggestive, and may be modified, amplified, or omitted, as occasion requires. To teach the written form of words as well as the printed form, some examples of script, at once simple, accurate, and beautiful, have been engraved expressly for this reader. The illustrations are, simply, the best that the publishers can procure; no expense has been spared on them, and they are excellent in design and engraving.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIALISM: A Solution of the Social Problem. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D., of St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents.

This is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, and contains a brief but very able and comprehensive statement of the true Catholic doctrine on the subject of socialism. Mr. Pallen is recognized as one of our leading, influential, and most vigorous writers. His treatment of the social problem in this interesting pamphlet indicates a thorough knowledge of the subject; his style is clear, his reasoning logical and conclusive, and we do not see how any candid man can rise from its perusal without being convinced that the Catholic Church furnishes the only satisfactory solution of the great problem which now agitates society everywhere. It is an admirable document to put into the hands of any one not familiar with the subject, and deserves, and we should think ought to have, a wide circulation.

Announcements.

A RETROSPECT on events, which made possible the late Baltimore convention, and a complement to the same, by the Rev. E. A. M., of the diocese of Vincennes, Ind. Price, 25 cents.

Dr. J. Gilmary Shea says: "This pamphlet is an *invaluable* contribution to the history of our country;" it is well and pointedly put. "I have read it with great interest and I think it will do good."

Published by D. P. Murphy, Jr., 31 Barclay street, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN MURPHY & Co. have The Month for June. Price, 35 cents. By the year $4.

MUSIC.

White, Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal:—"We Shall All Be Angels in the Sweet Bye and Bye," by Fred Roberts. "Could I," English words by Theo. Marzials, music by F. Parlo Tosti. "Committed to the Deep," by C. A. White. "For You," words by Arthur Chapman,

music by Sydney Smith. "We Come to Thee," quartette, by C. C. Stearns. "Love in Idleness," English words by Henry S. Leigh, music by E. Paladilhe. "Ave Maria," from "Otello," by Verdi. "Thine," English words by Ambrose Davenport, music by Carl Bohm.

Instrumental:—"Two Petite Spanish Dances," by T. Pomar. "Polka Mazurka," by L. Strealbog. "Maiden's Joy Gavotte," by Otto Fischer. "Coppelia Valse Brilliante," by E. Ketlerer. "With Song and Mirth," Concert Polonaise, by Carl Bohm. "Electricity Galop Brilliante," by Carl Hause. "Bourree," by C. Dick. "Foreign Dance," by H. Lichner. "Love's Golden Dream Waltzes," by Theo Bonheur. "Grandmother's Tale," by H. Lichner. "On the Meadow Ground," by same. "Climbing Party," by same. "Beneath the Shade of Leaves," by same. "A Dream of Flowers," by Juventino Posos. "Gavotte," by C. Saint-Saens. "Styrienne," by Henry Van Gael. "Madeleine Waltzes," by Haine A. Peck. "Rondeau," by W. S. Bennett. "Grand Opera House March," by J. H. Hyde. "Rondeau Fawn," by J. N. Hummel. "Pretty Rose," by H. Lichner. "Twilight Hour," by same. "In the Boat," by same. "The Merry Go Round," by same. "Evening Music," by same. "Les Elfes," Valse Elegante, by Francois Behr. "The Waltz King Waltzes," by J. Thomas Baldwin. "Harlequin Polka," by Carl Bohm. "Sounds from the Sweet Waltzes," by Fritz Spindler. "The Pretty Tyrolienne," by Carl Bohm. "Dreams of Home," by William Cooper.

Social Equality.

ARCHBISHOP C. IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minn., preached lately in St. Augustine's (colored) Catholic Church in Washington to a large congregation of white and colored people, on "Social Equality." He said that the race problem was a great one, but it could be solved, and speedily. There remained some of the old-time spirit that had existed in the days of servitude, but it was fast disappearing. He contended that it was the white people who now stood in need of lessons in charity, benevolence, justice, and religion, and who had permitted unreasonable causes and prejudices to sway them. He was prepared to say that there was no such thing as a color-line, except in the minds of those whose intellects were clouded by unjust reasoning. The day was near when those who were now prejudiced would be ashamed of their action, and when the colored man would not be discriminated against in the church, hotels, colleges, or business pursuits. He bade them to be patient, educate themselves, and practise economy. They must stand judiciously and sternly for their rights, and, in so far as party was concerned, they should find out which one was willing to give them their rights, and to that party extend their franchise. In closing he said that the church had been the first to take them under its protection, and whatever else happened they must not forget their duties, and that salvation, socially and eternally, was in the Catholic Church.

Advice to the National League.

THE following letter has just been received by President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League of America, from Mr. Parnell, dated House of Commons, London, June 28:

"With reference to the proposal to hold a Convention of the National League of America at Baltimore, I beg to say that, in conjunction with my leading colleagues I have given the subject my anxious consideration, and we are unanimously of opinion that no useful result would follow such a gathering at present. We think, therefore, that you would exercise a sound discretion if you postponed the matter for the present."

Mr. Parnell was forty-four years old on Saturday, June 28, and in honor of the occasion, a grand banquet was given at the National Liberal Club.

THE "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated throughout the United States, and in every land where there is a Yankee or an Irishman (and where is there not?), with the usual demonstrations of joy. Of course there were the usual accidents where so much gunpowder is used by young and old Americans.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY held its seventy-third commencement on the 24th of June, and Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., its eighty-second commencement on the 26th of June.

THE sermon of Cardinal Gibbons, which we print elsewhere in this issue, like everything else from his fertile brain, is worthy of perusal.

MR. PARNELL has recommenced his attendance at the House of Commons. His health is excellent.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Geoffrey Canon Bourke, of the diocese of Tuam. He was for a considerable time parish priest of Cummer, near Tuam, and during his occupancy of the parish advanced in every possible way the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people committed to his charge. Canon Bourke belonged to a very old and respected family, and his death places a large number in the counties of Galway and Mayo in mourning.

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR MCMANUS, a member of the Papal household, and one of the oldest and best-known Catholic priests in the country, died at Geneva, N. Y., on the 28th of June. The title of Monsignor was conferred upon the then Father McManus at Geneva, Dec. 11, 1889. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, and finished his studies at Fordham, N. Y.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI having been grossly insulted in presence of one of the Canons of the Cathedral, the latter represented to him that it would be derogatory to his dignity to allow so great an insult to pass unpunished. "My dear Canon," replied the holy Bishop, "for forty years I have been laboring to acquire a little patience, and now you would have me lose all the fruit of it in a moment!"

CARDINAL MORAN, in a lecture on Father Damien, has proposed the erection of a stained glass window to his memory in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

FATHER KENNY, S. J., Provincial of the Irish province of the Society of Jesus, is expected to arrive in Ireland in July. Father Kenny on his return from Australia made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and spent Whitsuntide at the holy places. He is now in Italy where he will visit the General of the Society, Father Antonio Maria Anderledy, at Fiesole, and present a report of his observations in the southern continent.

THE Archbishop of New York, on the 4th of June, presented to the Holy Father two handsomely bound albums containing views of the interior and exterior of the beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. His Grace was accompanied by his secretary, the Very Rev. C. E. M'Donnell, who has just been raised by the Sovereign Pontiff "mato proprio" to the dignity of Private Chamberlain or Monsignor. This is an honor that will give great pleasure to all classes of people in various countries, as Monsignor M'Donnell has well earned this dignity by his courtesy and kindness to all. On the 13th, the Holy Father allowed to be presented to him the Rev. J. Mulcahy, of Waterbury, Conn., the Rev. M. M'Keon, of Hartford, Conn., and Dr. M'Donnell, of Waterbury Conn., to all of whom the Pontiff addressed a few words of counsel and encouragement.

MR. WILLIAM H. HUGHES, editor of the Michigan Catholic, was in Boston lately, seeing after the publication of the second edition of his Souvenir Volume of the Catholic Congress at Baltimore. Mr. Hughes informs us that the first edition has had a remarkably large sale and that this new one will have an addition of forty portraits of those most prominently associated with the deliberations of the Congress. Mr. Hughes has issued a most creditable work, and deserves every encouragement and success, says the New York Freeman's Journal.

"The Lyrics of the Flight."

WE direct attention to the article under this head. The author, Rev. James H. Gavin, was a personal friend of the late Rev. C. P. Meehan, recently deceased in Ireland. Father Gavin is one of the most talented young priests in the country. He is attached to St. Edwards Church, Philadelphia, and was ordained last year.

THREE things are pleasing to God and man — concord among brethren, the love of parents, and the union of man and wife.

Terminal City.

EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE SHORT ROUTE TO EUROPE.

Terminal City Company (Limited) was chartered by the Parliament of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of founding and fostering the growth of a large commercial, manufacturing, and fishing centre near the eastern terminus of the Strait of Canso.

The Property of the Company consists of **3046 Acres** of land on the Nova Scotia side of the Strait of Canso, with a water frontage of six miles.

1522 Acres of land on the island of Cape Breton, with a wide water frontage on Caribou Cove.

Coal Mines, covering a coal area of eight square miles, at Caribou Cove, in Richmond County, Cape Breton Island, with seams of coal varying in width from three to eleven feet, and running direct to the water's edge.

The Terminal City Railroad Co. (Limited), a line chartered and surveyed to run from Mulgrave, N. S., to Terminal City, a distance of five and one-half miles, and also a line running from Wright's Cove, Cape Breton Island, to connect with the government railroad of Cape Breton, a distance of five miles.

250,000 SHARES OF TREASURY STOCK

To be sold to develop the property.

The company has no debts. The stock is non-assessable.

IMPORTANT POINTS.

Terminal City is the natural outlet of the products of the great Northwest and the Dominion of Canada, being the nearest available shipping point to Europe, and is destined to be to the Eastern Coast what Vancouver is to the Western.

It possesses a harbor that has no superior, the entrance being twelve miles wide, without island, bar, or shoal, open the year round and free from fog. At a point where the average rise and fall of the tide is but five feet.

Its charter is the most liberal ever granted by the Nova Scotia Parliament.

Beside its magnificent future as a railway terminus and port of entry, it is in the midst of one of the richest and most beautiful sections to be found on the whole continent of North America.

CAPITAL STOCK, 500,000 SHARES, $5,000,000.

(PAR VALUE, $10.)

EXCURSION JULY 21.

Special Private Hotel Cars will leave Boston for Terminal City, at nine A. M. Fare for Round Trip of eight days, meals and berths included, $50.

SPECIAL RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

Stock now selling at $4 per share.

Further particulars at the office of the company, 31 Milk street, Room 9, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE B. NICHOLS, PRESIDENT,
HIRAM M. PEARL, GEN'L MANAGER,
ORLANDO P. SHANNON, TREASURER.

Some of those who Advertise in Donahoe's Magazine.

DR. A. M. DAM, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston, is the acknowledged leader in his profession at the Back Bay. If our readers will take the trouble to read his advertisement in this MAGAZINE, they will find that he cures *Eczema* and *Salt Rheum*, in addition to his other list of diseases.

THE T. & B. Tobacco holds the first place in the estimation of all smokers.

THE greatest cure for Bright's disease of the Kidneys is HYGEIA LITHIA WATER. It cures Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism, as well. Headquarters, 60 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

Cause of Summer Complaints.

THE direct cause of pain and looseness of the bowels is an irritation of the mucous membrane of the same, sufficient to produce excessive peristaltic or worm-like motion in the interior of the bowels, by which means the matter in the bowels is naturally carried through them. This excessive irritation causes more than a natural peristaltic action, and the partially digested food matter is kept constantly passing along and evacuated freely. This is called a diarrhœa; where the irritation is enough to cause bleeding, we have dysentery. Indirect causes of diarrhœa, by which an irritation is started, are intestinal dyspepsia, overeating, unripe, or overripe fruit, tainted meats, or oysters, etc.; torpor of liver, by which not enough bile is secreted; *excessive* flow of bile, etc. TREATMENT: Thoroughly evacuate the bowels with say, Parson's Pills, they are among the best to get rid of all irritating matter. Then take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in teaspoonful doses diluted with water every four hours, and oftener if the case is severe. In cases of Asiatic cholera, one teaspoonful should be given every half-hour. Thousands of people remember the year 1849, when that worst known epidemic disease spread over this country. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment at that time was but little known outside of the state of Maine. In Bangor, Me., the home of old Dr. Johnson, the cholera got a firm hold — people dying in that small town at the rate of "thirty-six in one day."

Many old citizens of that place look back upon that wholesale death scene even at this late day, and shudder at the pangs it cost. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is now in its full vigor, and they feel that with it at hand cholera cannot again devastate their fair city as in 1849. But for its use at that time by its friends, many would not now live to spread the joyful news that any case of diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera, or kindred diseases, *if taken in season*, can be cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It never yet failed. No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet free just to learn how to use the liniment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half-bottle as some people use it.

THE best place in Quincy to get Monumental Work is at T. F. Mannex's Works. It is one of the largest establishments in the United States, and situated in West Quincy, Mass.

MR. T. NOLAN, Custom Tailor, has removed from Tremont street to the corner of Washington and Malden streets, Boston, where he will be happy to see all his friends and customers, in want of clothing of any kind. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE Magneso Calcite Fire Proof Co. manufacture Magneso Calcite Fire-Proofing, for Walls, Ceilings, Partitions, Floors, Ficors, Elevator Wells, etc. Especially adapted for the lining of Altars, Tabernacles, and Sanctuaries. Their office and salesroom is at 96 Arch street, Boston, Mass.

THE New England Pianos are all the rage, East, West, North, and South, high cost, low cost, and medium, with melody to reach the ear of the most refined. Get one for a trial, and you'll be satisfied.

WE are convinced that we never published more reliable testimonials than those for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. This remedy deserves special recommendation, because it is given free to the poor.

THE reliability of the testimonials published by us for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is particularly proved thereby, that the company offers to pay $100 to a benevolent institution for any one testimonial not being genuine.

MURDOCH'S School of Oratory can be found at 24 Boylston st., Boston, Mass. See advertisement in another column for full particulars.

WE call the special attention of capitalists to the advertisement in this MAGAZINE of the Kansas Investment Company, which is entirely sound and reliable. Their office is at 101 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass., and 114 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

THE Putnam Nail is the only safe horse-shoe nail in this country. Owners of valuable horses should use no other.

THE place to buy Carpets, Parlor Sets, Chamber Sets, Stoves, Ranges, Sideboards, Tables, Folding Beds, Wardrobes, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, and Straw Mattings, is at B. F. Atkinson & Co's., 827 Washington street, Boston, Mass., the best place in Boston.

MCCORMICK & Co.'s India Pale Ale is ahead of any ale manufactured in this country. It is, in fact, superior to Bass & Co.'s English, or any other foreign ales imported into this country. Their office is 89 Conant street, Boston Highlands, where all orders are received direct for hogsheads, barrels, half-barrels; also quarts and pint bottles.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1890. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Boston College and Its Aims.

SOME years ago the illustrious Archbishop suggested to Fr. Fulton that the lack of religious influences in the public schools would be partially compensated if there were a department in Boston College, where lads who had completed the grammar course in the public schools, might have a few years' training without the need of studying Latin or Greek.

The reasons for such a provision are now increased. The system of Catholic education cannot be completed in the parish schools. Shall it stop there?

As parish schools multiply, there will be a want of drilled teachers, and therefore of a normal school to supply them.

After an appeal to the public for means to build, Fr. Fulton has been able to supply room in Boston College for an English Department.

Any one who reads his prospectus will see that the course of studies is a very strong one: book-keeping, type-writing, rhetoric, history, stenography, elocution, French, German, mathematics, physics, logic, metaphysics, ethics. The course presupposes grammar and arithmetic, and terminates with the degree of B. S. This year only the two earlier years of the course will be open.

The teachers next year will be Messrs. Korman, Drum, Gartland.

"THE domestic hearth" is the home of the family, and while our Holy Father warns Catholic parents against the dangers which threaten it, and calls it "the practical school of the Christian virtues," he by no means intends that the parents of Catholic children should send their offspring to irreligious schools and correct all the evil influences of such schools at the practical school of the Christian virtues or the domestic hearth. "Catholic parents," he says, "ought resolutely oppose their children frequenting schools where they are exposed to imbibe the fatal poison of impiety."

Georgetown College Museum.

VISITORS to Georgetown College of late years have often gone away without enjoying a survey of the museum, which was formerly one of the most attractive features of the old college; for the cramped quarters in which its treasures were confined, and the crowding caused by the work of erecting the new building, occasioned much inconvenience to those entrusted with the care and arrangement of the thousands of precious articles of which the venerable Father Curley had been so many years the custodian. That dear old man lived long enough to see the new building arise in its beauty, to gaze upon the sunset skies from its lofty tower, to take part in the glories of the centennial year, and to witness the dawn of a new era of beauty and usefulness for the collection he had so long guarded with zealous care, and at a ripe old age he passed away, leaving his work in younger and more active hands. The old regime, with its history of trials and struggles and peaceful victories, has given place to a new one, and, with all other parts of the institution, the museum is undergoing a thorough transformation.

A fine large hall in the main building, immediately over the front entrance, is devoted to the museum, and the generosity of Mr. James V. Coleman, of California, an alumnus of the university, has made possible the resuscitation of the fine collection from accumulated dust and unavoidable disorder. The Rev. Father Foxe, S. J., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, is now in charge, and under his skilful touch the various departments are being rapidly classified, the clumsy old cases replaced by new ones, and the museum resuming its leading position in the world of science.

The handsome new cases are so designed as not to obstruct the light, being of glass on all sides and having glass shelves, the framework of light cherry, beautifully polished. They are secured by patent locks of the latest improvement. The coin cabinet is of original design and is unique and beautiful. It consists of an upright iron rod surrounded by perpendicular shelves upon which the coins are fastened and labelled. These shelves are so arranged that by turning a crank in the lower part of the case any pair of them can be turned to the light and opened like the leaves of a large folio, the contents of opposite pages being so classified as to follow consecutively in a given order, for the purposes of study and research. The whole is surrounded by a handsome octagonal glass case which preserves and at the same time exhibits the collection in the most convenient manner possible.

The Coleman collection, which occupies one corner of the room, is in itself a most valuable one, containing thousands of geological specimens from California and Nevada, besides many interesting articles collected by Mr. Nuttall, an eminent botanist, the father-in-law of the gentleman for whom the museum is named. It will be preserved inviolate without any regard to the arrangement of other specimens.

Another precious gift from Mr. Coleman is a mosaic representation of St. Peter's, the work of L. A. Gallandt. It is about five feet by two and a half, and is of great value and exquisite workmanship. It was the property of the late Mrs. Carmelita Nuttall Coleman, who desired her husband to present it, after her death, to Georgetown College.

A few years ago Father Healy, S. J., a former president of the college, accompanied his brother, Capt. Healy, of the United States Revenue Marine Service, on a voyage to Alaska, and while there, he succeeded in collecting a large assortment of household and fishing implements used by the Indians of that region, many geological specimens, and other interesting relics. Among these are several enormous petrified tusks and teeth belonging to the mammoth elephant, a species of animal supposed to be now extinct, though, according to the stories told by hunters from the interior of those desolate regions, whole herds of these formidable beasts are still roaming the Alaskan plains. The largest of the petrified tusks is over nine feet long, and even in its original condition it was far too heavy to be supported by the head of any animal now known to inhabit the globe. Among the geological specimens from the northwest, is a large piece of jade; it is triangular in shape, and is about half a yard on the longest side. This stone is exceedingly hard, but the Indians seem to have discovered some process of cutting and polishing it, and they use it instead of metal for axes and hatchets.

In another case we find various articles of interest from all parts of the world. There are some exquisite carvings from China, a group of the nine muses in alabaster, made by the Italian sculptors who did the marble work for the capitol; jewel cases and ornaments carved out of anthracite coal, bottles of transparent horn, vessels of spun glass, several Washington relics, a very costly set of chessmen and board of Decatur's, also a sword and a fine portrait of the famous Commodore, a brick from the house where Archbishop Carroll was born, stones and flowers from the most celebrated places in the world; indeed, so many rare and curious things are crowded together that we are tempted to linger indefinitely over what our scientific guide evidently considers the least important part of his domain.

Beyond us lie the unexplored realms of natural history, and in the departments of geology and conchology the museum is exceptionally rich. The shells have been lately arranged in their new cases, whence they are to preach their silent lectures to future generations of students. There must be at least one hundred thousand shells, forming a collection unrivalled in beauty and variety. The minerals are as yet to a great extent unclassified; this department is very rich in the variety of its specimens, and is being constantly augmented by contributions from different parts of the world.

Among the medals, one most highly esteemed by the Fathers, having been presented to a member of the order, is a gold medal bestowed by the King of Denmark upon Father Da Vico, S. J., for the discovery of six comets. Another, which is held somewhat in the light of a family relic, is one commemorative of the Jesuit martyrs of the

French commune. A very rare and interesting set of medals is a full collection of those struck by the ill-fated Iturbide, Augustin I., Emperor of Mexico. There are in the museum a great many papal medals, from the reign of Pius VI. to that of the present Pontiff; especially numerous are those of Pius IX., among which are the decorations given after the battles of Mentana and Castel Fidardo. The Rev. Rector hopes that the college will eventually possess a complete set of the papal medals. The medals are arranged in upright cabinets on either side of Mrs. Coleman's beautiful mosaic, and present a very attractive appearance to the visitor who enters the large door almost exactly opposite them.

The Georgetown collection of coins is justly prized for the rarity and variety of its specimens, about four thousand in number, comprising the coinage of all governments, ancient and modern, Greece, Rome, Persia, Syria, and the countries of Europe and America. The oldest piece is a coin of Tarentum, dated 450 B. C. There is an excellent exhibit of United States coins, the oldest dated 1796. Prior to that period American coinage was confined to private enterprise in various parts of the country. In 1791 Washington authorized the manufacture of coins from metal owned by himself. There are a great many cents of the date of 1783, bearing the motto, "Washington and Independence;" but the genuine "Washington cent" is the one struck in 1791 bearing the name "George Washington, President;" this imprint was objected to by the father of his country as partaking too much of the monarchial spirit of the old world, and the pattern was destroyed, hence the rarity of specimens of this date. A few years later the United States Mint was established, and the "making of money" was monopolized by the government. By a careful study of the coins of different countries the facts of history become indelibly imprinted upon the mind of the student, for the coinage is, in one sense, the story of a nation's life, the picture of its supremacy or slavery.

In the central window of the Museum stands a bell, whose appearance betokens age and importance. It bears upon one side the simple inscription "1682," and was used for many years at St. Inigoes. It was cast there, and a great many Spanish silver dollars entered into its composition, imparting to it the beautiful silvery tone which for so many years charmed the good people of old St. Inigoes. How many sweet and sacred memories are evoked by the sight of an old church bell, the faithful sentinel which for many long years faithfully chronicled the joys and sorrows of life; pealing the merry wedding chimes and sadly tolling the funeral knell, morning, noon, and night calling on all to pause a moment in life's busy turmoil and whisper the blessed *Angelus*. The old bell from St. Inigoes hangs, a mute emblem of departed usefulness, a hoary relic of the stormy but glorious days of our forefathers,— mute, save when the hand of a curious visitor wakes for a moment its silvery voice and sends a musical peal out over the green campus where the boys of '90 are at play. And down in the campus before the college stand the old cannons from St. Inigoes; do they recognize the voice of their aged friend as they stand so quiet and

harmless on their grassy mounds, silent reminders of the struggles of "lang syne," and peaceful monuments to the victories of religion and learning?

But we must not indulge in dreaming, and as we awake from the brief reverie which has taken us back in spirit to the days of the Ark and the Dove, our eyes fall upon a small statue in plaster, protected by a glass case. It represents a man in the prime of life; he wears a cassock and the emblems of his episcopal rank; in the lofty brow, the aristocratic features, and the serene countenance we recognize the prelate whose memory shines through the maze of the century so lately closed, like a radiant star rising over the troubled sea and betokening the dawning of a glorious day for the Church of God in this new world, the good and great Archbishop Carroll, the founder of Georgetown College. The statuette is a model of a bronze one of heroic size designed by Samuel Kitson for the front portico of the new college. It is said to be one of the best likenesses of the Archbishop ever moulded, and will, when finished, be a most appropriate monument to grace the entrance of the college so much beloved by him.

A distinctive feature of the museum, and one which affords a powerful incentive to study, is the Toner Medal, given for the best collection made in any branch of natural science. The collection winning the prize becomes the property of the college, and the successful student reserves for himself, besides the medal and the honor of inscribing his name upon the roll of fame, the knowledge acquired, the habit of study and research formed while in pursuit of his object, and a taste for science, cultivated and stimulated by a year of hard work. Some of the young men have shown great skill and industry. Very pleasing is the Kidwell collection, an array of all the native woods of the district; the pieces are neatly cut, polished, labelled, and enclosed in a in a handsome carved frame, all the work of the collector.

Another young man gives us a map of the mineral district of Chattanooga, with the specimens of various ores found in that region. Still another illustrates the manufacture of silk, beginning with the crude mulberry leaf and the inanimate eggs of the silk-worm, ending with beautiful specimens of finished colored silk. A student with antiquarian tastes has directed his researches into the interesting domain of archeology, and has gathered together a very large number of aboriginal relics, in the shape of stone arrow-heads and hatchets and earthen vessels, picked up in the District or the surrounding country. It is astonishing with what care and labor these arrow-heads are shaped and polished, giving us a veritable history of the age of stone; yet to the uninitiated there is no difference between them and the ordinary pebbles upon which we tread without any thought. It takes the keen eye and active mind of a scientific collector to find beauty and learning in the grossest things of earth. Thus it is difficult to estimate the value of an incentive which develops in a young man a taste for some elevating pursuit, giving direction to his studies and wholesome food for the inordinate curiosity and exhaustless energy of a youthful mind.

AGNES HAMPTON.

The Flag beside the Cross.

Read by the child of a veteran at the Flag-Raising on St. James' School, Haverhill, Mass.

LIFT up the flag! yea, set it high beside yon gleaming Cross,
Close to the Standard of the Cause that never shall know loss.
Lift praising voice — lift pledging hand — the world must hear and see
The soldiers of the Cross of Christ most leal, dear Flag, to thee.

But wherefore speak of loyalty? Who fears a watching world?
When have we flinched or failed from thee since first thou wert unfurled?
Carroll and Moylan spake for us, and Barry on the seas;—
And a third of thy sturdy cradle-guard — no Arnold among these.

And yet they call us aliens; and yet they doubt our faith —
The men who stood not with our hosts when test of faith was death;
Who never shed a drop of blood where ours like rain was shed,
That not a star should fall from thee, O Flag, blood-hallowed!

O Meagher, Meade, and Sheridan — O rank and file as brave —
Rise — in your hundred thousands — rise, and shame the shallow knave!
Yea — mine own graves, give up your dead — hearts strong in battle wild
Bleed with my blood, wide wounds, once more — I am a soldier's child.

Lift up the Flag beside the Cross — will freedom shrink to be
Forever guarded by His sign, who died to make us free?
"In this sign ye shall overcome," flamed forth from Heaven of old,
Yea, in the Cross the weak are strong, the fainting heart is bold.

O Mother-State, O Native Land, O Sacred Flag, again
We pledge ye Sonship, yea, and Sword, in sight of God and men.
The Cross is seal upon our oath — which angels glorify —
And soldiers of the Cross of Christ, for ye, we'll live and die.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

The New Star in Cassiopea; or, the Star of Bethlehem.

NOW that the astronomical eye is fixed on that part of the firmament known as the constellation of Cassiopea, awaiting with eager gaze the re-appearance of the dazzling luminary which shines forth from that point once every third century, it is but natural to study and inquire with a view of "learning what is to be learnt and knowing what is to be known" respecting a phenomenon so extraordinary and sublime. We have but to *breathe* our inquiry and immediately from all quarters of the scientific world will come pouring in the accumulated explanations — all seemingly emphatic, impressive, convincing, and urging proof. And still we remain in doubt about the matter. We seek the cause of our wavering, and seeking find it. The explanations referred to carry no certainty with them. They are the products of the studies of a period when the scientist lacked the use of our telescopes, micrometers, and other modern appliances. They are at best but mere arbitrary theorizings and conjectures, and as such fail to satisfy our present wants. With us "life is real, life is earnest," and not merely conjectural. Theories have deceived in the past; will they not deceive again? 'Tis difficult to answer affirmatively.

The crystalline spheres of Ptolemy are now no more; the vortices of Des Cartes whirl no longer; the globe which Sycho had placed in motionless majesty in the centre of the universe now moves rapidly through the heavens. Hence our want of faith in the many conjectures respecting the great star now expected to blaze forth amid the lesser lights sphered up with Cassiopea. For more accurate knowledge concerning the luminary to come, we must, consequently, possess our souls in patience until the period of its near advent. It is pleasing, however, to know that hope's cheering rays brighten the interval of our waiting, and that our expectations for more definite information are well grounded. Our modern astronomical instruments, which have received so many exquisite improvements so as to aid us to look deep into the profundity of space and to measure the smallest angles, give us assuring earnest that a variety of additional facts will be brought to light in relation to the coming celestial body. While awaiting the issue of future observations on the luminary under consideration, we turn with renewed interest to the facts and circumstances already ascertained concerning it, and direct attention to the opinions expressed on it, gathering up their conclusions for the benefit of the reader.

And first of all let us be satisfied as to the

POSITION OF CASSIOPEA

in the constellation of which the new star is to appear. A line drawn from Ursa Major through the pole star meets Cassiopea at nearly an equal distance on the other side of that star. Both constellations are, consequently, opposite, or nearly so, one to the other. So much for the position of the constellation. Now to locate the precise spot whence the new star is expected to shine forth. The three principal lights in Cassiopea are *Caph*, *Schedir*, and *Gamma*. Besides these, and situated about six degrees north-west of *Caph*, there is a large nebula of small stars. The place which the new star will occupy will be below *Caph*. To the right of *Caph*, and somewhat higher than it, the star *Schedir* is located, while below *Schedir*, and a little to its right, shines *Gamma*. Thus by the addition of the new star the figure of a rhomb will be formed in the constellation.

It is much to be regretted that we possess but very vague and imperfect accounts of the appearance which the new star presented in 621, 945, and 1264. We may, indeed, state that beyond the fact of its having been visible in the constellation of Cassiopea at the periods referred to nothing else is of record. We have, however, a distinct description of the next manifestation, the one, namely, of 1572. In the beginning of November of that year, the luminary, which is now generally known as the Star of Bethlehem, again blazed forth. Then, as on former occasions, it appeared in Cassiopea, taking up its wonted position in that constellation. Its brilliancy was wondrous. Compared with it, *Lyra* and *Sirius* paled into insignificance. Even Jupiter was outshone. Some tell us that the star was superior to the planet Venus in its greatest lustre. It continued to shine forth with

undiminished brilliancy for the space of three weeks. That period elapsed, it gradually diminished. In December its lustre only equalled that of Jupiter. In January it appeared less than that planet, yet sufficiently large to be ranked among the stars of the first magnitude. Its brightness gradually grew dim, and in April it resembled a star of the second magnitude. In August it was equal only to the largest stars in Cassiopea, which are mostly of the third magnitude. In November, the anniversary of its manifestation, it was no larger than a star of the fourth. It continued to grow less until March, 1574, when it disappeared altogether, having continued visible for the period of about sixteen months.

Such were the appearances and changes of this wonderful luminary. These phenomena have for us a teaching power. The different classes of magnitudes express the apparent brightness of a heavenly body. By referring to the following table, of which Sir William Herschel is the author, we obtain some faint idea of the

MOTION AND DISTANCE OF OUR STAR:

	Mag.	
Light of a star of the average,	1st	100
" " "	2d	25
" " "	3d	12
" " "	4th	6
" " "	5th	2
" " "	6th	1

If, then, we suppose these classes of stars to be nearly of equal magnitude, and that their distance from us is in inverse proportion to the diminution of their light, it will follow that a star of the second magnitude is four times the distance of a star of the first; a star of the third, eight times the distance of a star of the first, and so on to a luminary of the sixth magnitude which is one hundred times the distance of one of the first. Reckoning thus, suppose the star of 1572 to have been twenty billions of miles from the earth; from December to April when it diminished to the apparent size of a light of the second magnitude, it must have moved four times that distance, or eighty billions of miles, which is at the rate of six hundred thousand millions of miles a day, a velocity which is "almost from our reach of thought cut off."

THE PERIOD OF THE SEVENTH MANIFESTATION

of our luminary is now at hand. It has already appeared six times since the birth of Christ. By dividing the number six into the present date, 1890, we obtain the quotient 315, being the *average* number of years that elapse between each of its visits. The real dates of its shining, of which we have any authentic account, are as follows: 621, 945, 1264, and 1572. Thus it will be seen that between its last two manifestations there intervened a period of 319 years, which period might vary two or three years from causes with which we are unacquainted, as we find sometimes happens in the case of comets. The former dates of its advent were not so uniform. Supposing that

the same regularity which characterized its coming in 1264 and 1572 will be observed at its next appearance, we may look for its shining on or about the end of the present or the beginning of the next year.

All else of authentic information respecting the luminary under consideration is shrouded in mystery. We anxiously desire to see the veil removed, and to investigate the reasons and causes of a phenomenon so remarkable. Others have desired likewise. The facts referred to did not fail to elicit their attention, and become for them the basis on which to raise many theories. La Place says in reference to the subject: "As to those stars which suddenly shine forth with a very vivid light, and then vanish, it may be supposed, with probability, that great conflagrations, occasioned by extraordinary causes, take place on their surface; and that this supposition is confirmed by their change of color, analogous to that which is presented to us on the earth by bodies which are consumed by fire" (System of the World, Vol. I., p. 101). Another theory, with which not a few seem to agree, is embodied in the following words of Vince, one of the most learned astronomers of his age: "The disappearance of some stars may be the destruction of that system at the time appointed by the Deity for the probation of its inhabitants, and the appearances of new stars may be the formation of new systems for new races of beings then called into existence to adore the works of their Creator (Vince's Complete System of Astronomy). Another and the now generally received opinion is that "The phenomena of the star of 1572 was owing to a luminous orb of immense magnitude, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, moving with great velocity in an immense elliptical orbit, the longer side of which was nearly in a direction to our eye."

These are by no means the only theories respecting the new star, but they are the only ones space will permit of our referring to just now. And now to gather up conclusions, a brief reference to each. Those who adhere to the first opinion are certainly ranked among the greatest astronomers. Still their theory does not satisfy. We fail to see a proportion or similitude between the greatest conflagration that was ever beheld on earth, and an object which must have covered a space of ten hundred times the solid contents of our globe. Moreover, it is pretty certain that the respective phenomena were not the result of similar elementary principles. The second theory takes for granted that "the stars which have blazed for awhile and then disappeared have been destroyed or annihilated. This opinion, as well as the first-named one, militates against the now generally received conjecture, namely that it was the same star, and not a different one which appeared at the periods stated above. There is another reason preventing us from assenting to the second theory. By receiving it we admit the destruction of a system, an admission which is not in keeping with the teaching of Holy Writ. "*Heaven and earth shall pass away*" as to their present external form, but not as to substance; for they shall be transformed into *a* "*new heaven and a new earth.*" "*Transit figura hupus Mundi*" (I Cor. vii. 31). The heavens above "*He hath established forever, and for ages of ages*" (Ps. cxlviii. 6), and the earth

below, "*which standeth forever*" (Eccl. i. 4). The third opinion seems the most probable. Magnificent is the idea it presents to the mind. A luminous globe of astonishing size is presented to our mental vision. This great celestial body wings its course over a circuit perhaps a thousand times more expansive than the orbit of Uranus, and carries along with it a hundred worlds in its swift career. Until the ascertaining of facts other than we possess at present, we conclude that the third-named theory merits assent before all others. It is superior to the first, because the puny fires which occur on our globe cannot be compared with the appearances our star presented. It exceeds the second explanation, because the destruction of the luminary would preclude the possibility of its return at stated periods to the same spot in the heavens.

And now the concluding remark in reference to the expected luminary. Is it, or is it not, the identical star which blazed forth at the period of the birth of Christ? We love to believe that it is, and delight in designating it as the "*Star of Bethlehem.*" But beyond the fact of the regularity observed in its tri-centenary appearance since the time of Christ's nativity, we possess little or no evidence to warrant us in stating that it is the same star. The scriptural account of the appearance of Bethlehem's luminary does not favor our conjecture. Dr. McEvilly referring to the text, "*We have seen His star in the east, . . . and behold the star which they had seen in the east went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was*"—(Matt. chap. ii.), says that "this was a luminous body, having the appearance of a star, but not one in reality, as may be conjectured from its motion from east to west; from its moving at one time and continuing stationary at another; from its position in the lower regions of the atmosphere, so as to indicate localities; and, especially from its standing over the house where the divine Infant was." These phenomena belong not to the star of 1572; therefore, we can't state with any degree of certainty that the coming celestial body is truly the Star of Bethlehem. We may, however, indulge in the conjecture that the difference in phenomena between the star of 1572 and that of the time of Christ's birth does not completely overthrow the theory that it was one and the same body. We may think that by reason of the great event of the Redeemer's coming, the star was made to deviate from its wonted course, and to present the extraordinary phenomena referred to in the scriptures. We may still call it the Star of Bethlehem and hope that future observations will strengthen its claim to that appellation.

NEWFOUNDLAND. REV. FELIX D. MCCARTHY.

CREMATION. — The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has issued an energetic protest against cremation, in accordance with the formal decision of the Holy See. In his circular to the priests of his diocese Cardinal Richard calls the practice a "pagan custom," which the Municipal Council of Paris, in its hatred of religion, is endeavoring to make common. The Catholic Church, as the Cardinal points out, has preserved the traditions respecting burial which the Jewish nation had originally received from the Patriarchs.

The Catholic Truth Society.

We desire gratefully to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Wm. F. Markoe, Corresponding Secretary, of Minneapolis, of a typewriter copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Catholic Truth Society, of St. Paul, Minnesota, with accompanying documents explanatory of the organization and work of the society. It is hardly necessary to remark that this society is under the special patronage of that "Consecrated Blizzard" of the West, the distinguished Archbishop Ireland, and is one of the first fruits of the Baltimore Lay Congress, to which this same zealous prelate imparted such a grand inspiration. It seems but a fitting and happy coincidence that the occupant of the See of St. Paul should partake so largely of the spirit of the illustrious Apostle after whom it is named. Our Western brethren are manifestly ahead of us in zeal and enterprise, and we may well take example from them, especially in this most important and useful organization, the Catholic Truth Society.

The objects of this Society are declared to be "the dissemination of Catholic truth, and the promotion of Catholic literature." The principal means to be adopted for securing these objects are:

1. The publication of short, timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for, if necessary) on Catholic doctrines.

2. The prompt and systematic correction of misrepresentations, slanders, and libels against Catholicity.

3. The promulgation of reliable Catholic news of the day, as church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of Catholic charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and everything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic Church.

4. The circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts, and Catholic newspapers.

5. Occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest.

6. Supplying jails and reformatories with good and wholesome reading matter.

Accompanying these documents is a list of cheap books and pamphlets, some of them publications of the society, others not; but all useful and adapted to the wants of the Catholic people and offered at very low prices.

From the first quarterly report of Secretary Markoe we learn that the Society has by no means a mere nominal existence, but it has been actively at work and really made an excellent showing of results for the first quarter. In closing the Secretary says:

"Before concluding, I may be permitted to express the belief, that as the society and its work become better known, it will be next to impossible for any earnest Catholic to find an excuse for not joining. It involves no irksome duties; there are no compulsory meetings to attend; no heavy fines or penalties to be incurred; it cannot possibly interfere with the work of any other society, and the monthly or annual subscription is merely nominal. None so poor that he could not afford to pay ten cents a month or one dollar a year to promote the cause of Catholic Truth."

The Archbishop gives them a letter of approbation in which occurs the following characteristic utterance: "I am sure that every priest will be delighted to co-operate with you to the best of his ability. 'Lay action' is the motto of the hour, and in no manner can this action be utilized with so much power and effect as in spreading abroad, by pen and paper, a knowledge of the teaching and the history of God's Church."

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

PART VII.

HAVING allowed some time to elapse without doing any active injury to the island, it was now time for H. M. government to endeavor to crown and finish the infamous policy which it had so obstinately adhered to for over two centuries. Accordingly at the opening of the session of 1866, Governor Musgrave advised the Assembly to consider whether it would not be to their advantage to enter the projected Dominion of Canada, which became an accomplished fact on the 1st of July, 1867. The governor laid particular stress upon the fact that this union was earnestly desired by the English government. Naturally he expected that this announcement would kill all opposition thereto. Such would have been its effect, had there been any depth or sincerity in the "loyal" professions which pester all people in authority, or if this sort of make-believe represented anything more than the empty talk of those who craved a little brief notoriety and "the patronage of His Excellency the governor." Fortunately, even at the expense of consistency, patriotism triumphed over the machinations of those who thought that Newfoundland was too small for their talents, and that Cosmos would not regain its natural equilibrium till they were spouting at Ottawa. When the question came to the front in 1869, and was made a vital question in the statutory election, the popular voice decided very plainly against it, and Cosmos has ever since been struggling along as best it can. The Anti-Confederate party carried twenty-five out of the thirty-one constituencies which composed the Assembly. The principle of *Home Rule* was emphatically affirmed by the great majority of the electors. In Oriental and Irish tradition, it used to be held that when a country had just rulers, Nature was more bountiful and the land prosperous. Judged by this test, the Anti-Confederate government (led by that fine old English gentleman, Charles Fox Bennett), must have been an exceptionally good government. From 1869 to 1873, the island was more prosperous than before or since. The revenue steadily increased and taxes were made lighter. In 1873, the old chieftain was returned with a small working majority in the house, and being unable to carry on the government appealed to the country with even worse success." *

* "The Catholic voters were faithful to him to the last; but the Protestants were set against him by such inventions as that he was secretly a Catholic; heard Mass in the Episcopal private chapel; if returned to power again he would apply to Cardinal Antonelli for a band of Italian sharpshooters to pick off all the *loyal* Protestants, etc., etc. There are some very ignorant people in Newfoundland, and also some unmitigated scoundrels who are not above misleading them, for *loyal* purposes, of course.

Bishop Mullock died on the 29th of March, 1869, in the sixty-second year of his age. Bishop Dalton died suddenly a few weeks later. The present Bishop of St. John's, Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Power, took possession of his see on the 9th of September, 1870, amidst the acclamation of the people. The enthusiasm which greated him was never before equalled in St. John's, "not even when the Prince of Wales first set foot on our shores," * as an *enthusiastic* writer puts it. This is surely a curious standard of comparison; but if it proves anything, it proves that in 1870, as well as in 1787, the priest was more esteemed than the governor. Dr. Power's episcopate has seen the completion of a second noble church (dedicated to St. Patrick), in St. John's. Father Carfagnini, O. S. F., an Italian priest who had been some time at St. John's and Harbor Grace, was consecrated in 1870, as successor to Bishop Dalton. He ruled that see for ten years when, having become involved in a serious dispute with a belligerent Irish society, he was translated to the see of Gallipoli. It is possible that he often feels inclined to exchange the courtesies of a Crispi for the *crispy* favors of a stiff north-easter blowing fresh from the ice-fields in the land of Terra Nova, where Catholics are not yet throttled in government bonds, and are accounted lawless and turbulent because they believe that governments are always — secretly if not openly — inimical to the Catholic religion.

The western coast of Newfoundland (commonly called the French shore) was made a prefecture-apostolic in 1871.†

Its first superior was Mgr. Thomas Sears, who had long labored for the people of that coast. His energy and zeal have never been excelled in Newfoundland or anywhere else. His memory is fragrant and his name held in benediction among the people for whom he spent himself with a zeal that knew no faltering. He died in Nova Scotia in 1885. A year or two after his death the Rev. Mr. Harvey referred to "the late Very Rev. Mgr. Sears, an ecclesiastic of high character, who spent many years in Codroy, and was the pioneer of civilization both there and in St. George's Bay . . . who labored incessantly for the improvement of this region and its inhabitants." The work before him was enormous. Owing to British bungling in making its treaties with France, the Newfoundland government until recently exercised no jurisdiction over the so-called French shore. No police, no magistrates, and no custom house officers; no grants for schools, roads, or any other accessory of civilized life. I know of nowhere under the sun which came nearer to the Nihilist idea. It had great attractions for Canadian rogues of lesser type than those who, having robbed on a scale approaching magnificence, tear themselves from their beloved *Union Jack* and swagger under the Stars

* This wonderful event took place in 1860, but some few sceptics are found who maintain that the country is not one whit the better thereof.

† Ecclesiastically distinct but geographically part of Newfoundland are the islands of *St. Pierre et Miquelon* having a combined area of ninety-one square miles and a population of about five thousand, which is largely increased during the fishing season. They were ceded to France by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) to serve as a base for fishery operations. The ecclesiastical establishment consists of a prefect apostolic and two assistant priests. When I visited St. Pierre in 1883, the nuns had not as yet been banished. The church is large and handsome, but the grip of the state is evinced by the presence of two large pews apart from the rest, reserved for the *commandant* and admiral respectively.

and Stripes. It was fitting that an Irish priest should labor on such a coast, and, if I mistake not, Mgr. Sears was born in Kerry and emigrated to Nova Scotia while very young. The census of 1874 showed the population of St. John's proper to stand as follows: Catholic, 15,719; Anglican, 4,658; Wesleyan, 2,360; Presbyterian, 715; Congregational, 437. For electoral purposes some of the adjacent villages are included, bringing the population up to thirty thousand, who return six members to the Assembly. Most of the Catholic fishermen are members of a religious-beneficial society, dedicated to the ever Blessed Virgin under the title Star of the Sea, which is the corporate name of the society. Its members in St. John's have a fine hall one hundred by fifty by sixty,—one apartment reserved for concerts, lectures, etc., has a seating capacity of two thousand. The Irish Christian Brothers were introduced into St. John's in 1875, and began to impart to the pupils of the day-schools such an education as they and none others can impart. In order to afford them every facility of commodious and suitable class-rooms, the Benevolent Irish Society erected a magnificent hall (which is known as St. Patrick's) at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. It has accommodation for five hundred pupils, and the average attendance stands about that figure. Harvey's History says, "St. Patrick's Hall, lately opened, is a building of noble proportions, substantial, handsome in appearance, and admirably arranged." Beside the school-rooms on the lower floor, the upper flat contains the offices and hall of the society. A few years later a residence for the Brothers was built at a cost of twenty-four thousand dollars. Early in 1890 they are to open a school in connection with St. Patrick's Church, and doubtless ere long (if effective measures be taken to suppress the undenominational crank) this beneficent system of teaching will be extended to other settlements.*

The Rt. Rev. Ronald McDonald was consecrated Bishop of Harbor Grace at Pictou, N. S., on the 22d of August, 1881. He was born at Antigonish, N. S., in June, 1836, of Scotch Highland ancestry. He was ordained priest in 1859. After three years' service in a professor's chair in the college of St. Francis Xavier, he was appointed in 1862 to the parish of Pictou, N. S., where he remained till his elevation to the episcopate. John Francis Maguire refers to him in his notes on Pictou, as a priest "who, his Glengarry blood notwithstanding, had the face of a Spanish saint." The cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Harbor Grace was consecrated in July, 1884, by Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal. Its foundations had been laid as far back as 1849. It was chiefly erected during the rule of Bishop Carfagnini and completed by the present bishop, its total cost having been over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But it was destined for a short lease of life. It took fire and was utterly destroyed on the 2d of September, 1889. The year 1884 also saw in St. John's the erection of a Presentation Convent attached to St. Patrick's Church; a new boarding school for the Sisters of Mercy; a female

* In 1889 they assumed the management of St. Bonaventure's College, hitherto worked by a staff of priests and lay professors. Brother Slattery is principal of that institution, while the day schools, in St. Patrick's Hall, are superintended by Brother Fleming.

orphanage costing thirty thousand dollars, and a home for orphan boys. It was in November of this year that the American Redemptorists were attacked by Orange hoodlums, while giving a mission to the Catholics of Bay Roberts. As a result of this affair an encounter between Orange and Green took place at Harbor Grace on the following 26th of December, which corresponds to the glorious 12th in other countries. Had the Catholics patiently submitted to Orange insolence the incident would have been "a regretable one"; when they struck back like men it became "a riot." Several lives were lost and the affair became a political question which wrecked more than one parliamentary majority. In this year we find the following given as the Catholic standing: *St. John's*, 1 bishop, 32 priests, 52,000 Catholics, 50 churches, 1 college, 14 convents; *Harbor Grace*, 1 bishop, 16 priests, 25,000 Catholics, 35 churches, 75 stations, 5 convents; *St. George's* (west coast), 1 prefect-apostolic, 4 priests, 3,400 Catholics (including 100 Catholic Indians), 15 churches, 25 stations. To this prefecture in succession to the lamented Mgr. Sears, the Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D., was appointed in 1885. He was born in St. John's in 1843. He spent six years (1863–9) at the Propaganda College. He was then selected to go to Scotland as secretary to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Eyre, Vicar-Apostolic of the western district of Scotland. In 1870 he returned to Newfoundland and served in Harbor Breton and at the Cathedral in St. John's till his appointment as prefect-apostolic.

Denomination.	Population.	Total Grant for Education.	Character of School.	Number of Schools.	Number of Pupils.	Pupils Cost Government Per Head.	Percentage of Each Denomination Attending School.
Catholic	75,254	$45,403 00	Board schools	185	9,017		
			Academies	3	361		
			Convent Schools	19	3,226		
			Total for 1888	207	12,604	$ 3 60	16.75
			" " 1887	205	11,987	$ 3 79	15.92
Angelican	69,000	$41,219 02	Board Schools	185	9,320		
			Academy	1	182		
			Church Society Schools	18	1,941		
			Total for 1888	204	11,443	$ 3 62	16.58
			" " 1887	182	11,224	$ 3 69	16.26
Methodist	48,767	$	Board Schools	134	7,132		
			Grammar School	1	55		
			College	1	230		
			Total for 1888	136	7,417	$ 3 98	15.21
			" " 1887	132	7,194	$ 4 11	14.75
General Protestant	2,965	$	Board Schools	4	102		
			Academy	1	157		
			Total for 1888	5	259	$ 7 02	8.73
			" " 1887	4	278	$ 6 54	9.37
Non-Denominational		$	Harbor Grace Grammar School 1888	1	62	$14 93	
			" " " " 1887	1	61	$15 15	
			Total for Colony 1888	353	31,785	$ 3 74	16.22
Total Pop. (Census 1884)	195,986		" " " 1887	524	30,744	$ 3 87	15.67

I submit the foregoing exhibit of the educational status of the island for the years 1887–8—the latest available statistics. The figures representing the Catholic population in this table (which is revised from the Newfoundland Year-Book) do not agree with other Catholic statistics which I have gleaned from Catholic sketches in the local press. I cannot reconcile the conflicting figures, and the gentlemen responsible (being on the ground) may settle it between themselves.

In 1887 also came the notorious Blake who was joyfully hailed as a governor. His credentials were somewhat extraordinary. They were those least calculated to appeal to a town like St. John's, the majority of whose inhabitants were descended from Irish exiles whose expatriation did not even succeed in freeing them from the felonious grip of British fair-play. He came there from the Bahama Islands of which place he had been appointed governor when his ferocious administration of Spencer's White Terror rendered the Irish climate insalubrious for him. Before he became a "removable" he had been a sub-inspector of the Irish janizaries, and, like Dick Martin, lorded it over

"The houseless wilds of Connemara."

In 1882 he was given more than Russian license to oppress the counties of Carlow, Kildare, Meath, and Queen's, "with a population of three hundred and fifty-six thousand,"—as we are told by one of his toadies in the press,—to excite our admiration for such a heaven-sent ruler of men. After shedding the blessings of his benign sway over the fish-landers for about a year (and filling his nostrils with the sweet incense of the homage of the toadies), his friends at court thought that they saw the way to greater dignities for him. He was accordingly appointed governor of Queensland. But the people of that province gave a new definition of the old axiom, "What's in a name," and very vigorously opposed the appointment of him whom the Queen delighted to honor. They openly opposed him because of "his record in Ireland against the Irish tenantry." In Queensland the Irish were but one-fourth of the population, and they stood by the old land to some purpose. In Newfoundland they were nearly one-half, and they *stood by* like "dumb driven cattle,"—thanks, of course, to the moral poltroons who usurp their leadership. This may be an appropriate place to mention that, when every respectable legislative body in the world was voting expressions of congratulation to Gladstone for adopting a policy of Home Rule, the reputed *liberal* party in Newfoundland (embracing most, if not all, the Catholic legislators) refused to follow the example set them in other British dependencies. The electorate which condoned this scandal—I use the word advisedly—received, in 1890, an object-lesson of the beauties of British statesmanship.

In 1888, the question of confederation was again revived by such constructive diplomats as Lansdowne, of Ottawa, and Blake, of St. John's. The project was still unpopular, although the ministry of the day coquetted with it. A mass-meeting of the plebeian tax-payers of St. John's had the effect of compelling them to put themselves on record against the scheme.

A general election was held on the 6th of November, 1889. It was a genuine surprise to victor as well as vanquished. It was fought on an enlarged franchise, and under the Australian ballot, voting having hitherto been open. The government of the day were routed, horse and foot; every cabinet minister was defeated by large majorities. It was a revolution almost as remarkable as that of Brazil. Like Brazil, too, its effects were much less beneficial than was fondly hoped. Great things were expected from the new government which had heralded itself as "the workingman's government." Writing at a distance, it does not seem to me as if the new government were much of an improvement on the old.

On the 14th of March, 1890, a great sensation was caused among the fish-landers by a telegraphic despatch which set loose a torrent of recrimination, vituperation, and empty braggadocio mingled with loyal *blatherskite*, — a torrent which after a lapse of some months has not yet run itself dry. And what caused this cataclysm? Nothing new, certainly; *England had been at her old tricks;* had once again taken the fish off the hooks (and the bread from the mouths) of her most loyal subjects, and given them to France. Fiery speeches, — yea, disloyal speeches, — were made; hints were given that it was time the heart and conscience of Newfoundland should repel the loyalty chestnut, and seek prosperity and the dignity of human nature under the Stars and Stripes. But this proved to be only empty verbiage. Loyalty was too profitable to the self-seekers. The bellicose editors wrote valiantly after the style of Sir Boyle Roche, "with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other," though nothing was farther from their thoughts than to strike a blow for Newfoundland, or for any good cause at all. Meetings were held to "voice our indignant protest against this cowardly surrender of our dearest interests." Old women of both sexes wrapped the Union Jack around them and bade high defiance to France. Letters innumerable were printed, but all refused to acknowledge or admit the essential and cardinal principle upon which the whole trouble rested. No one seemed to realize that as long as Newfoundlanders gloried in their subjection and boasted of their allegiance to the pirate flag, they would always be expected to walk the plank for their masters' accommodation. And as for any rights which the colonists might be assumed to possess in the land that bore them, surely "that Empire of Freedom on which the sun never sets" (I quote from a journal in the land of fish and helots) might reasonably take *French leave* to the same. Next a mass-meeting was held. The "usual resolutions" were proposed, seconded, and adopted as enthusiastically as if they meant anything. To make the absurdity patent to the dullest beholder, the people dispersed, singing the *National anthem*, — of England, of course; not of Newfoundland. "Incredible," you say. But it happened, nevertheless. "Many waters cannot quench righteousness," and many oppressions cannot eradicate flunkeyism. John Mitchel must have had Newfoundland in 1890 before his mind's eye, when he wrote, "I wish you joy of your loyalty, and a good appetite for your yellow meal." Lest the unfortunate fishers should forget the taste of

this delicacy, their political (blind) guides have provided them with a Bait Act. This precious legislation is utilized to imprison American fishing captains and confiscate their vessels, when these Republicans ought to be welcomed with open arms, and encouraged to purchase bait and other supplies from the misguided fishermen who find "loyalty" as poor nourishment as it proves to the peasantry on the barren crags in Ireland. There is and can be no prosperity for Newfoundland till she turns her back upon the professional loyalists, and sets her face to

"The light which shineth in the west";

till her sons realize that they belong to America and not to Europe. When they realize this fact, they will set their minds with firm purpose to accomplish their admission into the American Union, — a proceeding mutually advantageous to the Americans and the Newfoundlanders.

And when the Gloucester fisherman is as free to enter any port in the land of cod as he is to enter Newburyport or Cape Cod, poverty will fly out, and we may reasonably hope that (so-called) "loyalty" will go with it. Our hardy fishermen (brave as lions, but simple as children in the hands of wily politicians) have been too long befooled by the lawyer-politicians, — the greatest curse any country can have, — the men who are made Queen's Counsel and Knights Commander of Michael and George, in reward for their treason to the best interests of the people. Pray God that the toiler may awake even at the eleventh hour and have done with the regal fripperies which have so long misled them.

And now having in these papers briefly touched upon the salient points of the history of this old-new land (and more especially with reference to the honorable party which the early Irish outlaws — I positively decline to call them *colonists* — took in rescuing this island from the grip of "British fair-play"), — a history which has its lights and shades, glories and shames, heroisms and infamies, — let us try to cast a horoscope; let us pause and endeavor to peer into the future, seeking to decipher what fate has in store for this land once consecrated to Democracy by the blood and tears of the outraged Irish Exiles, but whose glory has been sadly tarnished by the creeping things which fatted on the destruction of a manly public spirit. For my own part, — and I say it with regret, — the outlook is unfavorable; the future one to regard with fear and deep misgiving. As a country sows even so shall it reap; and unfortunately in these cases the innocent have to suffer with the guilty. A retrospective glance shows me golden opportunities wasted; a policy of *laissez faire* cherished; shameful derelictions of public trust; a persistent suppression of honor and manliness in order that everything else may be kept in subordination to the prime of necessity of keeping the reputed legislators in the good graces of the lackey who makes up the invitations for the governor's balls. Unfortunately these derelictions are not confined to the *genus* professional politician. "Tommy dearly loves a lord" wrote Byron in manful contempt of the tuft-hunting proclivities of that sweet singer.

It cannot be charged against *our* toadies that they dearly love a lord. No, indeed. Smaller fry satisfies *their* aspiration. And the appreciation which would be denied to an honest politician — is the paradox too great for mental grasp? — finds vent in the exuberant "loyalty" which runs wild after some petty upstart as soon as he gets the magic formula K. C. M. G. affixed to his name, crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee before a miserable idol. If he be a *pro-movable* Irish janizary whose baton still reeks with the blood of old women, and whose wretched soul cannot escape from the malediction of heaven on the robber of the orphan, it matters not. He comes as the representative of "our most gracious sovereign" (where does the graciousness come in?) and if that does not canonize him, it at least entitles him to receive the worship of *dulia*. Foremost in sustaining this arrant snobbery are those whom one would least expect to find in such a conjunction. Men whose own position is such that (if they only realized it) not they, but the colossal pauper who sits in government house is honored when they accept his invitations. But this fact never dawns upon them.

To such an extreme is this abject dependence carried that in this year of grace 1890 (while the waves of Democracy are rolling higher and fiercer against vested humbugs) these sons of patriots cannot hold a concert for the benefit of the poor who have been plundered by past or present governors, without advertising it "under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor." Snobbish Dublin, with its "bellowing slaves and genteel dastards," never excelled this. Perhaps the best index of the tone of public opinion in any country is the spirit of its press. Judged by this standard, Newfoundland is in a deplorable condition. Father John Talbot Smith says that a "Canadian is generally wild in print." But the wildness of a Canadian in his native forests is tame compared to his wildness when he secures the direction of a newspaper in Newfoundland's capital. Turning to that section of the fourth estate which is supposed to represent Irish Catholicism, we find that it is not ashamed to burlesque the sorrowful proceedings of the police court. Here is a sample: "A nymph of sixty-seven placed her faded prunellas under the bar." Think of it. *A nymph of sixty-seven.* And this is the choice mental *pabulum* which is set before members of Holy Name and Christian Doctrine societies, as well as the ribald jesters of the bar-rooms and the rowdy loafers on the street corners, with the acquiescence (if not the tacit approval) of those who are supposed to be leading the people in the paths of righteousness. Alas and alas! We Irish used to be a chivalrous people, but our *loyal* professions have so degraded us that we do not blush to jibe and jeer at the unfortunate whose sex should *compel* our pity after it had forfeited our respect.

Now I have done. With profound regret I have written hard things of my fellow-countrymen. Any bitterness I have displayed should be pardoned considering that British fair-play and kindred influences have made me (in common with many better men) a man without a country. Still I am not without hope that a brighter

day may yet dawn for Terra Nova. In the fulness of time all things mundane come to their proper level. When the people shall seriously bethink themselves of their rights and their duties, and earnestly apply themselves to a practical realization of the same, then may we trust that the Providence which shapes our ends will take pity upon this people (so long misled by political charlatans), and that the Infinite Mercy will raise up for them a leader worthy of the name, who, girding his loins with Truth and upheld by the staff of Justice, will take for his motto, "ADVANCE NEWFOUNDLAND!"

J. W. O'R.

Major Wissmann on the Catholic Missions.

MAJOR WISSMANN, who has played such a large part in the extension of German influence in Africa, has declared, time and again, to correspondents of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich, and the Times, of London, that Catholic missions were preferable, and that their success was so much greater as to place them beyond any comparison with the Protestant or Anglican missions.

Major Wissmann, who is a Protestant himself, has been, in consequence of these declarations, the object of very lively attacks on the part of the German Protestant camp and of a whole series of Protestant or Liberal pens.

In order to meet these attacks, Major Wissmann has sent to the Post, of Berlin, a public declaration, in which he gives the reasons that induce him to prefer the Catholic missions. He says:

"During the interviews I had with those correspondents, we spoke of the relative value of various missions from the point of view of their civilizing action in Eastern Africa. I have said, and I repeat it, that the Catholic missions occupy the first rank; the cause is to be found in their past, in their long existence, and above all in their direction.

"The discipline of the Roman Catholic Church explains the whole success of her missions. The Catholic missionaries go without hope of returning, and exercise their holy ministry until the end of their lives. It is excessively rare that one of them, for reasons of health, returns to his own country. Furthermore, the Catholic worship, with its exterior pomp, makes a greater impression upon non-civilized peoples than do the cold forms of Protestantism.

"One of the most important points in the success of the Catholic missions is the purchase of infant slaves, with which their adversaries reproach them. But this buying is a good work; what, without the missionaries, would become of these children if returned to their parents, to their country? It is due only to their purchase and retention that the missionaries are able to make useful men of these children.

"I am convinced that all who know Africa, the traders as well as the explorers and soldiers, German, English, French, or no matter of what nationality, think upon this subject like myself."

Here is a categorical reply to Major Wissmann's critics. He, a Protestant, has not only avowed his belief that Catholic missionaries are better civilizing agents than Protestants, but he also gives a list of reasons to support his view. Other Protestant explorers, having in view the public they catered for, have been more cautious, and have avoided any direct comparisons. But their silence concerning the

Protestant missions they encountered, and their glowing accounts of the success of Catholic missions, literally extorted from them, tell the same tale as that boldly put into words by Major Wissmann.

M. A. C.

BERLIN.—Baron Wissmann has been placed on the retired list. His heart has become affected from the rheumatism from which he has been suffering lately.

Night.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KINKEL.

I.

NIGHT heals with kindly touch and tender
The wounds of Day as silently,
Her forehead crowned with starry splendor,
She queen-like glides o'er land and sea.
Soft breezes o'er creation wander,
Blurred are the gorgeous tints of Day;
The jagged snowpeaks frowning yonder
To one white line now fade away.

II.

So with a mother's sweet caresses
Night soothes each soul that sorrows fret,
And with her purifying kisses
Melts anger to a sad regret.
The heart's sealed fountains now are broken,
And long-forgotten tears uprise;
Prayers ascend, heard ere they're spoken,
For peace and mercy to the skies.

J. C.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER VIII.—WOOLLENS.

Ireland's Advantages in the Woollen Trade. — Causes of Decadence. — Early Traditions. — Ancient Irish MSS. — The Lena. — Ancient System of Dyeing. — Mayo Stockings. — The Book of Kells. Importance of Color. — Irish Chieftains two thousand years since. — Irish "Frisages." — "Sain d'Irlando." — Trade with the Netherlands. — Penal Enactments. — Wholesale Emigration. — Papal Agents in Ireland. — The Book of Rights. — The Earl of Strafford. — A Rejected Gift. — Dutch William. — Smuggling. — Grattan and the Volunteers. — The Famine of '45. — Hindrances to Trade. — Want of Patriotism. — Report of Devon Commission. — The Mills of Blarney. — The Lucan Woollen Factories. — Flourishing Firms. — Kilkenny Weavers. — Galway Flannels. — The Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Company. — American Patronage. — A Deserved Success. — Suggestions for Development.

THE south of Ireland has always been famous for its rich pastures, consequently the breeding of cattle and the manufacture of articles made from the carcasses — horns, wool, and hides — has been for many years indigenous to the soil. Several of the trades which followed those industries are still in existence; their vitality is feeble, while some have entirely declined, for reasons which shall be presently indicated. Ireland is in every way suited to the woollen manufacture, being rich in grazing land and possessing a vast number of skilled laborers of a certain class — those accustomed to card and spin wool. The growth of wool is the chief industry, after the cultivation of land, for which Ireland is best suited. It is one which need not be confined to any special district. Wherever there is a good river, and sufficiency of idle hands, a mill may be started. The whole of the western coast is eminently suited for this production, owing to the enormous supply of water power and cheap labor. With such advantages, there is no necessity for Ireland to import seven-eighths of her wearing materials, as she is doing at present. The civilized world is clothed out of four materials

— silk, cotton, flax, and wool. Ireland produces two of those commodities in abundance, and could make ten times as much, if required. At one time she grew flax enough to supply all her looms; now, Belgium, Germany, Russia, and the West Indies supply the linen mills of Belfast and Derry, and the damask looms of Lurgan and Armagh, as well as the hand-looms of Fermanagh and Tyrone. Less than fifteen thousand tons of flax are grown in Ireland, worth seven hundred thousand pounds; this amount might be trebled and quadrupled in value if the industry received the proper amount of encouragement, by erecting some model flax farms throughout the country. Instead of this, stagnation and ruin exist everywhere. In consequence of the moist and undrained pastures of the country, and the absence of the friendly shelter of trees, the number of sheep has diminished during the last fifteen years by nearly a million.

Ireland was thoroughly skilled in wool work long before the Flemish refugees had begun to teach the art to English workers; and Irish woollen stuff had an ancient history, and was valued and known two centuries before the first cloth manufacture was introduced into England. The origin of the Irish woollen fabric is lost in the mist of ages. Its history is mixed with the earliest traditions of the people, and specimens exist in the national museum which prove that it flourished in remote ages. In ancient Irish MSS. frequent mention is made of the *lena* — a garment in many cases made of woollen cloth, dyed in various colors and patterns, gold thread being interwoven with the wool. The *lena* was worn next the skin; it covered the upper part of the body, reaching to the knees, and was fastened round the waist with a girdle. In the 8th century, a short hooded cape was universally worn by the Irish; it was made of a coarse long-napped cloth, which was exported in large quantities up to the middle of the 14th century, and corresponds to the Irish frieze of the present day. Though men no longer wear the short cloak, it is still, with some modifications, adopted by the women. The dyes were obtained from lichens and moss, . . . in the same way as at present practised; and the various patterns, spots, stripes, and speckles mentioned in a[illegible] legends were probably produced in the same manner as now. The process is simple, but very ingenious. The white wool is made into skeins, which are tied very tightly at intervals by linen thread. When put into the dye liquor, that part round which the thread is fastened escapes the action of the dye, and remains white, so that when the dyeing process is complete and the ligatures removed, the yarn presents a mottled appearance, some parts being white and the rest colored. In Mayo at the present time, stockings are made from wool dyed in this way.

That the most varied and beautiful colors were very early known to the Irish is proved by the famous book of Kells, the illuminations and designs of which are of exquisite beauty. Color in dress in very ancient times was an important matter in Ireland, for the various classes in society were distinguished by the colors they wore, servants being only allowed to wear one color, and so on through the various grades up to the chiefs, who were allowed five colors, poets six, and sovereigns seven.

A very accurate and minute description is given, in an Irish MSS., of the dress worn by the chieftains about two thousand years since. The writer was an eye-witness of a great meeting of the septs, and thus describes the King of Ulster: "He wore a mass of hair — yellow, curling, drooping hair; he had a pleasing, ruddy countenance; he had a deep blue, sparkling, piercing, terrific eye in his head, and a two-branching beard, yellow and curling on his chin; he wore a crimson, deep-bordered, fine-folding tunic, a gold pin in the tunic over his bosom, a brilliant white shirt, interwoven with threads of red gold, next his white skin." The sovereign's chief minister, the orator Sencha, is described as having "long, flowing, brown-yellow hair; he had a sharp, black-blue eye rolling restlessly in his head; he had a divided, curling, two-branching, narrow beard upon his chin; he wore a black-green long-woolled cloak, wrapped about him . . . he had a white shirt with a collar next his skin; a bright shield, with devices in silver, hung at his shoulder; a silver-hilted sword in a flaming scabbard at his side; a spear, like a column of a king's palace, beside him." Such was the appearance of Erin's ancient warriors.

Edward I., in a royal order making it a penal offence to import any foreign manufactured textiles, especially exempts "Irish frisages," and an Italian writer of the 14th century mentions a white serge which was much esteemed, and which was called "Sain d' Irlando." Many centuries ago a trade existed between Spain and Ireland in a scarlet cloth, which was much used by the Spanish court and nobility. An export trade from Ireland to the Netherlands existed in the 15th century, and flourished more or less until the penal enactments at the close of the 17th century ruined it. In Dublin alone, about fifteen thousand families were reduced to starvation, and many of the most skilful workers emigrated to America.

Over £2,000,000 worth of friezes, tweeds, and blankets are brought from England and Scotland annually, yet Irish goods are 25 per cent. better than Scotch and English at the same price.

In the 13th and 14th centuries, the Popes of Rome used to send their agents to several Irish towns to purchase woollen fabrics for the construction of those gorgeous mantles used on State occasions; the ingenious designs and ornamentation were invariably the work of Irish artists. In fact, the old Irish frieze was eagerly bought up in Spain and Italy, and so prized, that garments made of it were entered as heir-looms in the wills of the Florentine citizens. The old Brehon laws, proclaimed from green benches on the hill-side, and under the waving trees which once clothed the country from mountain to sea, contain minute rules about the dyes of woven wools—the shares which should belong to husband and wife, in case marriage became a failure; for the abstract question of the usefulness of that ordinance was even then undecided. The Book of Rights in Homeric form states the exact number of cloaks which a king is entitled to claim from his tributaries. A similar custom entitles the Queen of England to levy a tax of silk shawls from her Indian dependency, which she dispenses as wedding gifts to her loyal subjects, with the courtesy and generosity which have

made her reign glorious. For years Ireland retained her old trade in wool, and even during the Tudor period, when the terrible desolation of Munster took place, the wool trade was not extinguished. Waterford and Dungarvan carried on a traffic in that commodity with England, France, and Spain. There was a large export trade with foreign countries down to 1699, when about that year it began to decline. Ireland always maintained a high character for her wool, just as Manchester is renowned for cotton, or Staffordshire for pottery. All the elements of successful manufacture still abound.

The first systematic attempt to deprive Ireland of this trade occurred in the days of Charles II., when the Earl of Stafford, in the interest of the English manufacturers, crushed the industry. The energies of Charles II. took a different direction; he suppressed the trade in cattle, and taught the English people first to distrust the Irish. The rooted aversion to everything Celtic then grew so strong that a munificent gift of cattle, sent to the perishing Londoners after the great fire, was scornfully refused. The Dutch William next placed an embargo on the trade, excluding its carriage into England, except through a few ports on the Bristol Channel. The penalty for violation was a fine of five hundred pounds and forfeiture of ship and cargo. By this, a monopoly was created for the English merchants, which enabled them to buy the article at their own price. As a consequence, smuggling sprang up, and the caves along the coast of Cork and Kerry were filled with wool; and, in exchange for this commodity, large quantities of brandy and claret were brought into Ireland, utterly demoralizing both rich and poor, for all joined in this unlawful traffic.

In 1799, Grattan and the volunteers won free-trade — *i. e.*, a free export of wool and woollens; after this, the trade revived, until the famine of 1845 crushed the spirit of the people, with regard to all industries, from which depression the country has never recovered. The absence of profitable industries in our own day is not entirely due to want of capital, but to want of technical skill and enterprise. The deposits in the banks prove that capital exists, if only safe outlets for its employment can be inaugurated. Since the year 1800, the failure of Irish industries cannot be attributed to any selfish policy on the part of England and the trading class; but, indirectly, the industries of the country have been crushed and the people demoralized. Among the many hindrances to Irish trade, are the high rate of freights on Irish railways, the ruin of cottage industries by emigration, and the importation of cheap and gaudy goods from England and Scotland. A small army of commercial travellers invades the country, introducing slop goods and finery, which the farmers' wives and daughters purchase on account of their cheapness. In this way the draperies of Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford are circulated, to the detriment of Irish woollen stuffs. Shopkeepers get a greater profit for all such stuffs by dealing with the English warehouses, and, consequently, will not push the woollen fabric of their own country. A large number of the Irish are disgracefully wanting in patriotism. If several shop-

keepers would only coöperate for the sale of their own manufactures, a better feeling would be promoted. Irish traders should combine, like the Poles and Hungarians. Many of the Irish workhouses get their blankets from England; the Dublin streets are paved with stones imported from Wales; the Dublin Custom House is built of Portland stone, despite the abundance of the native freestone; and the marble in most of the altar-pieces in the Catholic churches comes from Italy and Belgium, instead of Kilkenny and Connemara.

The Irish are charged with chronic discontent and idleness, while few investigate the charge. Dissatisfaction is admitted; and it arises from poverty, injustice, and want of employment. If the causes were removed the discontent would dissolve, and agitation would cease to exist. The only way to remove it is to develop the resources of the country beyond those of agriculture, and to improve the education of the people. The arts and manufactures in which Ireland excels have almost expired, stamped out by a selfish bygone legislation and the free imports of foreign manufactured goods, admitted to unrestricted competition with the heavily-taxed home manufactures. This competition has reduced the profits on those Irish industries which have survived the misgovernment of the 17th and 18th centuries, or what sprang into existence after the Union was accomplished. This is the reason why Ireland cannot compete with her powerful sister in the race of that commercial activity which marks the 19th century. Instead of the flourishing commerce in Ireland, we have mills and factories silent and in ruins, valuable mines unworked, quarries of beautiful marble neglected, and water-power running everywhere to waste. The system of free imports which has brought temporary prosperity to England, has yielded few advantages to Irish trade. The unrestricted competition with the world has only helped to extinguish the industries that remain. The Irish people are too tied to the cultivation of the land, for no other occupation is open to them. This must be put an end to; and they will hail with enthusiasm anything which will release them from the slavery which it entails. Forty years ago, the Devon Commission described the condition of the Irish peasant as "the worst fed, the worst clothed, and the worst housed in Europe." Little improvement has been made, and none is likely to take place, until Government discover that it is better to spend money in creating industrial habits, and fostering such trades as the manufacture of wool and the like industries, than in supporting soldiers and police to keep order among those who would be orderly of their own inclination, if poverty did not drive them to despair, or agitation urge them to crime.

About the oldest woollen and worsted mills in Ireland are those situated in Blarney, within a stone's-throw of the castle, familiar all over the world as the site of the famous "Blarney stone." How the absurd story concerning it should have gained currency is not worth inquiring, but it conveys a reproach which every Irishman should resist as an insult to his nationality, crediting him, as it does, with only a smooth tongue and a plausible manner.

The dismantled stronghold belonged to an old family of the McCarthys, the last of whom forfeited his lands, then valued at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, for King James II. The old square keep still stands, and, jutting out of the battlement, the stone which fools go to kiss. The superstition is entirely modern, no mention of it being made in any of the old records. An early English colony tried to found an industry at Blarney, but failed; either the privileged class waxed insolent, or the absurd trade laws of that period crippled them. Industrial Blarney dates from 1824, but a century ago, Authur Young found thirteen mills at work there, and three hundred hands engaged in linen making. The present mills, the property of Messrs. Martin, Mahoney and Brothers, are about thirty years old, but it is only within the last eighteen years that the business has grown to maturity. The firm gives employment to over seven hundred hands, of whom three hundred are men, and four hundred and fifty women. The rate of wages, for young hands, ranges from 4s. to 8s., and, for older people, from 10s. to £2 10s. a week.

Blarney exports to Austria, America, Australia, and New York. The products are tweeds, friezes, serges, rugs, and yarns. The friezes of Irish make stand unrivalled; this is largely owing to the absence of spurious admixture, nothing but honest wool being employed. In the Yorkshire article, "shoddy" gives a superior appearance of finish, but proves unstable as water. It is a feature of all the Irish woollen mills that they have not descended to this method of adulteration; the consequences are that the Irish tweeds, friezes, and woollen stuffs are considerably dearer than the English or Scotch manufactures, but far more durable. The firm in question is complete in itself, manufacturing its own gas, soap, and dye. The wool used is largely home-grown, and the superior quality of the goods has won various prize medals, and, recently, the approval of the Honorable Society of the London cloth-workers.

The Lucan Woollen Factories of Dublin is another firm which has thoroughly established its good name. This firm, consisting of two factories, manufactures yearly over one hundred and twenty thousand yards of tweed; half this supply is for home consumption, and the remainder for English, Scotch, and American markets. The managers are practical men, alive to all modern influences, and determined to raise their house to the first position. They are now making considerable additions to their premises, rely entirely on the excellence of their goods, and are firmly holding their own in the fierce competition with their English and Scotch manufacturing neighbors. In this establishment girls earn from 5s. to 12s. a week, and mostly on piece-work. It may be added that piece-work is not largely adopted in Ireland; better if it were. One trade, that is cabinet-making, was lost to the south simply because people refused to employ the system. Messrs. Hill and Son are hopeful and enterprising, they richly deserve the success they have won, and are likely to develop their trade to a great extent in the future.

The Athlone Woollen Mills are situated on the Shannon, and

avail themselves of the splendid water supply which that old historic town commands. This concern has grown tenfold during the last seven years, ever since the home industrial movement sprang up. The works give employment to over five hundred people in the neighborhood, while the yearly consumption of wool amounts to seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Their specialty is a fine class of tweed, the wool employed being almost entirely grown in the country, and collected principally from the counties of Galway and Roscommon direct from the farmers. The success of this fabric has been testified by the fact that Athlone tweed has won the highest prizes in thirteen open competitions since the year 1882. It is of a complicated design, remarkable both for its appearance and great enduring qualities, and in such high demand in the colonies, that the promoters of the manufacture have some difficulty in meeting the steady demand for the article. The Athlone Woollen Factory has established itself so firmly that it has no rival in the market. Much of the success of this prosperous firm is owing to the ability and courtesy of Mr. W. Smith, one of the managing partners.

The Conway Woollen Company, in the county of Donegal, is doing excellent work. This company is of recent origin, being the youngest of five resulting from the Dublin exhibition of 1882. Since it has been started, mills have sprung up in Antrim, Castleblaney, Ballymoney, and Coleraine. The Conway mills have shown an astonishing amount of vigor and enterprise. At the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, they presented specimens of serge, tweeds, and flannel, which took a high place for excellence of workmanship. One feature in this concern is that wool is made up according to any pattern forwarded by the sender. Goods are also exchanged on the senders paying for the manufacture. A circular is forwarded showing the quality of wool required, and containing instructions.

This little thriving concern gives employment to over sixty people, the rate of wages varying from 5s. a week for young boys and beginners, up to two pounds for foremen, the average pay of men and grown up girls being 15s. and 9s. respectively. The talented and courteous manager of this admirably conducted firm deeply deplores the want of technical education among the people, and the heavy charges of the railways, which disadvantages, as I have already pointed out, have checked and interfered with the growth of several Irish industries. The prosperity of the Conway Woollen Mills is largely owing to the perseverance and administrative ability of Mr. John S. Weir.

The Tralee Ballymullan Mills, situated in the capital of Kerry, is another small concern which deserves special commendation. It has the advantage of possessing a manager of great business capacity, tact, shrewdness, and uniform courtesy. Mr. Joseph Rivington held a stall in Olympia, and some choice specimens of the products of his mills were here exhibited, attracting much notice. The Ballymullen mills are able to turn out Irish wools, tweeds, and homespuns, the very best products for winter costumes. Half the productions of this house go

to America and England, and the other half are for home consumption. The firm gives employment to women, the rate of wages being from 4s. to 18s. a week, some of the men's wages reaching to 45s. a week. These mills are a great advantage to the town. There are several other mills in Ireland turning out excellent fabrics; the few specified give a fair idea of the condition of this industry. There is room for double the number. The woollen industry has the most natural growth in Ireland, and none affords greater facilities for being eagerly entered upon; but the want of technical skill on the part of capitalists and operatives, and the absence of schools to instruct the rising generation, are among the chief drawbacks at present. In the matter of tweeds and fine self-made goods, there has been great inprovement within the last three years; but the manufacture of wool requires both skill and knowledge — rare qualities in Ireland, a country that spends annually about fifteen millions in the purchase of materials which she could very well manufacture for herself. Irish capitalists are too ready to part with the raw material instead of expending labor on it. This is a fault common to every industrial occupation in the country, and it is owing to this insane practice that a number of highly remunerative employments are lost.

In the beginning of the century, Kilkenny alone had one thousand weavers; now the trade has almost died out of that town. At one time almost every town in the country had a tannery; now few have any. This profitable trade was killed by competition with the west of England, where the tanning process is completed in a short time.

A special kind of flannel, known as "nab flannel," is made in Galway, which is admirably suited for ladies' skirts, hearthrugs, etc., and is so durable that it is almost impossible to wear it out. The Rev. Martin Cummings, of Clare, Galway, has done much to encourage this industry, and is anxious to find a market for the work. The Galway flannel is also eminently suitable as a covering for perambulators and also for ladies' out-door jackets, having a soft, fury appearance, which is owing to the long hair of the sheep of the district.

The Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Company has done work which has produced marvellous results. This company was started in May, 1887, in Dublin, by Mr. Mayne, M. P., and several other gentlemen. Their representative, Mr. Peter White, the managing director of the company, first paid a visit to America, in May, 1887, and, notwithstanding many obstacles in the way of jealousy and misrepresentation, the excellence of the Irish goods insured their success, and were warmly appreciated by a nation ever generous in its approval and encouragement. In the second visit of Mr. White to America, he received sufficient orders for tweeds, diagonals, and friezes to keep every mill in Ireland working overtime for a year. In the woollen manufacture, about eighty thousand spindles and upwards of one thousand power looms are employed, as well as a very large number of hand looms throughout the country. The company is able to export goods which may be valued at three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year.

One of the best known and most influential of American merchants, Mr. Shuman, of Boston, visiting Ireland in September last, spoke most favorably of the improvement of Irish Woollens. He visited the Irish mills, had interviews with the mill-owners, and expressed an opinion that the woollen trade is only in its infancy, and that there is a prosperous future in store for it. "Messrs. Shuman, of Boston," says a writer on Irish woollens, "have not alone given large orders for Irish tweeds, but have so far facilitated the working of the Irish Wollen Export Company, that they and other American firms have so guaranteed the financial success, that the Bank of Ireland permits the company to overdraw seventy-five per cent. on the exports, the day after shipment." The cause of the marvellous success which has rewarded the efforts of the export company may be gathered from the following extract from a pamphlet published by them:

"All stuffs must be sent to their stores on Usher's Quay, Dublin, where they are most scrupulously examined and tested by skilled examiners, before being shipped. But, no matter what the quantity of the goods, nor the locality where they come from, on one thing this company rigidly insists, and that is, excellence in quality. . . . . They do not dream of demanding a preference simply on the sentimental ground of their exports being Irish. They rely on their sterling value for support, and, as is natural, take care to preserve a high and even standard, with which the producers must, perforce, comply."

Notwithstanding the success which has naturally attended a scheme conducted in so admirable a spirit of *thoroughness*, it is admitted very generally, that in the matter of new designs, the Irish manufacturers are at a standstill. The same patterns are maintained year after year, and unless more enterprise is shown in the way of novelty and enterprise in advertising, the Irish will scarcely continue to hold their own in the wollen trade.

Ireland is at present importing seven-eighths of her shoes and boots, and England is selling an immense quantity of highly finished French and German boots, largely consisting of brown paper and laquer, admirably suited to catch the eye, but utterly worthless for wear. The Irish trades give preference to this class of imported goods, owing to its cheapness, and large quantities of these slop goods are distracting attention from home manufacture. There is not nearly as much coarse frieze produced in Ireland as formerly; its use is going out in consequence of cheap importations. In the small mills referred to, an excellent article is produced, owing to the thorough process of preparing and finishing of the whole material in their small looms. Some of the managers suggest that a judicious system of loans and a more accommodating system of banking would enable the few spirited employers to develop their trade. I am not in favor of loans, except under peculiar circumstances. I believe in and attach more importance to the establishment of industrial training-schools, scattered widely through the country. They are the imperative necessity of the day. We have had too much whining and begging in the past.

In Austria, America, and Canada, Irish woollen goods are welcome

and appreciated. There is also a large field for lace-making and all kinds of small industries that might be carried on in the cottages of the Irish peasantry by women and children; hoisery, ornaments made from raw materials to be had in Ireland — green marble, bog oak, Irish spar — and many others now totally neglected.

Chapter IX.—Knitting, Spinning, Weaving, Embroidery — Next Month.

Normal Schools.

We notice with pleasure an article in our esteemed contemporary, Church Progress, on the importance of normal schools for secular teachers. Heretofore, Catholic secular teachers have not had a fair chance. Sufficient inducement has not been held out for first-class talent to engage in the laborious and somewhat thankless task of teaching. The consequence is that the teaching orders have been greatly sought after for the work in our parish schools, and unfortunately the demand has been greater than the supply. The fact that our gallant friend of Church Progress indulges in some pretty free criticism of the conduct of even some superiors of our convents would seem to indicate that he must have had some unpleasant personal experience with some of the religious orders. He seems to think they sometimes show a too independent spirit, and that this feeling leads them to indulge in too great extravagance in building "castle-like convents" and "magnificent convent churches."

We confess we have not been accustomed to consider magnificent churches and institutions dedicated to religion as involving sin or even a want of proper appreciation of the true spirit of the religious life, provided they did not involve pecuniary embarrassment. If an order is able to build splendid convents and magnificent churches dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, we cannot see any objection to it. No doubt there is always danger of increase of pride and vanity in all such works, and religious have their temptations as well as others. But the example of many of the old saints of the church teach us that it is possible to practise the spirit of poverty in the midst of magnificent surroundings.

The objection to removals of teachers who have succeeded in overcoming difficulties, and establishing flourishing schools in certain parishes, is a very serious one. We feel the force of it, and we have witnessed instances of great hardship under the operation of the apparently arbitrary and unreasonable rule. We know of one instance where a Christian brother was ordered away from a parish where he was in the midst of a most successful experiment, and the pastor wrote to the superior that if he took that brother away he might take them all, and he was left in peaceable possession.

But there are not enough religious to supply the demand. We must have secular teachers; and that we may have suitable secular teachers two things seem to be necessary. First, there should be Catholic normal schools in which they may be thoroughly trained in the science and art of teaching; and, secondly, sufficient inducement should be held out for first-class talent to engage in the profession.

There is no reason why teaching should not be made a respectable profession and a life work. We should be glad to see a normal school established at least in every province in the country, and inducements held out for young men of talent to engage in the work of teaching as a life vocation. We do not see how a sufficient corps of competent teachers can otherwise be furnished.

St. Teresa's American Daughters.

THE same year that witnessed the consecration of the first Bishop of Baltimore, beheld also the establishment of the first convent of nuns in what was then the United States; and the one hundredth anniversaries of the two notable events occur this year — the first, on August 15; the second, on October 15. The Bishop was the illustrious Dr. John Carroll. The convent was the Carmel, founded by daughters of St. Teresa, at Port Tobacco, in Maryland.

On May 1, 1890, four Carmelite nuns set sail from Texel, in the Netherlands, for America, determined to build a house of their Order in the New World. Three of them were natives of Maryland — Ann Mathews (Mother Bernadina, Teresa Xavier, of St. Joseph), with her two nieces — Ann Teresa Mathews (Sister Mary Aloysia, of the Blessed Trinity), and Susanna Mathews (Sister Mary Eleanora, of St. Francis Xavier), and one of them was an English woman, Frances Dickinson (Sister Clare Joseph, of the Sacred Heart). They were two months on the voyage, and reached New York on July 2, after almost incredible hardships from sea sickness, wretched accommodations on board the vessel, and insufficient food.

The four Sisters hastened to Maryland, where their friends had promised to aid them in getting a home, and at last, largely through the generosity of Father Charles Neale, their chaplain, who sacrificed his whole patrimony for the purpose, they acquired title to a farm of eight hundred acres near Port Tobacco, in that State; and there, on the feast of St. Teresa, in the year 1790, they knelt before the tabernacle of the Lord, under their own roof-tree, and blessed Him for conducting them to His holy mountain in the New World.

The first years of the little community were full of privations. Their monastery was a log house. The rooms were unplastered, and the wind and the rain and the snow found entrance. In winter, the sufferings of the nuns from the cold were intense. But in all their trials, peace filled their hearts, and benedictions kept their lips from murmuring.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the monastery and the severity of the rules, postulants were not slow in knocking at the doors for admission.

As the years went on, the number of the nuns was increased, and their circumstances were in many respects improved.

According to the customs of those times, the dowry of some of the novices consisted of slaves. These were lodged in cabins outside

of the convent enclosure, and cultivated the Sisters' farm. They were well treated, and were affectionately attached to the community. They were carefully instructed in their religious duties. Twice a year the Sisters would spin, weave and sew clothes for them. They numbered about thirty. When the monastery was transferred to Baltimore, they were allowed to choose their own masters — the nuns being unable to liberate them, being too poor to provide means of subsistence for them — and they parted from the Carmelites with tears. A few of them, who were superannuated, were left to the care of competent persons, and the nuns paid their board, and otherwise provided for their needs until their death.

The convent did not prosper in the country. The Sisters had little income of their own, outside of their crops on the farm, and as these had not been well managed by the overseers hired to raise them, the community was getting into debt. It was thought that they could support themselves by teaching, as the number of Catholic academies then in this country could have been easily counted, and were not sufficient for the girls that were seeking an education. Therefore, Archbishop Maréchal got from Rome a conformation of the dispensation for the nuns to open a school which had been obtained some years previously by Archbishop Carroll, and the Sisters abandoned their old home in Charles County, after spending forty-one years in it, and moved to Baltimore, where they still are, though in a more commodious building than was the one they first occupied in that city.

The academy which the Carmelites started on Oct. 31, 1831, received a good share of patronage, and many of the ladies of Baltimore boasted in after years, when the school had been closed by order of Archbishop Kenrick, in order that the Sisters might return to the perfect observance of their rule, that they had been educated by the nuns. Besides the common branches, the Sisters taught plain and ornamental needlework, beadwork, embroidery, tapestry, shellwork, and painting. Their charges were eight dollars per quarter for the higher classes, six dollars for the second, five dollars for the third, and four dollars for the fourth. Pupils of all denominations were admitted, without any interference with their religious beliefs. The nuns who had classes were peremptorily forbidden to talk of school subjects in the cloister, so that their work should be of as little distraction as possible to themselves and to the other Sisters. After conducting the academy for twenty years, the community were not loath to shut it up permanently, when their Superior in the diocese expressed a wish to see them restored to their life of solitude in the cloister.

In 1863, five Sisters left Baltimore to found the monastery in St. Louis, Missouri; and in 1877, the community in St. Louis sent four nuns to New Orleans to establish a convent there.

In 1875, a colony of Carmelites from Rheims, six in number, made a foundation near Montreal, in Canada.

Five Sisters have arrived in Boston from Baltimore. They are located in the Highlands. Elsewhere the reader will find further particulars.

The Carmelites lead a contemplative life. They follow the strict rule of St. Teresa. They are consecrated to prayer and penance. In summer they arise at a quarter to five o'clock, and begin at five to make an hour's meditation. At six they recite the canonical hours, after which they retire to their cells to read some passages in "The Imitation of Christ." Then they hear Mass, at the conclusion of which they go to their various employments. At ten o'clock they dine, listening the while to the reading of some book by one of the community. After dinner, they have converse with one another in the recreation-room until mid-day. After noon, they return to their occupations until two o'clock, when they recite Vespers. Next they spend an hour in spiritual reading. From three o'clock until a quarter to five, they are engaged in manual labors, after which they give an hour and a quarter to mental prayer. At six o'clock they return to the refectory for their collation. Then follows recreation until a quarter to eight, when they recite complines. Matins are said at nine o'clock, and after the examination of conscience, the preparation of the morrow's meditation, etc., the nuns retire at about eleven o'clock. In winter they get up an hour later than in summer.

The nuns take the discipline and mortify themselves in other ways. They never eat meat. They fast frequently; on ecclesiastical fast-days, they use no butter, milk, or eggs. They observe this "black fast" on all the Fridays of the year, except those occurring between Easter and Pentecost. Their great fast begins on Sept. 14, and ends on Easter.

The bed of the nuns is made of straw. It is covered with serge. They observe a continual silence except at the hours of recreation.

Why Thunder Storms Affect Milk.

DURING electrical disturbances it seems that cream and milk are put into a condition to sour easily. The probable cause of this, the editor of the Cultivator (Albany) explains as follows: The effect of an electrical discharge is to decompose a portion of the atmosphere, by which ozone is produced. This substance has peculiar properties from its intense activity as an oxide of oxygen, and its action is often believed to be, and may be, the cause of the souring of milk, beer, and fresh wine during what are known as thunder storms. The ozone is diffused through the air, and is believed to be the cause of the strong acid odor which prevails after the storm is passed. No doubt if the milk is submerged in water, and access of air is prevented, no result of the kind need be apprehended; and as the more milk is exposed to the air the more it will be affected by the ozone, the milk in open shallow pans will be acidified more readily than that in deep pails, although these may be open. In our long experience, however, the writer adds, we have never had any milk affected in this way, either in shallow pans or deep pails, and are of opinion that the heat of the air preceding thunder storms is more directly the agent in the souring of the milk than the ozone that may exist in the air after the storm is passed.

In Memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

By Cora Wilburn.

THE world has lost a Friend! and Freedom veils
A tear-stained face, while high and lowly weep;
Before true strength how puny effort pales,
In fields where only dauntless souls may reap.
The brave and tender heart enfolded all
Of human sorrow, with his country's call!

Gained heights of due renown's prosperity,
The light of Freedom's holy plenteousness,
The generous soul toiled for humanity,
In brimming measure of unselfishness.
For Erin's long-deferred and righteous cause,
His fervor won the wakening world's applause!

We darkly see, and judge with blinded haste,
When we deem *lost* that consecrated life;
To God's high purpose comes no blighting waste,
While onward speeds the clash of earthly strife.
Warfare of pen and sword, of speech and song,
Shall usher in the Peace awaited long!

Shall not his words, that thrill the soul with power,
Their response find in soul of Youth and Age?
Pleading anew for Freedom's sacred dower,
And long down-trodden Ireland's heritage?
Shall not his hallowing songs of Liberty,
Their clarion message send o'er land and sea?

His great soul winged its flight to holier spheres,
Ere dawned the Nation's Great Reunion Day;
They would have hailed him with accordant cheers,
The warrior throng, marked with the battle-fray.
Wave in his honor, Stars and Stripes of Light!
With the Green Flag's new sunrise, hearts unite!

This world has lost a Friend! enslaved yet stand
In hopeless sorrow's mute expectancy,
The cowering millions, 'neath the iron hand
Of cruel Russia's wanton tyranny;
Yet Boyle O'Reilly dared to speak the word,
By Freedom's high Compassion inly stirred!

While others parleying waited, smote his song
The outposts of the world's now tottering thrones;
His great thoughts sway the dawn-awaiting throng,
And Justice for Oblivion's wrong atones;
Can *souls* forget? amid Heaven's Blessedness,
His loyal heart love Truth and Ireland less?

Never while Ideals grand,
Live, as erst o'er sea and land,
Shall his talismanic name,
Fade from Heaven's own scroll of Fame!
While great Freedom's world-wide scope,
Answers to the patriot's hope,
Shall his pure example shine,
'Mid the beacon lights divine!
Truth and Honor, Justice be
Watchwords of humanity!

Crowned beyond our human ken
Sceptred with his mighty pen!
He has to his own bequeathed
Noblest fame, of laurel-wreathed;
Left the records' holiness,
Of a brave soul's tenderness;
Never truer hero won
For all men beneath the sun,
The cognition of the Right
'Gainst the brutal force of Might.
'Mid your heart-ache's living pain,
Dwell upon the Century's gain;
Know that Freedom breathes anew,
For his utterance, wise and true.
Ireland's hope, with world acclaim,
Bears aloft O'Reilly's name!

Wave in his honor, stars and stripes of light!
With the Green Flag's new sunrise hearts delight!
Beyond the o'erwhelming grief, lift prayerful eyes;
Death may not rend or mar earth's holiest ties, —
The Life-Dream is fulfilled in Paradise!

Boston, Brighton District, Aug. 21.

A Monument to Columbus.

ITALIANS in the United States have resolved to erect in New York City a monument to Christopher Columbus for the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. They have commissioned the famous sculptor, Gaetano Russo, to carve in marble a design which he has conceived and which has received the praise of the best art critics in Italy. It is thus described: The monument will be seventy-five feet in height. The statue of Columbus in the costume of an admiral will be executed in Carrara marble. The column will be of granite, in the form of the ancient Roman beaked columns, and from it will project representations of the poops and prows of the three vessels which accompanied Columbus on his voyage of discovery. The anterior portion of the pedestal will contain a group representing the "Genius of Columbus," his hand resting on the globe of the world, which he is earnestly studying.

The Position of American Priests.

SINCE the case of Dr. McGlynn, and the more recent one of Dr. Richard Lalor Burtsell, which last is likely to have, and, we believe, will have a happier termination, bushels of nonsense have been written in the secular and Protestant press about the position of the priest in the Catholic Church. These literary gentlemen have simply exploited the matter as they would any other sensation of the day. The amusing feature of the case is the sudden and tender solicitude displayed by these persons for the position of the priest, whom they usually attack as all that is vile in the exercise of his ministry. They, in fact, do not care a straw for the bulk of our clergy, and are using such conflicts of jurisdictional authority as are bound to occur from time to time in the vain hope of creating a breach between the bishops and the priests. A paper like the Philadelphia North American, with a record of Know-Nothing bigotry behind it, shows very poorly in the idiotic and futile noise it is making on this point. It declares that a more rigid authority is being exercised over priests, and that they have no freedom at all, and that their very standing in society has been effected through their abject dependence on the nod of the bishops. This is the gist of its ravings through column after column, on day after day; and it is a type of many others.

A dash of cold common-sense is needed right here. We shall first view the subject from the exterior entirely, and as though religion were like any other business. Presently, we shall take up the technical and higher aspects. Well, then, say priests are engaged by the bishops for certain definite work. They enter into contract for doing it, assume certain obligations, promise to do this, and to refrain from doing that. Should they not be held to their contracts? And who should be the judges of this? The very name of bishop signifies overseer; bishops are overseers of those employed in God's vineyard. We all know what an overseer, or, in vulgar parlance, a boss, is in factories and other temporal occupations. His work is to examine the works of others. If they find the laborers incompetent, doing slovenly work, dishonest, or deficient in any other respect, they administer the requisite punishment, and no one questions such exercise of authority, because it is requisite for the success of the business. Let us take the office of the North American for instance. We presume it has an editor in chief. He is responsible for the whole of each issue; and it is necessary that he hold each of his subordinates responsible for each part. Every reporter must do his duty; every editorial writer must accomplish the task assigned him; every printer must set his copy right. Suppose no such system of authority existed. Suppose each reporter could remonstrate with him about the tasks assigned; each editorial writer flatly deny the principles he orders him to uphold; each printer persist in setting his copy backwards; does the editor of the North American think he could carry his paper over a week? Let him think over this; and let him understand that in urging insubord-

ination and anarchy in ecclesiastical affairs of a diocese, he is setting an example by which his own employés may some day profit to his sorrow, and then he will not have a logical argument to oppose them.

Order is the law of life. Responsibility is the test of business success. That responsibility must be gradated in a complicated business; hence springs a series of subordinations. Mutual dependence is the principle linking all together. Few business men will dispute these axioms. Looking at it from a worldly point of view, the only one they profess, why should they raise such a disturbance because they see the same axioms applied in religious affairs?

Most successful business men, most logical minds outside the faith, do take this view. They indulge in no parrot cries of traditional bigotry. They are unaffectedly amazed at the perfection of the Church's machinery. Part works into part with the least possible friction. When some unit shows friction and a tendency to jar the whole, it is cut out, a more perfectly adapted piece put in, and the great machine goes on working smoothly, steadily, powerfully as before; like Liebnitz, like Ranke, like Macaulay, like Guizot, they exclaim that it is the most perfect piece of human mechanism the world has ever seen. Surely those who bear their appointed parts in this grand machine need never fear to lack the respect of those whose respect is worth having, despite the angry ravings of the fanatics who fear and would break to pieces that which we Catholics know to be the most magnificent of God's creations, his beautiful and shining Bride, without spot or blemish or any such flaw.

Priests belong to the royal order of Melchisedec. Their Roman collars are coats-of-arms that secure them respect everywhere. So far from the discipline of the army in which they are captains detracting in any respect from their social position, it rather adds to the esteem which, as gentlemen, they gain in polite circles. And their influence over society at large is strengthened by that discipline. Men know that, however good or great they may be in their own persons they are immeasurably greater and holier as the organs of a stable religion.

Perhaps the profound ignorance of Catholic matters among secular journalists could not have been better displayed than in another remark of the North American — that the position of priests is "*becoming more and more*" unendurable in this country, they are brought daily under closer bonds to the bishops. The writer's idea is that, whereas formerly priests had some ecclesiastical freedom, now it is being taken from them. If he will inform himself on the ecclesiastical status of the lower clergy before 1884, and then turn to the *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii* and read through *Titulus II.*, *De Personis Ecclesiasticis*, and especially *Caput V.*, *De Rectoribus Inamovibilibus*, he will perceive that the priesthood is moving toward a position of greater freedom, in its true sense, though not to unaccountability. Therein a tenth of the pastors are made irremovable rectors; a board of council is created to try causes; and between the two they have the right to participate in the election of each new bishop. This, he may say, is a small concession; but it is a concession; and

it is what the priesthood never had before in this country. It is the beginning of an experiment, which will end, if all works well, in all the pastors attaining the regular canonical status — a thing which exists in very few places of the world now. Thus, so far from American priests having any reason to feel oppressed, there is before them the glorious prospect of regaining for the Church in this country that full canonical organization which is her truest law of life, and which is in disuse nearly everywhere else. CATHOLICUS.

Among the 'Phones.

DURING the recent meeting of the Editorial Association, in Boston, some interesting experiences were had by the members. The delegates and their friends accepted an invitation of the Boston Press Club to visit its rooms on Bosworth street and listen to an exhibition of the wonders of the long distance telephone. Communication was established by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company between the club parlor and the company's exchange at 18 Cortlandt street, New York. A long distance telephone and a large number of hand 'phones were placed in the club room, and four courteous young men were placed by the company in charge of the exhibition. When the entertainment was begun, the parlors were filled with ladies and gentlemen wearing the badges of the association. The first feature was the transmission of music on the piano and cornet from the New York Exchange, 234 miles distant, the music being made easily audible to every person in the rooms. "Little Annie Rooney" was liberally applauded. So were some less popular but equally familiar airs. Sounds from a phonograph were also heard by means of the hand 'phones. Later the operators made connections with the Broadway Theatre and the Casino, New York, and Keith's Gaiety and Bijou, Boston, and snatches of popular operas were heard as distinctly as the cornet and piano music had been. The strum-strum of a banjo was not forgotten in the display of melody. That came from the telephone office in Newport, R. I., where they had a very expert strum-strummer at work. The exhibition was a revelation to many of the visitors, but it did not surprise them. Nothing surprises newspaper men, says Modern Light and Heat.

The Hairs of Your Head Numbered.

SOME writer has said that the average number of hairs on the human scalp vary from ninety to one hundred and twenty thousand. There are a good many heads about the office of this paper which would hardly bear out either statement. But that a single hair can support a weight of two ounces and is so elastic that it may be stretched to one-third of its entire length, and then regain its former size and condition, can be done, according to an assertion in the Southern Critic, by C. C. Benson.

The Tomb of Virgil.

"THERE is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporarily considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon. Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambysses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." *Urn Burial*, Sir Thomas Browne.

Some months ago the Cableman informed us that the Tomb of Virgil was for sale. Shortly after came the announcement that the Leaning Tower of Pisa was to be disposed of by lottery, at so much a ticket. These items of information would seem to have been sent out as feelers of the American market. A live and vigorous people, we are supposed to be enamored of death. Happy in the possession of a history of only limited duration, our special weakness, it is assumed, is a fondness for antiquities. Indeed, we find it seriously proposed to borrow or purchase of the Egyptian government the mummy of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Bible, as a leading attraction for the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago. The "stupendous incongruity" of the thing, it is said, could not fail to leave a marked impression on the Western mind, with its liking for superlatives and hyperboles in the departments of rhetoric and arithmetic. No doubt, a country like Egypt, which at the present day is itself undergoing a process of mummification, being swathed in English mortgages, would be glad to part with the curiosity for a reasonable consideration.

Foreigners often complain that American scenery lacks one great element of the picturesque, namely, ruins, and the super-sensitive native, whom truth compels to acknowledge the grave defect, finds himself reduced, by way of extenuation, to express the hope that we will improve in that respect with the advancing years. The need of ruins should give rise to the demand, and the demand naturally creates the supply. In this way, the sympathy for our forlorn condition of transatlantic lovers of the picturesque, instead of being based on mere weakly sentimentalism, is strictly regulated by the laws of political economy, with which, of course, mere moral or æsthetic considerations have nothing whatever to do.

Furthermore, the fame of our great national showmen and proprietors of dime museums, for energy and enterprise in catering to the demands of the people, has gone abroad to the uttermost limits of the earth. Equally well known is the singular fascination exercised over a certain portion of our citizens, by such natural curiosities and "freaks" as the sacred white elephant and the "converted Romanist,"

the "bearded woman," and the "escaped nun." In view of these considerations, we need feel no surprise when foreign governments, municipal or otherwise, rich in ruins and antiquities, but destitute of ready cash, should look with hopeful eyes towards this Republic, and take seriously to heart the counsel of the Roman satirist: "*Expende — quot libras in duce summo — invenies.*

In the case of Virgil's Tomb, however, it is a poet's dust, not a warrior's, that has to be appraised. But the truth is, the tomb is tenantless; it no longer contains the cinerary urn in which the ashes of Virgil once reposed. A long-established tradition points to the spot as that in which the remains of the great poet were deposited. Whether the tradition has a basis, in fact, the reader must judge from the evidence which will be adduced later on.

I.

It is an epoch in one's life, when, for the first time one stands by what is known as Virgil's tomb, and looks down over the Bay of Naples — a view unsurpassed in the world for scenic lovliness and wealth of historic recollections.

Towards the East, Vesuvius dominates the scene, canopied in the daytime with plumes of smoke, and at night circled with a crown of crimson fire. At its feet may be discerned the outlines of the skeleton cities, which it consumed in its wrath, and which are not yet wholly released from their sulphurous winding-sheet. The opposite shore is fringed with a line of marble villages — Torre del Greco, Torre del Aununziata, Castellamare — looking in the distance like antique nymphs come down to bathe their feet in the waters of the bay. Further down is the jutting promontory of Sorrento, among whose dark-green masses of olive and citron trees the poet Tasso was cradled. The island of Capri rounds off and completes the view, its splintered peaks giving it the appearance of some tall-masted vessel heaving to and fro in the shimmering air. If we are to believe the geologists, that portion of the sea which extends from Naples to Sicily was once occupied by a chain of volanic mountains, of which Vesuvius in the north, and Ætna towards the south, were the two extreme links. Internal fires burst forth; the mountains shrivelled up in the intense heat, and the sea leaped into the seething mass of smoke and flame, leaving as the sole memorials of the past, Ischia, Procida, Capri, and in the direction of Ætna, the Lipari Isles, so that the Bay of Naples is a vast crater filled in by the waters of the Mediterranean.

Every visitor in Naples who has made the tour of the city will recall the long, high, and narrow tunnel which leads out from the city in the direction of Pozzuoli. Midway in the tunnel is an entrance leading by a flight of steps to a garden overgrown with a tangled mass of wild vines, olive, and cactus trees. At the further end of this neglected garden, now used as a cemetery, is a gateway formed of loose planks, through which one descends into a sort of grotto, lighted from above by a barred window. Carved on a marble slab affixed to the wall is a laurel crown, in the centre of which is the inscription,

P
VIRGILIO
MARONI.

Underneath are the well-known lines: —

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces.

"Mantua's son, and the prey of Calabria,*
Parthenope now holds me, who sang of herds, fields, and war."

II.

Is this, then, the tomb of Virgil? Link by link we can trace back the chain of tradition which points to Mount Posilippo as the scene of Virgil's last resting-place. Certain it is that he possessed a villa near the spot which popular tradition assigns as his grave. According to his own testimony it was at Naples that he composed the Georgico.

"Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti."
Georg., IV. 563.

Many books of the Æneid were, no doubt, written in the same place. From the physical features of the surrounding country, he drew much of the descriptive material, which he afterwards worked into the scenery of the infernal regions and the elysian fields, in the famous Sixth Book of the Æneid. Wholly absorbed in his great task, he held aloof from the Greek and Roman luxury, which revelled in the woods and gardens of the neighboring villas. Such, indeed, was the exceptional purity of his life, that among the corrupt and pleasure-loving inhabitants of the city he was known as "Parthenias," the "virgin." Poetry was his master-passion; *dulces ante omnia Musæ.*

Near the close of his life, Virgil set out on a voyage to Athens in the company of Augustus. The ship in which he sailed, as if mindful of the invocation of Horace in the well-known ode, deposited its precious burden — "*dimidium animæ meæ*" — safely on the shores of Attica; but on the homeward voyage Virgil died at Brundusium, 19 B.C. Ælius Plonatus, a writer of the fourth century, tells us that Virgil's ashes were, by order of Augustus, brought to Naples and buried at a point on the road to Pozzuoli, between the first and second mile-stone, *intra, lapidem secundum.* This statement finds further confirmation in the words of St. Jerome: "Virgil died at Brundusium, Sentius, Saturninus, and Lucretius Cuina, being counsels. His remains, which were brought to Naples, *are* buried about two miles from the city; the epitaph which was dictated by the dying poet is as follows: "*Mantua me genuit*, etc. (Euseb, *chron.* I., II).

Pliny, the younger, in one of his letters states that the poet Silius Italicus, who had purchased the villa of Virgil on Mount Posilippo,

* Virgil died in Calabria. The phrase, "Prey of Calabria," alludes to this.

never let a day pass without paying a visit to his tomb, as to some religious shrine.*

While the evidence seems conclusive in establishing the fact that Virgil was buried on Mount Posilippo, it is difficult to affirm that the tradition is correct which claims to designate the identical spot. During the troublous times that intervened between the downfall of the Roman Empire and the opening of the Middle Ages, Mount Posilippo was often the scene of military operations. We have no means of determining whether tradition still kept faithful guard over the tomb, or whether the veneration in which the name of Virgil was held among the Christians themselves availed to protect his tomb against the ruthless hand of war, and the mischances of time and adverse circumstances.

Up to the year 1326, most writers who refer to the subject describe Virgil's tomb as a sort of grotto, in the centre of which was a marble urn containing the ashes of the poet, and resting on nine small columns, also of marble. In the March of 1341, Robert of Anjou visited the tomb, accompanied by Petrarch, who, with his own hand planted a laurel in honor of the great poet. This was in all probability the same laurel to which another writer, Mazzella, 1594, alludes, "as set there by the hand of nature herself to mark the spot where the ashes of the poet reposed. The entire dome on the outside is covered with myrtle and ivy, forming a very picturesque object and one that is sure to make a marked impression on the visitor." (*Sito e antichita della citta di Pozzuolo, da Scipione Mazzella;* 1594.)

In the villa of an Italian nobleman, year 1625, a workingman, while digging a hole in which to plant a tree, turned up a marble slab on which was graven, after the manner of the antique, this inscription:

Siste. Viator. Qæro. Parce. Legito
Hic. Maro. Situs. Est.

In the memoirs of the Duke of Guise, which contain an account of his expedition against Naples, 1650, we meet with the following passage:

"The tomb of Virgil is of white marble, in the shape of a small dome, on the summit of which, from time immemorial, a laurel has taken root in the marble. The old one which grew there had perished some years before, but Nature, as if to immortalize the memory of a great man, has planted in the same spot another of those laurels whose branches in every age have served as a crown alike for great poets as for great conquerors." (*Mem. du duc de Guise.*)

About a century later, 1739, a travelling Frenchman, De Brosses, in a series of letters written from Italy, records a visit to Virgil's tomb in words characterized by that tone of light mockery peculiar to the French literature of the time. "From Naples I went to visit the tomb of Virgil. If you have ever seen a fragment of ruined wall —

* "Virgilii ante omnes, cujus natalem religiosius quam suum celebrabat; Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire ut templum solebat." *Epis.* III, 7.

'tis the same thing. It stands all alone by itself in a corner amid a mass of laurels with which Posilippo is overgrown — a circumstance which must somewhat diminish the marvel which Nature is said to have wrought in causing a laurel to grow over the tomb of the prince of poets. On the inside I found an old sorceress, gathering wood in her apron, who seemed about twenty-four hundred years old; there is hardly any doubt that it was the shade of the Sibyl of Cuma, still hovering around the tomb." (*Lettres familieres ecrites d'Italie*, lett. XXXII.)

What has become of the urn which at the time of Petrarch's visit was to be found in the tomb, and which was reputed to contain the poet's ashes? An Italian author, Celano, tells us that in an old manuscript preserved in the museum of an Italian nobleman he found a statement, confirmed by a number of other writers, to the effect that in the time of King Robert of Anjou certain strangers came to visit the place and entered into the tomb. Fearing that they intended to carry off the remains, the urn was borne for greater safety to Castelnuovo, but the exact spot in which it was hidden could never be discovered, despite the close and frequent investigations made by Alphonse of Aragon.

The dust of Virgil that had so "quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests" is now scattered to the winds; and a more appropriate inscription for his tomb than the epitaph himself is said to have composed would be the lines of Horace:

Absint inaniæ funere neniæ,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ,
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitts supervacuos honores.

"Not for me raise the death-dirge, mine urn shall be empty,
Hush the vain ceremonial of cries that degrade me,
And waste not the honors ye pay to the dead
O'er a tomb in whose silence I shall not repose."

J. C.

The Veneration of the Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs.

THE Rome correspondent of an English paper tells this story: A few days ago the clever professor, M. Marrucci, showed the Ostian catacombs to a distinguished party. Stopping before the picture of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, he said: "Protestants pretend that the cult and picture of the Blessed Virgin were not introduced until the council of Ephesus, in the fifth century, had proclaimed that the Virgin Mary was really the Mother of God. Now here we have a picture of Our Lady which is anterior by a century to the council of Ephesus. And it is the most recent of the representations of Mary which are to be found in the catacombs. If we were in the catacombs of St. Priscilla, I could show you a painting of the Virgin Mother which dates from the first century, which was seen and venerated, if not by the apostles Peter and Paul themselves, at least by their immediate disciples."

The Catholic Position in Education.

We have read with great interest the comments of the Catholic press on the address of the distinguished Archbishop Ireland before the Convention of Teachers in St. Paul. Our first impression was one of regret that considerable differences of opinion seem to prevail on certain principles and measures upon which harmony is particularly desirable. On one point we are glad to observe an almost unanimous agreement, that is, opposition to any compromise with the state for a money consideration. One of our leading papers takes strong ground against any alliance with the state, insisting that the only safe and consistent plan, and the only one contemplated by, and that will fulfil the requirements of the late council of Baltimore, is that of separate Catholic parochial and high schools and colleges. But we believe the majority are in favor of what are called denominational schools, that is, schools in which the pupils shall be examined in secular studies by the state officials, on condition of the state contributing to the support of the schools, on some plan corresponding with those now in vogue in some European countries and in Canada.

Under this arrangement the schools of each denomination would be left free to impart religious instruction, without restriction or restraint, according to their own views of Christian doctrine and practice. As the state has no right to require a degree of education above that which is necessary to fit our children for the intelligent discharge of the duties of citizenship, the examination of the school officials would necessarily be confined to this point. On this understanding, the proper principle for remuneration would seem to be payment according to the average number of scholars. We insist that no government official has any right, nor should he be allowed to exercise the right, of entering one of our schools to determine whether the standard of education is equal to that of any other school whether public or private. All they have any right to be concerned about is whether the children have received or are receiving a sufficient amount of education to enable them to discharge intelligently the duties of citizenship.

That some such plan is feasible is evident from the fact that such plans, with slight variations in the details, are actually in operation and giving satisfaction in other countries. All that is necessary is the disposition on the part of our Protestant friends to make the concession. Where there is a will there is a way, and it is our firm conviction that by patiently and perseveringly insisting upon our rights, we shall in time succeed in convincing the majority of the great injustice of taxation without representation. In our view the alternative for Catholics is simply such schools as we have indicated, or separate and distinct Catholic schools. We have no word of censure for those who have adopted what is called the Poughkeepsie plan. They have, of course, done so conscientiously, and in the exercise of their discretion. But we do not think the plan will be likely to satisfy the

majority of Catholics. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, those who have adopted it have done so, not because they consider it perfectly satisfactory, but with the hope of securing something better in the future. We hope they may not be disappointed; but our Protestant friends are so tenacious on the subject of allowing what they call sectarian instruction in the public schools during school hours, that we fear they will never be willing to consent to take the necessary final step to accomplish it. At least it seems to us that the arrangement, if generally adopted, would have a tendency to indefinitely pospone the day when the full right of religious teaching would be conceded.

As for leasing our school-houses to the state for fifty years, with the understanding that there shall be no religious instruction during school hours, and that the state shall direct the secular studies, so that the text-book and the whole curriculum of studies shall be the same as in the public schools, the plan now agitated in New York, if we understand it, we very much fear it will turn out to be a bad bargain. Of course, everything distinctively Catholic is expurgated from the text-books. Even the Catholic view of history, we presume, cannot consistently be taught, and we fear that the generation of Catholics trained under that system would be anything but consistent, well-grounded, manly Catholics. It has always seemed to us that the very knowledge of the fact that their superiors had yielded the solemn right of religious instruction out of deference to an unjust and absurd prejudice, was calculated to have a bad effect upon the minds of our youth. At any rate, we do not hesitate to say that, with our present view of the case, it would be infinitely better to contend earnestly for our full rights in the premises. We cannot believe that those rights will be denied for fifty years to come. If not, will it not be an unpleasant reflection for those who have loaned their school-houses on the conditions mentioned, to find that they have bound themselves to such a bad bargain?

No; we believe that the American people, upon the whole, are in favor of fair-play. The old, traditional prejudice, which still has more or less influence among our Protestant friends, is gradually yielding to light and better knowledge of Catholic principles. It cannot last always. The difficulty now is, that the bigots are such a restless, agitating, aggressive crowd that they alarm the people by their noise. The more intelligent, conservative portion of the Protestant community do not sympathize with them. They deplore the fanaticism of these men as much as we do, and the encouraging feature of the case is that they are beginning to speak out boldly on the importance of religious education in all our schools, and to insist that some efficient plan must be adopted. Of course, there is no other plan that can be devised to give satisfaction to all parties but the denominational plan.

As a practical example of how the thing may be done, we would especially recommend the plan pursued by the Province of Quebec in which Catholics are in an overwhelming majority. There the rights of the Protestant minority are fully recognized. There are two sets of school commissioners, Catholic and Protestant, who manage the

affairs of their respective departments. They levy taxes and are required to pay over a *pro rata* share to the trustees of any dissident school that may exist in the municipality. In the cities, as in the rural municipalities, an absolute division of the school rate is made, taxes from Catholics going to Catholic schools and those from Protestant to Protestant. The Protestant schools are inspected by five regular and three partial inspectors, who are appointed on the recommendation of the Protestant committee, and are paid from the public treasury. This same plan, in all essential features, existed in Lower Canada before the confederation, and to show how it was esteemed by Protestants themselves, we take the liberty of quoting the following passage from a speech of the late Sir James Rose, as we find it in an interesting article in the August number of the Catholic World: "Now we, the Protestant minority of Lower Canada, cannot forget that whatever right of separate education we have was accorded to us in the most unrestrained way before the union of the Province (of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841), when we were a minority and entirely in the hands of the French population. We cannot forget that in no way was there any attempt to prevent us educating our children in the manner we saw fit and deemed best, and I would be untrue to what is just if I forgot to state that the distribution of state funds for educational purposes were made in such a way as to cause no complaint on the part of the minority. I believe we have always had our fair share of the public grants in so far as the French element could control them, and not only the liberty, but every faculty for the establishment of separate, dissentient schools whereon they were deemed advisable." That is a frank, manly tribute to the liberality and sense of justice and love of fair-play of our French Catholic neighbors across the border. Why should not our Protestant friends on this side, who are largely in the majority, exercise the same liberality and sense of justice towards the Catholic minority? Can any one give a good reason why they should not? H. L. R.

An Automatic Chair.

A COMPANY is in course of formation, says Money, an English newspaper devoted to financial matters, and will make its appearance shortly, to acquire the business, patents, concessions, and stock in trade of the Patent Chair Contract Company, limited. The specialty is an invention which may truly be said to meet a long-felt want. The seat of the chair is hinged at the rear, and in its normal position is folded up against the back, and cannot be pulled down. Upon dropping a penny into the small box affixed to the side of the chair, the fastening is unloosed and the seat can be pulled down for use, and the chair sat upon. When the occupier rises to quit the chair, the seat is automatically folded up to the back again by a spring, and the chair cannot be further used until another penny has been dropped into the box. Should the occupier only wish to leave the chair temporarily an umbrella, a stick, or a newspaper placed on the seat prevents it closing fast.

Martyrdom of John the Baptist.

I. "Herod made a supper for his birthday for the princes." (Mark vi. 21.) Worldly men place their happiness in the enjoyments of this mortal life, which, however, passes away like a shadow. In opposition to this the Holy Spirit exclaims, "The day of death is better than the day of one's birth." (Eccles. vii. 2.) The day of our birth introduces us into a world of misery and woe, but the day of our death, if we have spent life well, unites us to God Himself. Constantly, therefore, fix your attention on your last moment, and prepare for it in all your actions. Remember your last end and you will never sin.

II. During the festive revelling of that night, the head of a most innocent and holy man was asked for and granted. Observe to what crimes, riot, and luxury hurry their votaries! Hence, the Wise Man says, "Be not in the feasts of great drinkers." (Prov. xxiii. 20.) Herod fell into the precipice of immorality and cruelty, because he would not listen to the words of St. John, which signifies grace. Beware, therefore, lest you expose yourself to the same ruin, by resisting God's holy grace and inspirations. "Thou that despisest, shalt not thou thyself be despised?" (Is. xxxiii. 1.)

III. St. John received his sentence of death with great joy, and with equal constancy submitted to the stroke which separated his head from his body. His soul then winged her flight into the bosom of Abraham. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." (Ps. cxv. 6.) Entreat God that you may die the death of the just, and by that means secure a short and easy passage to heaven. Offer yourself frequently to God, and be willing to endure every pain, and even the loss of life, and all its goods, in His holy service. Imitate the example of so many glorious martyrs who have died for their faith, by continually practising virtue, by being constant in your faith and in the exercise of your religious duties.

Young Americans — The Rights of Woman, etc.

THE 46th Annual Commencement of Notre Dame, says the Scholastic, took place in June, and was a fitting crown to one of the most prosperous years in the history of the University. The exercises were of a varied and interesting character. The Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, made the oration to the graduates. It was an appeal for a higher civilization. Bishop Spalding startled his hearers by giving a view of the future of every hundred young Americans who leave college. Twenty-five, he said, would ruin themselves by the sins of the flesh, and at forty be total wrecks, thrown helpless by the storms of lust and intemperance; twenty-five might fall by dishonesty, or live degraded by unhappy marriages; the other forty might be fairly respectable, doing the work of slaves, the humdrum work of making money merely to exist. "How many Americans, out of the ten, would live for love, for culture, for the higher life? — how many would strive to be saints, great poets, great philosophers?" His oration was a protest great

against materialism, and he struck hard blows. His appeal for the higher education of women and for their having equal rights with men at first startled the large audience in the theatre of the University, and then called forth a storm of applause. He insisted that the present position of women was a relic of barbarism. "The right of woman was to be the equal of man in all respects. He who denied her this right was a savage. She was ill-paid; she should be paid as much as a man. The saddest sight on earth was that of a delicately murtured girl, capable, cultivated, cut out of her place in life by barbarous prejudices." The Bishop's most advanced sentiments were loudly cheered by the students. He said that a time would come when the saloon must go; it, too, was a relic of savagery. A time was near when Americans would cease to boast of great cities, of long railroads, of mere material progress — when riches or the holding of office would not be the criteron of a man's worth. "What can riches buy?" he asked; "only the outward things. One may buy great pictures, but one cannot purchase the insight into their beauty; one may go to Switzerland, but who can buy the gift of seeing its beauty?" He announced that it was a misfortune for a young American to be born rich. The son of a rich American generally went to ruin. He implored the graduates of Notre Dame to disregard the example of the West, and not to work for money alone. All work merely for money was the work of slaves.

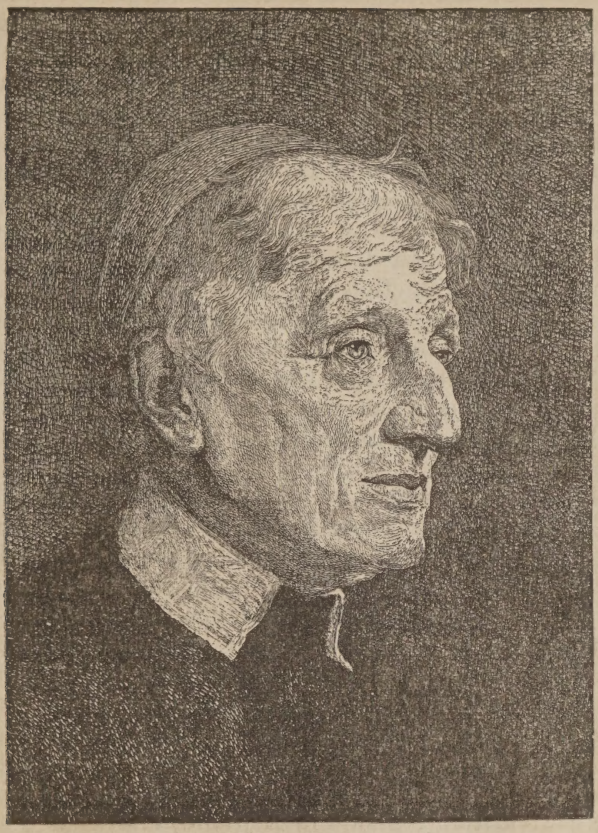
Bishop Spalding's oration was pronounced to be the most stirring effort of this eloquent prelate. "We Americans, says the Bishop, must strive to put behind us materialism, and to remember that we have a hundred orators, but no eloquence; a hundred poets, but no poetry; a hundred philosophers, but no philosophy."

Lead, Kindly Light.

The late Cardinal Newman.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do ask to see,
The distant scene — one step's enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I have loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years,
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, 'till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Death of the Great Cardinal Newman.



John H. Newman

THE news of the death of CARDINAL NEWMAN on Monday, Aug. 11, was received with genuine sorrow throughout the entire world. Although distinctively and emphatically an Englishman, yet he seemed not the property of the small island where he was born, but the pride and glory of Christendom. A flower which opened with the dawn of the century, expanded with her noon-tide, and gently drooped to earth as the shadows of night advanced, such was the beautiful life which has just closed. Lamartine says a man can be judged only by his peers; where, then, shall we find one worthy of the task of analyzing the character of this great man, whose lofty genius, utter disregard of selfish advancement, and childlike docility to the voice of faith combined to form a peerless character?

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born Feb. 21, 1801. His father was a London banker, his mother was of Huguenot extraction. The boy gave early evidence of great talent and deep religious convictions, and seems to have imbibed strong and bitter prejudices against the Catholic Church. At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College,

Oxford, and he became a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822. For some time he was vice-principal of Alban Hall under the distinguished Dr. Whately, and in 1826 was a tutor of Oriel. From 1828 to 1843, he held the position of Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and in 1830 was appointed one of the select preachers to the University.

His first important literary work, though he had already sent forth several essays which were favorably received, was a history of The Arians of the Fourth Century, in 1832. The study and labor required in the preparation of this work seriously undermined his health, and he was persuaded to take a journey to Italy. While in Rome, he began, in conjunction with Hurrell Froude, the *Lyra Apostolica*, published monthly in the British Magazine. He held himself severely aloof from Catholic influences, but he did make two calls upon Monsignore Wiseman, who was at that time at the English College in Rome. It was about this time that he began seriously to entertain the idea that he was called upon to do a great mission in England.

In Sicily he was attacked by a long and dangerous illness. His attendants had no hopes of his recovery, but he reassured them saying: "I shall not die. I have not sinned against the light!" He declared afterwards that he did not know what he meant by these strange words. Upon his recovery he hurried home full of zeal to enter upon the work to which he believed himself called, to demonstrate the orthodoxy of the Anglican church, to awaken within her children the love for antiquity which burned within his own breast, and to labor with unremitting toil for the spiritual reunion of Christendom. On his return voyage, on a small vessel in the Mediterranean sea, he wrote that beautiful and well-known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

The great spiritual reaction in England, known as the Oxford or Tractarian movement, attracted the attention not only of Englishmen but of the entire world. The established church passed through a trial from which it will never recover, and the old Mother-church so long exiled, persecuted, and slandered, gained once more in English hearts a strong and resistless power. The movement as to its visible development was inaugurated by a sermon, afterwards published under the title of "National Apostacy," preached by the Rev. John Keble, Vicar of Hursley, on July 14, 1833. Simultaneously with this outburst came the publication of the famous Tracts for the Times which gave a name to the movement whose spirit they expressed. Their appearance continued regularly until the publication of Tract 90, on the Thirty-nine Articles, in 1841, evoked such a howl of dismay, censure, and consternation throughout the Anglican establishment, that the author, Dr. Newman, though he refused to suppress the obnoxious paper, was finally obliged to discontinue the publication of the Tracts. He had also edited The British Critic for three years previous to this event.

It would be impossible to name all those engaged in the Oxford Movement, or to estimate in the slightest degree its effects upon the minds of its agitators and their followers. There were the silvery-

tongued Keble, well known as the author of "The Christian Year," and Hurrell Froude, a young man of the most charming disposition and lofty intellect, whose generous spirit did much to destroy Newman's prejudices against the Church of Rome, and whose untimely death robbed his country of one of her noblest sons. Then there were Arthur Perceval, William Palmer, of Dublin, Hugh Rose, and, a little later, the eminent Dr. Pusey, whose immense influence, scholarly attainments, and high ecclesiastical position at once gave force and solidity to the new party.

Among the boldest and yet in some respects the most conservative of the writers was John Henry Newman. Accepting one by one most of the doctrines of the Roman Church, he denounced in the bitterest terms her practices and her policy. Secure as he believed himself to be in the orthodoxy of his own faith, he examined fearlessly, honestly, and candidly, all sides of the question. Inch by inch he fought his way, and step by step the ground crumbled beneath his feet, until he found himself upon the threshold of the Catholic Church with no secure foothold behind him. He did not rush at conclusions, but for long years he strove with all the power of his giant intellect, surrendering only when there was no hope of honestly keeping his ground; and the weary struggle brought him at last to the feet of the Vicar of Christ, into the safe shelter of the Fold.

Many who went far beyond him at the outset, never accepted the ultimate conclusions of his arguments. Many who started on the road far behind him reached the goal in advance of their preceptor; and it is safe to say that his influence in leading men to the true church will last as long as the power of language and the force of example have weight with the human mind.

The first shadow of doubt which ever disturbed Dr. Newman as to the orthodoxy of the Anglican faith was during the summer of 1839, in the course of an exhaustive examination of the history of the Monophysites of the fifth century; and this he alludes to as merely a fleeting, uneasy impression, long suppressed, and unacknowledged even to himself. He says: "The thought for the moment had been, 'The Church of Rome will be found right after all'; and then it had vanished. My old convictions remained as before." About this time he contemplated resigning his position as Vicar, and for two years before he actually took the step, leaving St. Mary's in the care of his curate, he passed the greater part of his time at Littlemore where he had a small estate. Here surrounded by a few congenial spirits he devoted himself to prayer, study, and works of charity. Here also was begun a series of Lives of the English Saints intended especially to satisfy the cravings of the restless minds around him, and "to keep them from seeking sympathy with Rome." The world of gossip at once went wild with curiosity as to his designs; and many absurd stories were set afloat concerning the "monastery" he was establishing, and the innovations he was supposed to be making upon the faith and practices of the Church of England.

In 1843, he resigned his living as Vicar of St. Mary's, after mak-

ing a formal retraction of the harsh things he had said against the Church of Rome. In 1845 he began an essay on "The Development of Doctrine." On October 9th of the same year he was received into the Holy Roman Catholic Church by the Provincial of the Passionist Fathers in England, and was confirmed on the Feast of All Saints by Cardinal Wiseman. After studying for about three years in Rome, he was ordained, and was commissioned by Pope Pius IX. to establish the Oratorians, or the order of St. Philip Neri, in England. Two Oratories were established, one at Brompton, of which Father Faber was made provincial, and another at Birmingham, afterwards transferred to Edgbaston a few miles distant, where the venerated founder passed the latter years of his life in peaceful retirement.

To those who wonder at the length of time which elapsed between the first glimmer of light that shone upon his soul and the decisive step of entering the church, perhaps his own words will explain the disposition of his mind at that time. He says: "Is it not our safest course without looking to consequences to do simply *what we think right* day by day?"

When he had at last "given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and Truth better than dear friends," his was no half-hearted sacrifice. All the energy and independence of his great mind were devoted to work within the Church, whose ramparts he had so valiantly but hopelessly assailed from without. There is something almost stupendous in the mere list of the works written by him during the last forty-five years. Between 1845 and 1853 he published in succession "Loss and Gain," "Sermons to Mixed Congregations," "Lectures on Certain Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Submitting to the Catholic Church," "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England," and "Lectures on the History of the Turks in its Relation to Christianity."

In 1853, he was sued for libel by the ex-Dominican Achilli and lost the suit; but such was the popular feeling against the manifest injustice of the verdict, that a sum far exceeding the costs was quickly raised by public subscription, and Mr. Gladstone in his indignation would have procured a public expression of regret from Parliament, had not Dr. Newman himself vigorously objected to such action.

In 1854, he was appointed by the Pope, Rector of the Irish University, and his lectures on the "Idea of a University" contain many of the gems of his writings. While occupying this position he also wrote "Callista: A Sketch of the Third Century." In 1859 he resigned and returned to his work in the Oratory.

In 1864, Canon Kingsley made a most violent and shameful attack upon Dr. Newman in the columns of Macmillan's Magazine. This finally drew from the victim his famous "*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*," one of the most masterly productions in the English language, as it is one of the most interesting, in which the author gives the history of his own religious opinions from his earliest recollections, and unveils the workings of the religious revolution of 1833 in which h

was one of the great leaders. In 1865, he wrote a "Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D." in answer to an attack by the latter upon the Catholic practices of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In 1870 he published a philosophical treatise entitled, "An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent"; in 1875, "A History of Arianism," and "A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation." In 1877 he was elected an Honorable Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; and in 1879 he was created Cardinal Deacon by Pope Leo XIII. After that his life was smooth and uneventful, passed in the quiet seclusion of his Oratory, not "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," but in the enjoyment of the calm repose of the evening of life. His habits were extremely simple and abstemious. His bedroom was a plain chamber, uncarpeted and embellished only by a few cheap devotional prints. Adjoining was a private library in which a tiny chapel was partitioned off. He rose at 4.30 o'clock and spent the morning hours in devotional exercises, celebrating his daily Mass at 7 o'clock. At 8 o'clock he took breakfast in the community refectory, receiving and reading his voluminous correspondence, after which he performed the housework of his own apartments according to the rule of the order. With the exception of a short out-door recreation about noon, the day was divided between literary work and business pertaining to the Oratory.

The last sermon preached by Cardinal Newman was on Easter Sunday, 1887; and on New Year's Day, 1889, he made a few comments upon the sacerdotal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII; but the feebleness consequent upon his advanced age made such rapid strides that he became unable to assist at any ecclesiastical function without support. His last public utterance was a blessing upon the Catholic Truth Society, whose Congress was held in July, 1890. His death was immediately occasioned by a sudden attack of pneumonia. Surrounded by loving and devoted Brothers of the Oratory, mourned by a world which was made purer and better by his life, he passed away quietly, peacefully, even joyously, into the fulness of that celestial Light which he had ever faithfully followed.

All the arrangements for the funeral were of the most unpretentious character in accordance with the wishes expressed by the Cardinal before his death. Pontifical requiem Mass was sung at the Oratory at Edgbaston, and the ceremonies were grand and imposing in their simplicity. Resting on the catafalque was the coffin covered with its pall of purple velvet, on which was a white shield bearing the arms of the deceased and his motto: "*Cor ad cor loquitur.*" The body was clad in full pontificals, befitting his rank as a prince of the Church.

The church was filled with the most distinguished gathering ever assembled at Edgbaston Oratory. The Right Rev. Edward Ilsley, Bishop of Birmingham, occupied the throne of the deceased Cardinal. His Holiness Pope Leo was represented by Mgr. Stonor, and the laity of Italy by Prince Alfonso Dociothe. The Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, Chief Justice Lord Coleridge, seventeen bishops, a large number of the nobility, and representatives of

Oriel and Trinity Colleges, Oxford, were among those present; and a vast concourse of people joined in the funeral procession to Rednall, Worcestershire, where the remains were buried in the consecrated ground of the Oratory retreat, beside those of good Father Ambrose St. John, to whom the Cardinal was always tenderly attached.

Why should we mourn for the passing away of this gifted soul? Rather let us rejoice that it is our happy lot to live in the century which gave birth to so noble a spirit, and that ours is the mother-tongue enriched by the silvery rhythm of his matchless writings. His life, so full of work for the glory of God, was rounded out to a beautiful completion, and like a sheaf of ripened wheat was ready for the Heavenly Reaper. His steps, so long guided by the "kindly Light," whose shining he had steadfastly followed for many years

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
> The night is gone,"

were brought at last to the portals of that better world, where he could say truly with his dying breath, "All is sunshine."

WASHINGTON, D. C. AGNES HAMPTON.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

[From The Speaker, a literary English publication, written before the Cardinal's decease.]

IN considering the Cardinal's hold upon English literature, we must be as remorseless as he was himself, and cut ourselves adrift from the Oxford Movement, and even — to some extent at least — from the pulpit of St. Mary's. We must forget the retreat at Littlemore. It may seem ungracious to do this, and, in our milder moods, it is certainly hard. The memories of those days are most musical, most melancholy, to all who possess them; while those who possess no memories find an aroma clinging to the bare records of a time when taste, temper, and poetry presided over the cauldron of religious controversy. The history of religious thought and emotion in this country is usually so harsh, crude, and vulgar, that when it is the contrary of all this we prize its memory. But as time goes on it will become more and more difficult, and at last impossible to recall the past, and to re-produce, artificially, the very peculiar and non-natural atmosphere that surrounded the Oxford Movement. It will become stranger and stranger, the beauties will seem less beautiful, and the oddities still odder. Even the "Apologia" itself will puzzle more than it pleases.

Newman's great literary characteristics, which place him in the very forefront of English authors, his force, his fancy, his oratorical rush upon his opponent, are not to be looked for in the "Apologia" (1864), or in the "Essay on Development" (1845), or in the "History of the Arians" (1833), or even in the "Parochial Sermons" (1837–1842), things of beauty, cold beauty, as those are, but in the books he has written since his mind has swung at ease in the anchorage of Rome, since he cast off the restraints of an awkward attitude; in his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England" (1851), in his "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" (1850), in his three books on

"University Teaching" (1852, 1856, 1859), in his "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" (1860), in his "Discussions and Arguments" (1872). The contrast between the Anglican and the Catholic writers is enormous. It is like the meeting of great waters. The one restrained, at times uneasy, eminently unpopular, remote from the trodden paths of feeling; the other exuberant, though never redundant, triumphant, sometimes almost to the pitch of boisterousness, sweeps along, marshalling his forces, polishing his epigrams, and making his appeals no longer to the scholar and theologian and prim church-goer, but to the man in the street — the rank and file of humanity.

In reading these writings of Cardinal Newman's, to some only of which we have specially referred, the great quality which first manifests itself is his splendid fancy. In the actual, positive restraint which he places upon the exuberant energy of this gift of faculty, he shows himself the artist. It never runs away with him; it is his servant, not his master. But his readers are not conscious of the curb — they believe themselves to be revelling and rioting, while in reality they are being driven steadily along. The subjects which delight Dr. Newman are not theological or purely philosophical subjects, but those mixed questions of history and morals and probabilities which really enter into men's minds and form the staple of their beliefs, prejudices, and prepossessions. In dealing with subjects of this kind, this scholar and celibate, this "pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound," glows with all the enthusiasm and employs all the devices of the greatest of advocates, displays the knowledge and appositeness of the most accomplished man of the world, and winds himself in and out of his subject with the finished ease of a great leader of parliamentary debate. To prove these words, if proof be needed, would be easy enough were space for half a dozen quotations at our disposal. It is not, but we press upon any reader as yet in ignorance (which is an unblessed state) of the general run of the Cardinal's writings, since he cast off his Anglicanism, to read the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." We prophesy the feeling excited by their perusal will be one of mingled amazement and delight — amazement at their enormous force, and delight in their consumate literary skill and artifice.

These lectures are an admirable example of Dr. Newman's favorite method. They are not concerned with the truth of Catholicism, they do not even deny in terms the truth of Protestantism. Logically, their effect would remain the same had they been written by, let us see, Dr. Maitland or Mr. Rose. It is apparently a light-hearted book, written in tremendous spirits, bubbling over with fun, decorated with countless fancies — yet what was the task it set itself to perform? Nothing less than this, to roll back the great Protestant tradition of the court, the law of society and literature; to remove whole mountains of prejudice; to cleanse the Protestant mind of all the slimy traces of slander; to shiver in pieces the prejudices of centuries, and to let the old faith of Englishmen stand forth as a body of doctrine, and rule

of life, which, though possibly false, nay, even dangerous, is yet not demonstrably founded upon the corruption of man's heart, or directly responsible for every crime in the calendar — what a task! Protestants though we are, we can scarcely forbear to cheer. The mastery displayed by Dr. Newman in grappling with it is beyond praise and without precedent. He is all that Burke is, and genuinely playful besides. He successfully conceals the prodigious effort he is making, and the enormous importance of the verdict for which he is striving. An abler book it would be impossible to name.

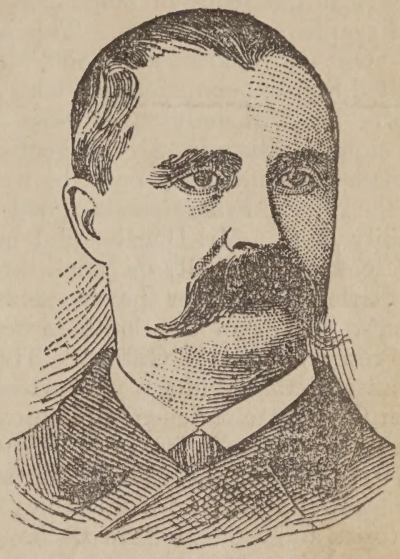
The Girl Who Knows Everything.

NATURALLY, it isn't you or your friend; but you certainly know her, and, just as certainly, you dislike her. When you dislike people there is one thing you should always do, and that is, look well at their faults and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obnoxious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding always that the people who are quiet are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronunciations, forgetting that custom makes many things correct, of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her; old ones have the utmost contempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinion of men. Well she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl ought to care for the opinion of men. She has her father to look up to, her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God, she ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy who throws bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by the intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and ignorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and as you love everything good and good-mannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl.

NOT long ago Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the Prohibitionist in England, while visiting at the house of a friend, made the acquaintance of a bright little boy, some ten years of age, with whom the genial baronet talked and romped. After a while he said: "Well, my boy, we have been great friends, but it's odd we were never introduced. I don't know what your name is, and I am sure you have not the slightest idea who I am." "Oh, yes," said the small boy, "I know very well. You are the celebrated drunkard."

Death of John Boyle O'Reilly.



John Boyle O'Reilly.

After we had made up the forms for our last publication, the melancholy death of Mr. O'Reilly took place at his summer residence in Hull. The country was shocked by the suddenness of the event, which took place early on Sunday morning, August 10. He was familiar to those who knew him personally as a fine specimen of vigorous manhood, fond of outdoor sports, and apparently full of health and spirits, and the sudden stopping of his life by an overdose of medicine taken for insomnia will be a sad surprise. Mr. O'Reilly was best known, perhaps, for his ardent interest and activity in every cause that related to his native land, but he will be longer remembered for his graceful and spirited poems, and for the romantic experience of his early life. The story of his escape from the penal colony in Australia, where he was a life convict for treason, was more thrilling than most tales of adventure in fiction. He remained to his death an unpardoned traitor against the British Government, and gloried in the fact. By his brilliant intellect, Mr. O'Reilly made for himself a high place in American literature, and though his warm heart and impulsive nature sometimes carried him to extremes, he made a host of friends whose attachment was proportioned to the ardor of his own nature.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. His father, William David O'Reilly, was the master of the Netterville Institution, and was a fine scholar with a strong mathematical bent. His mother, Eliza Boyle, was nearly related to Colonel John Allen, famous among the Irish rebels of '98. Young O'Reilly had from his father a thorough scholastic learning, while from his mother he inherited his poetic genius and strong passion of patriotism. The circumstances and surroundings of his boyhood were well calculated to inspire in him those yearnings for liberty and devotion to country which seven centuries have shown to be ineradicable in the Irish people. Within a short distance from his home was the field of the battle of the Boyne. Despite the teachings of history, John Boyle O'Reilly was eager and enthusiastic in any movement which promised

the enfranchisement and liberty of his native land. He had received a good education from his father, and in early life had learned the printer's trade at Drogheda. He supplemented his mechanical knowledge with the study of languages, and added a knowledge of stenography to his acquirements. This he practised some time in England.

On November 23, 1869, John Boyle O'Reilly landed in the United States penniless, and with his fortune to make in a strange land. He was only twenty-five years of age, however, of splendid physique, brilliant and courageous. After spending a short time in Philadelphia and New York, he went to Boston and obtained a place on the Pilot. From that day good luck seemed to follow him, as events plainly show. Mr. Donahoe did not want any assistance at the time, but took Mr. O'Reilly on trial, through the influence of friends. At this time he wrote for the magazines and published his first volume of poems, "Songs of the Southern Seas," in 1873. It was dedicated to his rescuer, Captain Gifford. The volume attracted great attention, because of the vividness with which the scenes in which he had had such thrilling experience were portrayed. This was followed by "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," in 1879; "Moondyne," his famous novel, in 1879; "Statues in the Block, and other Poems," in 1881; "In Bohemia," in 1886; "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," and "Stories and Sketches," in 1888.

In July, 1870, Mr. O'Reilly became editor of the Pilot, and when that paper was sold he became, in connection with Archbishop Williams, part proprietor. When his literary ability was established, he became a contributor to the Galaxy, Scribner's, the Atlantic Monthly, and Harper's Magazine, and was even a welcome contributor to the exclusive dark blue, the Magazine of Oxford University, England, until the publishers discovered that he was a Fenian and an ex-convict. He also wrote valuable articles for the American Catholic Quarterly Review. His frank, earnest personality secured the friendship of Wendell Phillips, John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, and other stanch Americans. His countrymen have seemed to put more faith in him than in any one else, not alone for his poetry and patriotism, for both count for much with Irishmen, but for his unselfishness and generous consideration. Among his noted orations was that on "The Common Citizen Soldier," delivered in Boston on Memorial Day, 1886.

In 1872 Mr. O'Reilly married a highly accomplished Boston lady, Miss Murphy, and she and four daughters survive him to mourn his loss.

THE FUNERAL

took place on the 13th. On the previous day the remains were removed from his residence to St. Mary's Church, where they lay in state until the funeral obsequies. The sanctuary is a very wide one, but from one end of it to the other were stationed floral tributes, radiant with their beautiful colorings and artistic in their designs.

About 10.30 o'clock the immediate relatives of the deceased entered the church, accompanied by the following pallbearers: Capt. Hatheway, Patrick Donahoe, Patrick Maguire, John H. Holmes, of

the Herald, Col. Charles H. Taylor of the Globe, President F. B. Fitz of the Catholic Union, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Gen. M. T. Donahoe, president of the Charitable Irish Society; Dr. J. A. McDonald, Health Commissioner George F. Babbitt, James Jeffrry Roche, and Thomas Brennan.

A solemn high Mass of requiem was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock. Rev. J. W. McMahon, the pastor of the church, was the celebrant, Dr. O. M. O'Reilly, of Detroit, deacon; Rev. Richard Neagle, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, sub-deacon, and Rev. W. J. Millerick, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., pronounced the eulogy as follows:

Father Fulton's Tribute.

IN the solemn stillness of the Sabbath morn, when worldly avocations and worldly thoughts have been laid aside, when the soul was soothed, elevated, strengthened by religious influences, news came to us, prepared, yet unprepared, that without preliminary illness, in the noon-tide of life, with promise of a fruitful career, John Boyle O'Reilly had been stricken with death, and dismay smote our hearts at the announcement.

There are those who will treat the subject with more leisure, after more study and thought, and therefore with wider views and deeper insight. But these funeral obsequies demand some speech; be mine the simpler task to tell the feeling which uprose in every heart.

The predominant feeling was one of *loss!* loss to his countries, loss to his creed, loss to all of us his lovers; a loss to be estimated from the excellencies and the utilities of his past.

Loss to his countries—an unusual form. He owned two countries; his country by birth, his country by adoption. The first he served heroically, the second loyally.

Every one loves his country, for country embraces, says Cicero, all the charities. If there be one who does not, he is a monster, and is not to be computed. But there are degrees in dilection, and love is to be measured by sacrifice. I do not of necessity value very highly him who merely speaks or writes prose or verse in the cause of fatherland. One may do both very comfortably. He is to be prized who, for the cause risks all. John Boyle O'Reilly was orator and poet; but more, he risked all. We are at this moment celebrating those who jeopardized their lives for the common weal. This man, this boy, risked his all for Ireland. The righteousness of the cause, the discretion of the acts need not be discussed. He may have blundered. Which of you has not? If your blunder was magnanimous, you will be forgiven, and the magnanimity rewarded. He was a boy; his was the *perfervidum ingenium Hibernorum*. Look at what underlay those acts, the conviction that it was "sweet and noble to die for one's country."

And you who deem him mistaken will recognize that increasing years chastened the ardor and corrected the errors of youth. However that may be, when the Irish Pantheon is reared, high rank in it will be conceded to the men of '63. Escaping the glory of a felon's doom, this was his second country, that of his adoption. And here his career was near to us, and patent, for it was mainly embraced in in the columns of the Boston Pilot. Nor will many agree with all of his utterance in The Pilot; but all will agree that his course, amid many difficulties, was judicious, and there was always underlying justice to the oppressed, kindliness, devotion to liberty.

What he achieved in literature, as extraneous to the present treatment, I remand more fittingly to those who, I have said, are to deal after me with the same theme.

But this I would note, that as he gained high distinction, it will not be true to say that prejudice against race or creed will finally deprive of advancement him who furnishes proof that he merits it.

Is it a fancy of mine that there are those who, advancing in social distinction, cut themselves loose from their

fellows, in race and religion, lest they impede their rise? Such base and paltry feeling found no place in O'Reilly's chivalrous heart. He understood that there was no shame, but glory rather in being Irish and Catholic. He thoroughly identified himself with his kind, and in rising sought to raise them. Let no one misunderstand me, and take groundless offence. I am talking of merely social respects, and do not at all over-value them. And it strikes me that in all history, that record of injustices, there is not recorded a more signal injustice than that we Celts should be vilipended by the very race through whose crimes our deficiencies have come.

Loss to religion. Has it ever struck you that for the success of our great cause Mother Church greatly needs lay champions? Some such there are in other countries; here there are few or none. Such a champion would need talent, but more would he need orthodoxy, respect to legitimate authority; he should give example in observing the ordinances of religion; his life should be a deduction from her spirit. Such was O'Reilly. I have it from one best able to know it, that he frequently, and very lately approached that source from which we draw spiritual life. Those who knew him noticed how increasing years enriched his character, and imparted to him readiness to forgive, reluctance to pain, charity to interpretation. He was approximating Christ, for such is our Exemplar.

Loss to all who loved him. First to the forlorn widow. Years agone the twain clasped hands before the throne of God, and there vowed to pursue together the way through life. One has fallen off; the other, solitary and alone, continues her journey.

Those children, just budding into lovely womanhood, having lived long enough to appreciate his utterable love, have it now wrenched from them. To all these we offer our respectful sympathy. An eloqent pagan, consoling a bereaved family, said, *Si quies piorum manibus sit locus:* We can impart a surer solace. *Est locus manibus piorum* — their husband and father shall rise again, and there shall be a reunion. The same author bade the bereaved to abstain from fruitless regret and effeminate lamentation; bade them rather exhibit affection and veneration by the reproduction of his virtues.

Loss to us all who were attracted to him by his chivalry, by his courtesy, by the brilliancy of his wit, by the kindliness of his feelings.

May I say one word in *propria persona?* His death is a loss to me because I loved him, not only for his attractive qualities, but for many a benefit bestowed on me and mine.

If such were the fruits of his life to all, what would they have been if that life had been prolonged to the expected term? All this we have lost!

Yet we who know little of the past, little of the present, nothing of the future, whose wisest acts are but a folly, we shall not cope with the All-knowing and All-wise. Whatever He ordains we humbly acknowledge to be best.

We shall not forget the meed which our faith suggests, and our love prompts; we shall frequently and fervently, all the more of his sudden taking-off, reiterate the prayer: *Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ie.*

The attendance at the funeral was immense, being composed of hundreds of our most respectable citizens of all denominations, and thousands of the people who came to honor his remains. There were one hundred of the reverend clergy present, and more than one hundred carriages were in the funeral cortége, to Calvary Cemetery where they were deposited, for the present, in the receiving tomb.

WHAT AN OLD FRIEND SAYS.

In the death of John Boyle O'Reilly America has lost one of her noblest, truest citizens; Ireland, one of her stanchest, purest patriots; the cause of Irish liberty, one of its best advocates; humanity, its most

fervent disciple; and the world of poesy, a singer, whose daring flights betokened a strength of wing and a sturdy intellect, that propelled and sustained those aerial flights of imagination and fancy that have delighted all who knew O'Reilly's name.

Thus, patriotism, poetry, and humanity were the three stars, the guiding lights, that shone prominently in the life of O'Reilly and made up the measure of his existence.

He was no orator, as some foolish people claim, although a pleasing public speaker and instructor, or lecturer, and while a friend and advocate of certain forms of athletic exercises, we consider that it would be belittling his memory to attach any importance to matters like these at the present. We all know that a sound mind in a sound body is a thing of excellence, and to be attained by all, if possible, who understand and value the great secret of the golden mean.

Unfortunately, in dear O'Reilly's case, his love of the *mens Sana in corpore Sano* doctrine, as practically applied to himself, was a failure. His mind was continuously bent to the utmost tension, and nature, the stern and rigorous opponent of all violators of her laws, became outraged and refused to grant her "sweet restorer," sleep, at the call of the tireless worker and thinker. But even nature must be overcome, soothingly and gently, for rest and peace are necessary, and must be obtained by him who loved to woo her in all her moods and fitful ways. Alas, we know the result too terribly told in the early and unexpected death of one whose sudden taking-off caused men to stop in the streets and gasp for breath as the words passed from mouth to mouth: "John Boyle O'Reilly is dead!"

Previously to his advent in Boston, O'Reilly's only distinction in the literary world was a little poem entitled, "The Old School Clock," which had sufficient merit to catch the attention of the late Vere Foster, who had the poem printed on the back of his Irish National School copy-books, and thereby gave it a fixed, permanent position, which it could never otherwise have received, for the copy-books were issued by the million and circulated in Ireland, the Canadas, and Australia.

Soon after his arrival in New York, just allowing him sufficient time to revise a sketch of his life, which, with his portrait was published in the Emerald, he, at the instigation of a friend, came to Boston with an introduction to PATRICK DONAHOE, then editor and proprietor of The Pilot, and founded by him. Immediately afterward O'Reilly commenced his literary career on that newspaper, which formed the pedestal of his fame, and opened up to him the possibilities of his future life.

His principal poems seldom appeared in The Pilot until they had first appeared in the different magazines and other publications for which he wrote. This gave to his poetry a commercial value that enabled the author to lay the foundation of an income which made for him a golden harvest, richly earned and well deserved, apart from his position on The Pilot.

Criticism of his works always gave to our author pleasure; it

was a treat to him to hear them discussed, but he was also sensitively quick to divine the true meaning and import of all such judgments. Once convinced of the truthfulness and sincerity of the criticism, his whole heart and soul opened up to his friendly critic, and called forth expressions of thanks from his inmost nature. "Others tell me what they think," he once said to the writer, "but you tell me what you know and feel." There was an ardor in his manner, and an expression of truth and thankfulness in his handsome eyes, as he spoke these words that conveyed his meaning even more than the language used.

All true men hate and detest snobbery with hearty hatred and disgust, just as they despise fraud and sham of every sort. But none despised these things more than O'Reilly. Whether the snobbery was in outward appearances of dress and manner, or in literary pretensions, O'Reilly's displeasure was marked and pointed. Anything but that for him.

As a journalist, O'Reilly would have ranked high in any place. His mind was broad, elastic, and expansive, and he possessed the acute ability of feeling the pulse of his constituency, and guiding his conduct accordingly. He would rather have been a journalist than a king on his throne, and from the time he first picked up a type in the Drogheda Argus office, until his engagement on The Pilot, he never thoroughly abandoned the idea of the editorial chair.

Many-sided as a child of genius, John Boyle O'Reilly was evenly developed in all his requirements. His death has been a crushing blow, and nowhere will his loss be more deeply felt and regretted than in his native land, that can ill-afford the demise of any of her gifted sons at the present juncture of her national life. May his soul have found peace with God, will be the earnest prayer of all who knew him, whether personally, or by reputation, through his works. His death was sudden, but not as sudden as the mercies of his Creator.

PETER MCCORRY.

NOTE: Moving among his friends, O'Reilly often asked some of them to suggest subjects for his poems. Ten or eleven years ago I wrote a somewhat lengthy letter to him, suggesting the subject, "Mountains," chiefly those famed in sacred history. Beginning with Mount Ararat, after taking in the whole scope of the deluge, then proceeding to Horeb, Sinai, Nebo, Carmel, etc., etc., and so onward to Calvary and Olivet, giving a pen picture as graphically as possible of what the result might be when treated by the mind or brain of a poet.

O'Reilly replied as follows:

"THE PILOT EDITORIAL ROOMS,
12th June, 1879.

"DEAR MAC.

Forgive me for all my neglect. Fact is, I have been irregular for some months past, half broken down by overwork . . . . . Your letter on the mountains reached me in Chicago. It is immense; it is magnificent. It thrilled me like the scream of a meteor. There is work in it for a lifetime. It is a field of superlative poetry. I wished I was with you to talk over the grand idea: it would make an evening to be marked in red. A thousand thanks for the trust in me which impelled the letter. But I can't write that poem. I see no time

ahead when I could approach it. Such a horizon would hold me far above journalism or business."

"No man can do that without living a poetic and retired life. But I shall never forget it. . . . . I honestly believe that had you written such a letter to —— twenty years ago, he would have dropped everything to express the splendid scope and possibility of the conception. Good-bye. Thank you again heartily. If ever we meet again, don't talk about anything else but mountains. A glass of punch, a good cigar, a quiet room, and a long evening for that subject sometime.

"Faithfully yours,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"Mr. Peter McCorry."

MEMORIAL MEETING IN BOSTON.

ON the evening of September 2, Tremont Temple was crowded from top to bottom with men and women, every one of whom testified, now by their rapt attention, and again by their vehement applause, to the love which they offered at the shrine of the departed poet. It was Boston's memorial meeting in Boyle O'Reilly's honor, and although city after city, and town after town, had already given public expression to their esteem for him, it remained for this city to surpass them all in her tribute of respect for her favorite adopted son.

Mayor Hart introduced the chairman of the meeting, Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, who addressed the meeting at some length. Speeches were made by Very Rev. Father Byrne, Col. Charles H. Taylor, Gen. B. F. Butler, Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. E. H. Capen (non-Catholic), Edwin G. Walker (colored), and Gen. P. A. Collins, who said:

"For Lycidas is dead ere his prime
*** * * and has not left a peer."**

EVEN in this solemn hour of public mourning, it seems hard to realize that we shall see him no more. Men who knew us both will expect from me no eulogy of Boyle O'Reilly. You mourn the journalist, the orator, the poet, the patriot of two peoples, the strong, tender, true, and knightly character. I mourn with you, and I also mourn — alone.

But, after all, the dead speak for themselves. No friend in prose or verse can add a cubit to his stature. No foe, however mendacious, can lessen his fame, or the love humanity bears him.

Yet we owe, not to him, but to the living and to the future, these manifold expressions of regard — these estimates of his worth. The feverish age needs always teaching.

Here was a branded outcast some twenty years ago, stranded in a strange land, friendless and penniless; to-day wept for all over the world where men are free or seeking to be free, for his large heart went out to all in trouble, and his soul was the soul of a freeman; all he had he gave to humanity and asked no return.

Take the lesson of his life to your hearts, young men; you who are scrambling and wrangling for petty dignities and small honors. This man held no office and had no title. The man was larger than any office, and no title could ennoble him. He was born without an atom of prejudice, and he lived and died without evil or ungenerous thought.

He was Irish and American, intensely both, but more than both. The world was his country, and mankind was his kin. Often he struck, but he always struck power, never the helpless. He seemed to feel with the dying regicide in "Les Miserables," "I weep with you for the son of the king, murdered in the temple, but

weep with me for the children of the people — they have suffered longest."

Numbered and marked and branded; officially called rebel, traitor, convict and felon, wherever the red flag floats, denied the sad privilege of kneeling on the grave of his mother — thus died this superb citizen of the great Republic.

But his soul was always free — vain are all mortal interdicts.

By the banks of that lovely river, where the blood of four nations once commingled, in sight of the monument to the alien victor, hard by the great mysterious Rath, over one sanctified spot dearer than all others to him, where the dew glistened on the softest green, the spirit of O'Reilly hovered, and shook the stillness of the Irish dawn on its journey to the stars.

Henry M. Rogers, Esq., then introduced the following resolutions in memory of John Boyle O'Reilly: The citizens of Boston, in tender memory of their fellow-citizen, John Boyle O'Reilly, and in recognition of the loss they have sustained, have assembled on this 2d day of September, 1890, to give expression to their appreciation of his character.

They are grateful, first of all, that he was their fellow-citizen; that he was one with them in thought and feeling; that he strove with them for the welfare and prosperity of the city of Boston, which he loved as they love it.

Holding no public office and wishing none, he exemplified the influence of the good citizen, who is earnest in well-doing, and who is animated only by the desire to serve his kind.

His loss to this city will be felt in every good work, in every field of usefulness.

While they recognize their loss of his association with them as a fellow-citizen and friend, they fully appreciate that he was a man of too wide sympathies and too generous humanity to be restricted within the limits of any city.

As a patriot he had suffered for the country of his birth, and so lovers of liberty throughout the world hail him and claim him as their brother.

As a poet he had sung songs that had won the hearts of men and turned their thoughts upwards, always toward a higher reach for humanity, and the sick, the suffering, and the oppressed, the downtrodden and those who had grown faint-hearted, took new life and new courage from his words, and to-day claim their brotherhood with him.

As an orator, who found his eloquence in his own heart, and who poured it out because of the deep well from which his inspiration was drawn, he is claimed by all champions of humanity, by all lovers of their kind.

As a journalist, strong in his own convictions, yet recognizing that not what a man says, but what he is, is the true test, he grew nearer and nearer, as his years went on, to that broadest plane, where duty to his God and to his fellowman, and not pride of opinion, nor pride of statement takes the first place. His fellow-journalists saw this, and they, too, claim kindred with him.

As a man he strove for humanity with earnest and unfaltering trust, believing that out of his manhood man's redemption under God would come.

And so in the minds of his fellow-citizens he stands as the type of young, strong, vigorous manhood, an inspiration and an encouragement.

Wherever man recognizes manhood, wherever doubt and distrust come between man and his ideal, the enthusiasm, the virility, the faith of John Boyle O'Reilly in his brother man may be remembered, and doubt and distrust will give way, and man everywhere lay claim to him.

His fellow-citizens, in loving remembrance, bear testimony to his worth, and record their admiration of his character.

They tender to his widow and family their respectful sympathy, and ask that this memorial of him may be forwarded to them as an expression of the feelings of this meeting.

On motion of Thomas J. Gargan, Esq., the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That Col. Charles H. Taylor, president of the Press Club; Gen. Francis A. Walker, president of the St. Botolph Club; Robert F. Clark, president of the Boston Athelic Association; James Jeffrey Roche, president of the Papyrus Club; Thomas B. Fitz, president of the Catholic Union; Gen. Michael T. Donahue, president of the Charitable Irish Society; the Very Rev. William Byrne, Arthur H. Dodd, Edgar Parker, Asa P. Potter, A. Shuman,

Richard F. Tobin, Edward A. Mosely, Dr. James A. McDonald, Henry A. M'Glenen, Dr. Francis A. Harris, John J. Hayes, and Hon. Patrick A. Collins be appointed a committee, with full powers, to receive all subscriptions that may be offered, and use the same in the erection of a public memorial, or memorials, in honor of the late John Boyle O'Reilly; said committee shall have power to add to their number and fill all vacancies.

MONTH'S MIND AT THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS.

THE Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of John Boyle O'Reilly took place at 10 A. M., Wednesday, Sept. 10, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. Archbishop Williams celebrated the Pontificial Mass of Requiem, with the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., assistant priest; the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, of Newburyport, deacon of the Mass; the Rev. John F. Ford, Superintendent of the Working-boys' Home, subdeacon; the Rev. James McGlew, Chelsea, and the Rev. J. W. McMahon, St. Mary's, Charlestown, deacons of honor; the Rev. James F. Talbot, D. D., was master of ceremonies, the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., Bishop of Portland, Me., delivered the eulogy, as follows:

Bishop Healey's Sermon.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. "Our friend sleepeth, and I go that I may awake him from sleep." My Reverend Archbishop, My Venerable Brethren, and My Brethren and Fellow-Citizens: I have thought that on this solemn occasion the words of our divine Lord, used concerning His friend Lazarus, might be applicable to that one whose departure we all lament as that of a friend. For it is not to do honor in this presence that we are to suitably, in words of praise, enumerate his ability, his qualities as a writer, as a poet, as a patriot, as a man to universally admire for the shining talents with which nature had endowed him; but I venture to say that we are all here under the title and with the sentiments of a friend, and that all lament him, and we all call him in our hearts our friend. You, first of all, most venerable prelate, associated with him as you were in the work of justice and charity; you, venerable brethren of the clergy, whether from this diocese or from New England, and I dare say from different parts of our wide country, whether you knew him by voice or whether you knew him simply by reputation, one and all, we called him our friend. And you, also, his brethren of the press, others who walked with him in the paths of letters; others associated with him in the different occupations which made the life of the student a labor and responsibility, and at the same time a pleasure — you all lament him as your friend. But not only you, but this great gathering, representing all the conditions and phases of life, seem to me assembled with one view, — these sisters of charity, these representatives of the different associations, these patriotic sons of Ireland, and those boys whom he loved and whom he was preparing to work for to the last days of his life. This friend sleepeth.

I was prepared for the occupation of speaking of him as a man, and to say that there was in him what the whole people sees of the

patriot; that he was simply a straightforward man in all the important occupations of life; that he detested hypocrisy and deceit, and that his face was always in one direction; his tongue spoke only truth, and he loved his native land as only an Irish exile can love her, and at the same time gave to his adopted country that other life which the husband gives to the blooming and happy spouse, and these two loves seemed to be blended with the quality of an orator. For different purposes he labored, but always for the good of mankind, not for his own countrymen alone, but for all the oppressed of earth, for the down-trodden of every country, for every noble cause, for every noble association, for every charity; his word was certainly to be spoken; his generous nature was ever ready. Shall I tell of the brave heart full of courage, like that of a great soldier, one who knew no fear, one ready to cross the lance with any adversary he deemed to be an advocate of what was wrong, unjust, or unworthy a man or Christian? Then when, in the heat of the combat, his earnest word might at times look harsh, there was that generosity that always returned when the battle had ceased, and led him, in the words of the times, to clasp hands over the bloody chasm. Shall we tell of him as a man — that most admired of men — whose words stand and endure? for so far as I have heard and so far as I know, never was he heard to utter a word or expression that would have brought the blush to the most innocent or the most pure. He had before him always the highest type of womanhood, and this ideal seemed to be present with him in public life, and in that private life in which a man is apt to descend from the high pedestal he holds before men. What a record it is that he leaves behind him, that whatever may have been the criticisms or whatever may have been said against his honor, his record is pure and holy — the record emblazoned upon that holy face, that never spoke to deceive the record of a pure and holy life of a pure and holy converse! If we follow him, a young and brilliant man, we see him repairing from the conversation, from the club, from the evening joys and hastening home to the bedside of a sick wife, to the children anxious to greet him, to the playfulness of a warm father, in whom they felt they had a friend.

But, my brethren, whatever honor may be due to the man here, it is all lost unless we can speak of him as a Christian. All the praises we have been uttering, all the laurels that have been laid on the grave, what would they all be unless there were before God, as there should be before men, his record as a Christian, and when we thus speak of him we are speaking of a man, of a man human; we are not pretending that he was one of the men whom the books of the Church describe as perfect, but we are speaking of a man engaged in business and interested in things that go to make up the life of a man. Our friend was a man who had known all that temptation which is known to every thinking man who is striving for right and justice, and lifts his voice toward heaven and asks, with David: "Is ever knowledge with the most high, and does God see the prosperity of sinners?"

This was the temptation of Job, and this was the temptation of

David. He had to contend against this temptation, and it would be strange if his faith in God had never failed, and when further we consider him as a child of the Catholic Church, we must remember that he was sometimes subjected to a great trial. When the Church lifts up her voice and says to those striking for a noble end, that the end is noble, but the means unlawful, every child of the Church is bound to obey, for this is the teaching of the Church — that the end cannot justify the means — and the Church unto the end of time will maintain this, as she has always maintained it. Silence, then, our friend would have said to those who would pervert or retard the work of God; silence, to those who cast the unworthy slur against that noble society which is called by the name of Jesus; silence for all those who have endeavored to cast on the church of God the accusation which is wholly invented. Intensely hard is this trial to the patriot or the young man in his health and strength, so apt to think that he can live without the help of God's sacrament. Especially when we are conscious of no wrong against our neighbor, it seems to us we can pass along through life justified by having done no wrong; but how far from the right conception of that word which Christ our Lord came to impart to us.

How can we, with the knowledge of the necessity for that Christ, which only the sacrament can impart, like another Jacob, put on the garb of our elder brother and speak with his voice, that we may obtain a blessing from our Father?

And, where a young man is apt for a time to disregard these evidences of supernatural life, and that man is like our friend, a martyr, he is apt to question God's providence, but in the end he will say: "I was wrong when I neglected my duties to the Church, even for an hour; I was wrong when I under-estimated these priceless blessings of God, and I always will be wrong when I regard not all this life-giving sacrament, not as a command, but as a necessity."

Such was the life of our friend. When I remember that he was just preparing for the Sacrament of the Holy Communion with the partner of his life, when he died, and in another year he was prepared to assume the instruction of the children in his parish church; when I remember his complete submission and undying loyalty to Mother Church, then I say, here is a Christian and a Catholic.

But just when this man without a title and without an office — this man who, twenty years ago, had landed on these shores unknown and almost penniless, and had climbed the ladder of fame; just when he had reached the very summit of earthly happiness he fell asleep by one of those accidents which we cannot help deploring when men try to be their own physicians. Our friend sleepeth. Do you remember that morning? I happened to be in Boston at the time. A rumor had circulated around that John Boyle O'Reilly was dead. No one could credit it. It seemed to be a rumor in the air. Not even the voice of the devoted wife, not even the voice of the little children who called on him to awake, not all the voices of earth could call him back to this life. There was only one voice, the voice

of Him who said: "I go to awaken him." There is only one voice that can say to him in reality, awake. And to that voice and heart we commend him. Here on this side of the grave we can only give tears and our voices cannot reach the cold ear of death.

The Church still will flourish, and the Church follows the soul even to the throne of God. But you call him friend. If I interpret your thoughts aright, it is our friend who sleepeth. Then one and all join your prayers to the prayers of the representatives of the Church. You have seen him at the altar, you have assisted at different sacrifices. When we are to pray that perpetual light may shine, my brethren, when the clergy, in the name of the Church, repeat that prayer to-day, do you answer "Amen." And when you carry away from this church these thoughts, remember that your prayers are all you can give and is all that can be welcomed to him. Now, that the prayers of the Church have been said, I beg of you every one to join with the Church and say: Let perpetual rest be granted to him, and let the eternal light shine on him. Amen.

The great Cathedral was crowded, a large number of non-Catholics being present. Some hundred and fifty clergymen were present.

The singing was in keeping with the other grand and imposing ceremonies.

May the soul of John Boyle O'Reilly rest in peace. Amen.

Church of Immaculate Conception.

SEPTEMBER 7 was the fifteenth anniversary of the consecration of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 A. M., by the Rev. Alphonse Charlier, S. J., with the Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., deacon, and Mr. A. A. Ulrich, S. J., subdeacon. Mr. Henry J. Casten, S. J., was master of ceremonies. The music, by the regular choir, was exceedingly beautiful and devotional. The rector, the Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., preached. He dwelt eloquently on the significance of the ceremony of consecration by which the building is made forever holy to the Lord; and which is the occasion of a solemn yearly commemoration. He also dwelt on the devout behavior which Catholics should observe in the House of God. Solemn Vespers were celebrated by the Rev. A. Charlier, S. J., at 7.30 P. M.

THE city of Hanover boasts of one of the finest Catholic churches in Germany. It was consecrated with magnificent ceremony, and is the monument which Catholic Germany has erected in honor of its famous leader Windthorst. It will be remembered that at one time the faithful Germans proposed to give Windthorst a villa or an estate in recognition of his great services. This he refused, but expressed the desire to have a magnificent church built in his own city of Hanover. It has heen done. The new structure will contain hundreds of works of art, the gifts of societies and individuals all over the world to the great leader. The Pope presented the grand altar, the Centre party a superb ostensorium, and other individuals have given similar gifts.

MOTHER SUPERIOR Mary Cecilia of the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph for the diocese of Springfield, Mass., died at an early hour Wednesday, Sept. 10, after an illness of one week, at the age of fifty years.

A TRIBE of Indians, hitherto unknown to the white man, has been discovered in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. They live in a valley containing 2,000 acres of land, inclosed by perpendicular walls 4,000 feet high.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A Mother's Love.

When I was in my babyhood,
One sad, sad day of gloom,
The mother that had cherished me
Was snatched into the tomb.
A bitter day that was for me,
Although I didn't know
How hard would be in future years
The then unconscious blow.

As time rolled on I missed her more,
And often even dared
To picture what life might have been
If she was only spared.
I had a little cousin Ann
Who played with I and brother,
But, oh, she touched my jealous chord
When she prided on her mother.

I sometimes left the scene of play,
And hid away my head,
To mourn my angel mother
Who slumbers with the dead.
O reader, do not blame me,
For I never could tell why
'Twas others shared the world's joys
More plentiful than I.

At last I bowed to reason,
And found a source of rest,
I learned to reconcile myself
With what He wills as best,
I found it was the better way
To leave the world's din,
To raise myself above the earth
And tell my griefs to Him.

He has given me His mother dear,
To take a mother's place,
And mercy; what a good exchange!
She wins for me such grace!
Oh, yes, I've now a mother dear,
How sweet to contemplate,
I'll always find in Mary
A willing advocate.

B. M. M.

The Little Girl Outside the Gate.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE girl was playing in a garden on a fair summer's afternoon. The sun was shining bright and warm on the gay many-hued flower-beds, in which the flowers were planted after God's fashion, not in stiff rows and hideous patterns. On the soft green lawn sat a row of dolls under the elm-trees; they were the very attentive scholars of the little girl who was teaching them; they never took their eyes off her, or opened their lips to interrupt her. Indeed, there was not much to distract them; for the garden was at the end of the village, separated from the nearest house by a large meadow; the garden gate opened out into a lane, for the highroad ran at the back of the garden.

"Now," said the little girl at last, "as you have been such good children, I am going to read you a fairy tale; but you'll have to wait while I go into the house to get my book."

She got up and went across the lawn into the house. What a pretty house it was. Only two stories high, with a gabled roof and old-fashioned porch, lattice windows peeping out of a fragrant bower of clematis, honeysuckle, and magnolia.

As she came back again, she noticed a little girl peeping in between the bars of the gate. The little girl vanished when the saw that she was noticed, and Daisy, the dolls' school-mistress, sat down on the law by her children, and read a fairy tale out loud to them. In about an hour, she said:

"I'm tired of reading. I'll take Baby for a run round the garden, and we'll bring the rest of you some strawberries."

She picked up a little china doll with curly hair, and ran off to the kitchen garden.

Daisy Vere had no brothers and sisters, and there were no suitable playfellows for her in the village, so she had got into the habit of talking to her dolls as if they were alive. She told her nurse sometimes that it seemed to her that they could feel and understand like real children.

"Only they are a thousand times better than real children," she added, "for they never scream or quarrel with each other."

When she came back with Baby and a cabbage-leaf full of strawberries, she found the little girl peeping through the gate again. She went up to the gate, and was going to speak, but the little girl ran away again. When Daisy opened the gate, she was a long way down the lane.

When Daisy went in to tea, she asked her nurse if there were any new people in the village. She knew all the children in the village by sight, for her aunt, with whom she lived (her father and mother were in India), took her with her when she visited the poor people sometimes.

"There's a little girl come to Mrs. Brooke's," answered nurse. "Her father and mother are dead, and Mrs. Brooke's her aunt, I think. She's a very pretty little girl, with blue eyes and golden hair, like your doll Bertha."

"Oh, yes, I expect that is the little girl," said Daisy. She kept looking through the gate at my dolls; but when I went to speak to her, she ran away. What is her name, Nurse?"

"Florrie Hunter, I think, Miss Daisy."

"Are you going to take me to Benediction to-night, Nurse?"

"Yes, dear. Your auntie has visitors."

"May we go through the field? It hasn't rained for such a long time, and I want to get come dog-roses coming home."

"Very well, dear."

Meanwhile the little girl outside the gate ran down the lane to the village, where Mrs. Brooke, her aunt, lived. Her mother had died three weeks before of fever, which she caught from nursing her husband. Florrie had lost both her parents in one week, and would have gone to the workhouse, had not Mrs. Brooke come forward and offered to take her, and bring her up with her own children. Mrs. Brooke and her husband were very kind in their way to the little orphan, but the little Brookes teased her unmercifully. They were stout, healthy country children, while Florrie was delicate and timid; and they were never tired of mocking her frightened screams if she met a cow or a big dog, or pinching and slapping her to make her cry, that they might laugh at her pretty face. They were rather angry that their father and mother should treat her as well as them; that, in a quarrel, they should rather take Florrie's part than their own children's; that they should be so ready to make excuses for her nervousness and timidity.

So that, on the whole, Florrie's life was a trying one. Whenever she could, and she managed pretty often, she left the other children, though Mrs. Brooke, not knowing the state of the case, often said to her:

"Why don't you play with the other children, instead of moping away by yourself? It's not kind or sociable of you!"

This afternoon she was in time, while all the other children were late, so that for once her aunt was pleased with her, though her cousins looked black and threatening at her.

She had intended going back to watch Daisy after tea, but her aunt told her it was her turn to wash up the tea-things, and, by the time she had finished, all the other children were waiting for her outside the garden.

"You are coming with us to-night," they said, "to Farmer Johnson's, to help to carry the clean clothes." Mrs. Brooke was a laundress. Florrie did not dare say no. The few times she had resisted, she had been punished so heavily afterwards, that she gave in now to whatever they proposed to her.

They went through several fields till they came to a gate leading into the farm-yard. Alfred, who was carrying the other end of the basket, dropped it, and they all began to run away, calling out:

"You'll have to take it alone now, Florrie; and if you dare tell mother, we'll beat you."

There were cows in loose sheds all round the farm-yard; there were turkeys gobbling, and hissing geese waddling about; and oh!

above all there was a fierce dog, with glaring eyes, who barked ferociously at the sight of Florrie. What should she do? Florrie began to cry.

"What's the matter?" said a voice behind her, and, turning round, she saw the little girl whom she had watched playing with her dolls in the afternoon, holding her nurse's hand.

"I'm afraid to go through!" sobbed Florrie. "And aunt will be so angry if I don't take the clothes."

"Come along," said the nurse. "We'll walk with you, though there's really nothing there to be afraid of. You will get used to the country in time, I expect. But where are your cousins?"

"They ran away and left me," sobbed Florrie. "But oh! please don't tell that I said so."

"They deserve to be told of," answered the nurse. "But come along, it is getting late, and we are going to church." So saying, she took one end of the basket, and went through the farm-yard with Florrie, leaving Daisy outside, for fear she should get dirty.

"Run away home," she said to Florrie when they came back, "and don't be afraid of the animals in the farm-yard; you see they did not attempt to hurt you."

"Poor little girl!" said Daisy. "I expect those Brookes are nasty to her, don't you, Nurse?"

"They don't like to see her so afraid of everything, I think. But they ought not to treat her so. I shall speak to their mother."

"Oh, Nurse, she asked you not. Very likely they'll be more unkind to her if you do."

"They will think I saw them run away from her. I dare say they would pay her out if they thought she told."

The next day nurse went and spoke to Mrs. Brooke. She was very angry, and boxed the children's ears all round, and gave Florrie a halfpenny, which, however, was taken away from her as they came home from school, giving her instead sundry nips and pinches.

After tea she went up the lane to watch for Daisy. She did not run away when Daisy came to speak to her this time. Daisy gave her some chocolate creams with which she had been feeding the dolls, and asked her if her aunt had punished the other children for running away.

Florrie answered yes; but she did not say that her aunt had given her a halfpenny, which the other children had taken away from her.

She used to come every fine day and listen to the fairy tales that Daisy read aloud to her dolls. Very often Daisy gave her sweets or strawberries, aud brought the dolls to the gate for her to kiss. She did not ask Florrie inside the garden, for her aunt was very particular, and Daisy knew she would not have allowed it. Once she gave Florrie a pretty little box of French sweets. As Florrie was carrying them home, she met her cousins. She had just opened the box to peep inside, and had not time to hide it away before they caught sight of it.

"What have you got there, Florrie?" asked Polly.

"A box of sweets: will you have some?"

"Yes, we will have some," said Alfred, snatching the box out of her hands. "We will divide them between us, and I'll have the box. But first you shall tell us who gave them to you."

"I won't. And you shall not have my pretty box; I'll tell auntie if you keep it."

"Take your box, cry-baby," said Alfred; "and I know who gave it to you. It was Miss Daisy Vere, for I saw it on the lawn when I went to weed the garden at the Grange last Saturday."

"Oh! you greedy thing," said Joe. "Got a whole box full of sweets, and won't give us one. Well, I never."

"You may have the sweets and welcome. It's the box as I wants to keep," sobbed Florrie.

The children immediately began to divide the sweets with a good deal of squabbling, in which the cover was torn off the box. Florrie was very angry. She flew at her cousins, kicked, and bit, and scratched, till the boys got her down on the ground and sat on her, till the division of sweets was accomplished. Neither of them said anything about it at home for they were all conscious of having behaved very disgracefully.

CHAPTER II.

A few days after Daisy said to Florrie: "You're to come in to-day: auntie told Mrs. Brooke she would give you some new clothes, and you are going to try them on to-day, so as to have them ready for the school-treat."

Florrie followed her into the house, her heart beating fast at the thought of going inside the pretty house. She was not as pleased about the clothes as Daisy had thought she would be; she was thinking of the anger they would be sure to excite in her cousins. But she could not help admiring them very much. The little black dress, though simple, was very prettily made, and the hat was so fresh and new-looking. They fitted her beautifully, and she was allowed to take them home with her.

"What have you got there, Florrie?" said her aunt, as she came in. She was very late, and they were all at tea.

"Miss Vere's aunt called me in and gave me some new clothes," she answered, undoing the parcel, and bringing to light her pretty dress and hat.

"Lor', aren't they pretty?" said Florrie's uncle, who was very pleased at her having new clothes, for which he had not to pay.

"Very," answered Mrs. Brooke, "and they'll just do for the school-treat. I am glad for I was wondering how I should manage for them all. I certainly couldn't have got anything as pretty and good as that for her."

"I think it's a great shame," said Polly, no longer able to restrain herself. "Why should that little beggar's brat have everything and we nothing?"

"Go off to bed at once," said her father angrily. "How dare you talk so?" He was very angry, and threatened to beat her if he ever

heard her talking in that way again. He little knew that that was a very mild expression for the little Brookes to use to their cousin.

This incident did not mend matters. The Brookes were so angry at their cousin's having such lovely new clothes for the school-treat, while they had so much better right to them, they said. They led her a life, as the saying is. Every little thing they could think of to tease her they did, so that her life was more than ever a burden to her.

At last the day of the school-treat came. It was a bright sunny day, and all the children in the village were wild with joy. But when Florrie went up to dress, she found about twenty blotches of white paint on her dress, as large as a half-crown piece, and one on the ribbon of her hat rather smaller. She sat down and cried.

"Now then, Florrie, be quick," said Mrs. Brooke, putting her head in at the door. "Why, bless the child, why are not you ready? And what are you crying for?"

Florrie pointed at her dress and hat, which she had thrown on the bed. Mrs. Brooke screamed in dismay.

"How ever did you do that?" she asked.

"I didn't do it," sobbed Florrie.

"Who did, then?" asked Mrs. Brooke, an uneasy suspicion crossing her mind. Brooke was a painter and glazier, and had come in in a very bad temper one afternoon, because he had found Alfred and Polly meddling with his brushes.

"I don't know," said Florrie. "I know I have never even looked at it since I put it away. And I can't go to the school-treat; and what will Miss Vere think of me?"

"No, I'm afraid you can't go to the treat," said Mrs. Brooke. "I could wash one of your cotton frocks in two or three hours, and you might get in time for the tea; but then Miss Vere would think it odd, and you would have missed half the games and races. I am very sorry though, dear — very, very sorry."

She went down to the other children, and told them that they must go without Florrie to the treat, as in a most unaccountable way her dress and hat were covered with white paint. Again the uneasy suspicion crossed her mind, as she saw Alfred and Polly look at each other and flush crimson.

They all started, as they had no time to loose, so she had not an opportunity of questioning them then. She went back to try to comfort poor Florrie.

At tea-time Brooke came in, and was much surprised at finding Florrie left behind. Mrs. Brooke told him of the misfortune which had befallen the frock and hat.

"Surely those children couldn't have done it by accident, and been ashamed to tell," he said.

"What children?" asked Mrs. Brooke, pretending to be very much surprised, though the suspicion was gaining ground in her mind.

"Why, Alfred and Polly. I told you that they had been using my white paint and my brushes last Thursday. I'd thrash them within half an inch of their lives, if I thought they had done it."

"So would I," said Mrs. Brooke.

"Well, we can't do anything till they come home," said Brooke; "but I'm very sorry about the little maid here being so disappointed; and I'm afraid Miss Vere will be angry too, all her kindness thrown away, like."

"Yes, it's very vexatious," said Mrs. Brooke; "but I think I can take out the part where the paint is, or I might do that."

"You'll never get that sort of paint out," said Brooke.

When the children came home, Brooke was waiting for them at the gate.

"Now," he said, "I ask a plain question, and you had better give me a straightforward answer, or it will be the worse for you. Did you, Alfred and Polly, when you were meddling with my paint and brushes the other day, smear your cousin's dress?"

"Yes, they did," put in Jenny, before the others had time to speak, "I heard them planning to do it in the summer-house, the very day after you sent Polly to bed for calling her names. They were mad because she had such nice clothes. I told you I'd pay you out," she added, turning to her brother and sister, "for telling lies of me the other day to Father Dixon."

"I'll punish you, you young wretches," said their father. "Talk about infidel Turks, you are as bad as any of they, being so cruel to a little girl as has no father and mother. Your own relation too!"

And he took them into the cottage and beat them severely with a leathern strap, which he kept for the purpose, and then sent them off to bed, saying:

"If I had only known in time, I should have kept you from the school-treat. I'll tell Father Dixon of you as it is, you little brutes."

Alfred and Polly came downstairs the next morning in the most horrible temper, though they did not dare show it before their father and mother.

"Now mind," said their father before he started to work, "if you say or do the leastest thing to hurt Florrie, I'll give you a bigger taste of the strap than you had last night."

When the children started for school, Alfred came up close to Florrie, and pricking her with a pin to give force to his words, said:

"You little beast, I will give you something when we come out of school."

After morning school they always had to hurry home, as it was dinner-time; but at four o'clock they sometimes loitered about on the road.

This afternoon Alfred seized Florrie, while Polly laid hands on Jenny, and ran along a lane, which led to a farmhouse. There was a very dirty duck-pond by the side of the lane, where the school-boys came to fish for newts sometimes. When they got up to the pond Alfred said:

"Now, I'm going to wash your face. You need not struggle and try to get away, for I've quite made up my mind that you shall do it. Lie down flat on your stomach. Jenny, you've got—"

Jenny, who was newly tasting the experience of being teased, did as she was bid quietly enough, for Polly held a large pin in her hand as a warning against disobedience. She even made no resistance when Polly pushed her face into the muddy water four or five times, whereupon she was allowed to go, and ran off home, while the other two were struggling with Florrie, who would not give in.

At last they got her down on the ground, and were trying to push her nearer to the edge of the pond, when Alfred's foot slipped and he fell in, dragging Florrie after him. Polly managed to let go in time. It was fortunate that Jenny had run home and told her father, who came up at this juncture, or they certainly would have been killed; for the mud was very deep at the bottom of the pond, and they must have sunk, if Brooke had not brought a hook, and hooked them out by their clothes. He said nothing but "run home quickly, and get your wet things off"; but Alfred and Polly shook in their shoes, for they well knew what a passion he was in, by the look of his face.

Alfred and Florrie were sent to bed by Mrs. Brooke the moment they got home. Nothing further was said that night. Next morning, when Brooke came down to breakfast he asked for the children.

"I have just been to see Florrie, and told her to stay in bed," answered Mrs. Brooke. "She must have taken cold by getting drenched yesterday, for she seems burning hot, but every now and then she shakes as if she had an ague. The others are in the garden: I'll call them in."

"Now," said Brooke, when they came in, "I am going to hear the rights of the story from Jenny, and then I shall know what to do. Begin, Jenny, and don't you two dare to interrupt her by so much as a word."

Jenny told her father and mother all that Alfred and Polly had done.

"Now," he said, at the end of her narrative, "I'm going to give you the strap every day for a month, and until further notice you'll be in five minutes after school-time, both morning and afternoon. I'll not have you playing about with yourselves or any one else. You deserve to be sent to prison, both of you."

Florrie was indeed very ill. She got worse as the day wore on, and Miss Vere, who called with Daisy, advised Mrs. Brooke to send for the doctor. It ended in a serious attack of rheumatic fever, which lasted for two months. At the end of that time she was not able to walk without two sticks, or someone each side her to support her. Miss Vere and Daisy were very kind to her; not a day passed without their coming to see her and bringing her some delicacy. During her convalescence Daisy used to bring the dolls and the fairy-tale book to read to her, and they often reminded each other of how she used to wait outside the gate to see the dolls at school, or hear the fairytales.

One day, when she was so much better that Miss Vere had taken her out for a drive, well muffled up, for it was rather a fresh autumn day, they were waiting outside a shop in the neighboring town, when they saw a sailor come up to one of the shopmen, who was standing

outside the door, and heard him ask how far it was to Deepfield, the village where they lived. He looked worn and tired, and seemed so dispirited when the man told him eight miles, that Miss Vere, who was much given to impulsive acts of charity, offered him the seat on the box, which was vacant, as she had left the footman behind.

When they came to the village, he asked the coachman where Mrs. Brooke lived.

"Why, we're just going to stop there," said the coachman, "with the little girl."

When the carriage stopped at Mrs. Brooke's cottage, the sailor jumped down and lifted Florrie out. After thanking Miss Vere very politely for her kindness, to her surprise he followed Florrie into the cottage.

The next day, when they went to inquire after Florrie, Mrs. Brooke said:

"Lor, mum, such a strange thing has happened. That sailor is Jem Hunter, Florrie's uncle. He has just come home from sea with a large fortune — eight thousand pounds. It was left him by an old gentleman to whom he was kind on the voyage. He talks of settling here if he can find a cottage, and taking Florrie to live with him."

Miss Vere was very glad of Florrie's good fortune.

Jem Hunter soon found a house to suit him, and in the spring-time went to live in it, with his sister for housekeeper, and Florrie to enliven them, as he said. Florrie continued very delicate for some time, but as she grew older she got stronger. When her uncle died, four years after his return home, he left her all his money; so that she is now, for a girl in her position of life, very well off. It was thought a little while ago that she would marry one of her cousins, Dick Brooke: but it is pretty generally known now that in a few weeks she will go for her novitiate to the Sisters of Charity of S. Vincent of Paul.

AMY FOWLER (SISTER GERTRUDE).

Speak Kindly.

A YOUNG lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm. "Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc. "I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I have not any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day." "O miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a heap better." That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

He Had Faith.

A BOY of Portland, Me., had committed some misdemeanor, for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged first to be allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted, and the child went upstairs to his own room, and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry and come down again to receive his punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer. "Dear Lord, if you love little boys and want to help one out, now is your time." The prayer was answered.

A Mother's Prayer.

THERE was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire: "Do not forget to pray for me." She did not forget to do what he had asked, but prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling, for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buffalora. Soldiers who stood on his right and left were shot down — many of them; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flints hit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured — had not even received a scratch.

The Blood Bath.

A STOP was put to "viking" when Christianity began to take the place of the religion of Odin in the North. The people began to till their lands instead of fighting. All three of the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark were united under one government and began to grow civilized; but after a time the rulers, who were always Danes, treated the Swedes harshly, and they began to wish for a king and a government of their own. At last they made an effort to set up a Swedish king. This made the Danish king very angry. He put a stop to the movement, and prepared a severe punishment for all the nobles and leading men that he thought were concerned in it. In the great market place of Stockholm, ninety of these men were led out and beheaded one at a time, while the people looked on stunned with horror. They shrunk away to their homes, but were not allowed to close their eyes on the horrid scene, for a

heavy rain came down and mingled with the blood of the slain, carrying it along the street into the very doorways.

The fearful sight was called the "Blood Bath," and from that time the Swedes hated the Danish tyrant with an intense hatred, and never gave up their determination to be free from Danish rule.

An African Float.

A NOVEL way of crossing a river or lake is that employed by the negroes of Africa. Where there is neither bridge nor boats at hand, the natives procure a number of bladders from the animals they have killed and inflat them with air. Each man takes several of these and fastens them about his waist. Upon entering the water he is kept afloat by these bladders and the upper portion of his body is supported out of the water. He directs and propels himself with his hands while he carries any burden on his head. When a traveller wishes to cross, a dozen or so of their natives get together under a sort of stage or platform upon which the passenger is seated. The platform rests on their heads, and they paddle their way across the stream very easily. Sometimes, however, they are attacked in their progress by an alligator or other creature, and then it is every one for himself, and the passenger usually finds himself left in the water to look out for his own safety.

Nationality of the Popes.

N. Y. Catholic Record: Of the two hundred and fifty-three Popes all but fifty-nine have been of the Italian nation, a high honor to a noble race and one they merited until lately. Westward the course of empire takes its way, and we suspect that now when Italy is in its decadence the church will look in time to America and an English-speaking nation for its head. The gossip over Cardinal Gibbons as Head of the Church, though absurd under the circumstances, is a very good indication of a current of feeling setting in. The soundest, freshest, most vigorous Christian faith of the day is to be found in America, all its defects admitted; and it is not likely that its shrewd professors, when once they take their proper position in the Church, will permit the majority of the highest honors to remain in the hands of any particular race. We shall yet see on the glorious Papal throne a series of Pontiffs whose Irish blood will have all the smoothness and mellowness of American cultivation and Italian training.

Remember This.

SHARP-EYED men of business take note of a boy's general appearance in making up their estimate of what he is worth. A straightforward, manly bearing will help any lad to get his way in the world, while the haphazard sort of a way usually suggests to the observer a corresponding character. Manliness is not a garment you can put on and off like your Sunday coat. It must have its foundation in the heart, or it will be a flimsy sham that will deceive nobody.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE Catholic schools are rapidly taking the first place in education in the United States, although they do not receive support from the public treasury. The reason of this is that the teachers in Catholic schools have an interest in education outside of a salary, and put their whole hearts into the education of their children.

ANOTHER reason why Catholic schools will and do surpass the secular public schools is that they teach a positive morality, which has been and always will be the safeguard of nations. The United States will never have to fear that the children of Catholic schools, although they have only an elementary education, will turn out to be socialists, communists, etc., and, in general, educated enemies of all authority, that of God and man.

ANOTHER reason why the Catholic schools will and do surpass the secular public schools is that their teachers are appointed to teach on account of their teaching qualifications and not on account of their political "pull." The public schools of our cities are swarming with the ambitious relatives and friends of politicians who have worked them into the places they hold, and still keep them there by their influences. The hired superintendents of education in the different cities may object to this condition of affairs, but they are powerless to remove the obstructions, and if they want to draw their salary and remain what they are, they must close their eyes and love, serve, and adore the men who put them into a modern money-making condition of life.

THE reasons could be multiplied why the Catholic schools do and will surpass the secular public schools, but we would prefer to give them from time to time. The great American mind is not educated to understand more than a little at a time. But we will say that the chief reason why the Catholic schools do and will surpass the secular public schools is that they are religious. They teach the law of God, which is the law of justice, and leave it not to a matter of chance whether it is known or not. They teach everything which the son and daughter of the poorest and the richest man among us may use to make them honored and respected among men, and to gain for them eternal salvation.

MR. BRUDENELL CARTER urges all parents to test the vision of their children as soon as the latter know the alphabet. He urges upon all who have the control of schools, the examination of new pupils, and the allotment of tasks in accordance with their capabilities of vision. All lesson books for very young children compelled to keep the books at a distance when reading them. Many of the school books now in use should be abandoned, and others prepared with type of at least twice the size and twice the legibility.

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NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Eulogy from the Vatican.

THE Pope has written to Cardinal Manning expressing sympathy over the loss of Cardinal Newman. In his letter the Pope says: "I am deeply grieved at the departure of a man who by his learning, his writings, and his singular piety gave great splendor to the sacred college. I do not doubt that he has already received the reward of his virtues. Nevertheless, I will continue to pray for the repose of his blessed soul."

FATHER DENIS O'CONNOR, President of the Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., has been appointed Bishop of London, to succeed Bishop Walsh, promoted to the Archiepiscopal see of Toronto.

THE opening of the Catholic University at Washington will take place September 23.

Arrival of the Carmelites.

THE nuns chosen by Cardinal Gibbons from the Baltimore Carmel, for the new foundation in Boston, are the Rev. Mother Beatrix, the Rev. Mother Angela, Sister Augustine, Sister Gertrude, Sister Alphonsus. Sister Augustine (in the world Miss Eulalia Tuckerman) is the daughter of a well-known Bostonian, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman. Sister Gertrude is the daughter of the late James McMaster, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, and in his time one of the most learned, able and fearless champions of the Catholic faith in America. The nuns arrived in Boston on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 26. The new Carmelite Monastery is located at the corner of Centre and Cedar streets, Roxbury. To Mr. Samuel Tuckerman and the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C.SS.R., the Catholics of Boston are chiefly indebted for this great blessing. For the first time, Mass was celebrated in the convent on Thursday morning, August 28, by Rev. Father Currier, C.SS.R. Among those present was the daughter of Col. P. T. Hanley, whose miraculous cure some years ago, our readers are familiar with. She belongs to a sisterhood in Quebec.

Population of Boston.

The national census reports the population of Boston for June 1, 1890, at 446,507, being an increase of 23.06 per cent, from 1880, when our population was 362,839. This growth is highly satisfactory and is supported by the statistics of the city government.

Celts Attend.

The officers of the Philo-Celtic society have completed arrangements for the coming autumn and winter classes for the study of the Irish language, and opened on Sunday, Sept. 7, in St. Stephen's Hall, Wells Memorial building. Messrs. M. C. O'Shea and M. J. Mulroy will superintend the students. New members can now be enrolled. School hours, Sundays, 3 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 8 to 10 p. m.

No peasant in Ireland should starve to death while there is food on his farm. His right of life is greater than his wealthy landlord's right to rent.

THE farcical comedy which Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy has been preparing for Mr. A. Bourchier's management of the St. James's Theatre, taken over from Mrs. Langtry, is entitled "Your Wife." It is a version of "Prete-moi-ta-Femme" which had a long run in Paris.

Deaths of Two Noted Women.

A CERTAIN distinction attaches to one who has been destined to the privilege of living in Boston's cradle-days, down, through the years of progress, to the present time. They are regarded as a sort of living, breathing history; and to embody their memory in type is as natural as to hang their picture on the wall for the interest of their generations. Posterity rejoices often in finding its ancestry honored in honored annals. An old tree which has had its day of vital usefulness; which has known the primitive time, and outlived generations, is an object of reverence; and even though sere and decrepid, must have in some unseen way, a reason for tarrying, a mission to fill out, since its Creator wills it. When at length prostrated, it is natural for people to gather about the site, and tell of the old shade of a past struggling and fateful age; of the storms it braved, and whether or no it refreshed the weary or disheartened.

One by one our colonial pioneers are dropping off, and this reflection brings us to the loss of the lamented Mrs. Patrick Sharkey, of the Highlands. She was contemporary with Bishop Chevereaux; she knew him personally, and was generally esteemed by the clergy of the Church. She was born in Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, Feb. 2, 1800. In 1818 she came from St. John's, Newfoundland, and located in the portion of Boston known at that time as Ann street, herself and parents being among the first settlers in that district. When still quite young, she lost her first husband, Mr. Thompson; and being an industrious and enterprizing woman, carried on a thriving business in Ann street. She had two children; one died in early childhood, the other died while running his first course at Worcester, where he went to study for the priesthood. Her second husband was Mr. Patrick Sharkey. Her own maiden name was Bridget Kearney. She was the oldest of five sisters, one of whom was the wife of Mr. Young, Captain of the Shields Guards, and mother of Edward Young, once a prominent Boston lawyer.

Mrs. Sharkey was always very liberal in her dealings with the Church. Bishop Healey was one of her life-long friends. Although a parishioner of St. Patrick's, she retained her pew in the Cathedral, and drove over regularly to services, until failing health rendered it longer impossible. Her faculties were wonderfully preserved. She died, surrounded with all the consolations of religion, on the 12th of August last, at the advanced age of ninety years. She was buried from St. Patrick's Church, and laid in St. Augustine's Cemetery. The Sisters and children of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum attended her funeral; and the pall-bearers were Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Mr. P. H. Powers, Mr. Edward Kelley, Mr. Hugh Carey, and Mr. W. H. McGowan. With exception of a patrimony set aside for the use of her step-son, the residue of her property she bequeathed to charitable institutions. SEPPERLE.

Death of Mrs. McAvoy.

THE many friends of Mrs. McAvoy, widow of the late Arthur McAvoy, who was formerly a well-known iron and steel merchant of Boston, will be pained to hear of her death, which occurred Sunday night, Aug. 31, at 9 o'clock, at her residence, 73 Concord avenue, Cambridge. Mrs. McAvoy had been an invalid for the past three years, but her condition did not appear to be serious until two weeks ago, when hypostatic pneumonia set in, resulting in her death. Mrs. McAvoy formerly resided at the South End, Boston, but twelve years ago removed with her family to Cambridge. She was prominent in all good and charitable works, and was a pillar of the Immaculate Conception Church on Harrison avenue, Boston, where, from its dedication up to within a few years, she regularly worshipped. In her early married life she and her husband constantly attended the old Franklin street Cathedral, fond memories of which she cherished to her dying day. What time she could spare from her family duties she devoted to church work, and organized and conducted sewing-schools for the benefit of poor children, who were thus taught to be use-

ful and helpful. She was also a liberal contributor to charitable objects, and relieving the poor and needy seemed to be her special delight. The deceased was 68 years of age. She was the mother of Rev. A. J. McAvoy, S. J., who reached her death-bed just in season to receive her blessing, having arrived from Toronto, Can., where he was engaged in special religious work. She leaves three sons and three daughters, the youngest of the sons being John I. McAvoy, formerly of the Cambridge Press, but now of the Boston Herald.

The funeral of Mrs. McAvoy took place from St. Peter's Church, Concord avenue, Sept. 4. A solemn Mass of requiem was sung, the celebrant being Rev. Arthur J. McAvoy, S. J., a son of the deceased. Rev. J. F. Broderick officiated as deacon, Rev. M. J. Doody as sub-deacon, and Rev. James McGuiggan as master of ceremonies. Within the sanctuary were Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., of Boston College, Rev. Fr. Charlier, S. J., of Boston College, Rev. James O'Brien, Rev. Fr. Curran, Rev. Fr. Sullivan, Rev. J. J. Ryan, Rev. J. J. Coan, and others. In the body of the church were many mourners, including a large number of Mrs. McAvoy's old-time co-workers in charity, during her residence in Boston. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Dooley, rendered the singing, the soloists being Miss Mary Germain, W. F. McCormick, Daniel Danehy, and Arthur Le Point.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J, a life-long friend of the deceased, spoke an eulogy. He said: "Julia McAvoy was a valiant woman; and who among us to-day can realize her value? I appeal to all her intimate friends, if the religion of her faith did not run in her family more than any family that I have ever met. The maxims that she followed were supernatural maxims. Oh, how lovely her ways! How sweet was her friendship! How carefully she guarded her children. How well and peacefully she sleeps now. I see her as the valiant woman we have ever found her, and all the noble things she has done for us will surely meet with a just reward. Here is a life completed; here is a life work accomplished.

The pall-bearers were Patrick Donahoe (DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE), Dr. James Humphery of Boston, James Cox (editor of the Cambridge Press), John S. Sheridan, and George Murphy.

The scene at the cemetery was one long to be remembered. Before the funeral cortége had arrived, hundreds of people from the South End and attendants at the Immaculate Conception had surrounded the grave. They waited with a patience which to the good and true alone is known, until the form of her whom in life they had known so well had been placed in the grave. The occasion was given an additional solemnity, when Rev. Fr. McAvoy, S. J., assisted by Rev. John F. Broderick, and Rev. Fr. Sullivan, chanted the "Benedictus," and as the clay, like a blanket, began to hide the casket from mortal gaze, eyes long since unused to weeping became dimmed with tears. Some sought to hide their weakness, but the majority wept in silence, and gloried rather than otherwise in nature's outflow. A solemn and impressive "Amen" finally seemed to strike the concluding keynote, for all, with one accord, turned away, as though in its tone alone, deep, solemn and blending, the transmission of a righteous soul from things earthly to heaven had been consummated. Her remains to mortality, no longer a mystery, now lie in state in a quiet grave in Calvary, but her soul, that over which death holds no domain, is at rest.

Politicians and Citizens.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in an address of congratulation to the congregation of St. Vincent's Church, used these words: "When we find the most upright citizens taking no interest in politics, showing no zeal for the good government of the country, we may expect political stagnation and corruption. But when the best citizens manifest interest in public affairs we have good government and honest administration of public trusts. It is the duty of every man to take an active personal interest in the welfare of his country, and to see that the best citizens are elected to public places."

ST. PAUL says, "If any man will not work neither let him eat."

Famine in Ireland.

THE Cork Herald publishes a series of reports which leave little room for hope that grave disaster can be averted. From Fermoy, from Duhallow and Kanturk, from Millstreet and Muskerry, from Mitchelstown and Mallow, from Midleton, Macroom, Inniscara, Donoughmore, Kinsale, and Bantry, from every district in Kerry, from Tarbert to Kenmare, the one sad story comes. The blight is everywhere visible, the leaves and stems blackened, and tainting the air in their decay, the tubers wet, putrid, and valueless while crops of all kinds will be far below an average. The Cork Examiner has sent a special commissioner to enquire into the condition of affairs in the parish of Castlehaven, with reference to which we published some time since a letter from the respected administrator, Father Lyons. The representative of our able contemporary furnishes an exhaustive report as to the terrible condition of the peasantry under the pastoral charge of that devoted priest. Not since the days of "black forty-seven" has there been known such complete and disastrous failure of the potato crop about Myross, Castlehaven, Castletownsend, and Union Hall, as at present. *The entire means of subsistance of the people has disappeared.* This is very terrible even to read of; it is ten thousand times more terrible for those who will have to endure its consequences.

A Tour of Northwestern Ireland with View of Relief Work.

MR. JACKSON, one of the joint secretaries of the British treasury, and Mr. Sankey of the Irish board of works, are making a tour of the northwest of Ireland for the purpose of reporting as to what relief works shall be inaugurated, in order to assist the people in case of famine arising from the failure of the potato crop.

An actual famine seems inevitable. The Queen has given orders for the usual petty relief through the poor laws, but this will be a mere drop in the bucket.

Michael Davitt, who has returned from a visit to the distressed districts, says that matters are closely approaching the dark famine of 1848. In the course of a long letter to the Freeman's Journal, Michael Davitt refers to Ireland's experience in the past in appealing for assistance in feeding her starving people, and the prospect that similar steps will be taken in the near future. "In 1880," writes Mr. Davitt, "we told America and the whole world that we would never again make a similar request, and what has been the result? Long years have gone, and how much has the situation improved? How much better prepared are we to make good our boast to-day than we were then? In point of fact we have done absolutely nothing, but we are still ready to burnish up our everlasting begging-box. The only way to put it forever aside and make Irish famine impossible is to increase the tillage area in the congested districts and enable the people to utilize the acres on acres of mountain and other suitable grazing land from which absolutely no beneficial use is now made. Besides this, there is no other cure for starvation besides emigration. Even should a Parliament be granted Ireland, and a House of Commons again sit in St. Stephen's green, no other or better remedy could be desired. What is needed is more land, and reform in its holding and cultivation."

39 HENRY STREET, DUBLIN, 12 August, 1890.

The letter which you published to-day from Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P., on the subject of the impending distress in the south-west of Ireland, is, I regret to say, only too well justified by the actual facts. Within the past few days I have visited Bantry and the neighborhood, and speaking from a long and intimate acquaintance with the district, I am forced to say that I never saw worse crops and never contemplated so gloomy an outlook. The potato blight is general and its effect has been most disastrous. Briefly stated, the situation is this: The people will be, in many localities, without food before the winter is far advanced, and unless something is done to avert the calamity a famine will be inevitable. Such is my firm conviction, based upon what I saw. J. F. MCCARTHY, J. P.

A late Freeman's Journal says: "From each county comes the official announcement that the blight has shown itself everywhere, and that its calamitous effects are already observable. Of Ulster the best that could be

said is that in Down and Tyrone the tubers will be soft — in other words, inferior; and that in North Derry the prospects of the crop were, a fortnight ago, doubtful, whilst the disease was general. The chance of fine weather, no doubt, had some effect upon these and some of the other reports; but it is now clear that hopes based upon that possibility should be dismissed from the mind of any sensible man. In Donegal the disease is universal, and the crop is very much below the average; in Sligo the condition is bad, especially on the poor, boggy, and light lands; in Mayo, to quote the official statement, "the effect of the blight has been to absolutely and entirely destroy the crop," and it is added that "the tubers will be in many cases absolutely unfit for human food; in Galway the potatoes are bad on the bad land, and the naturally fertile pasture of the county is all under grass; in Clare they are "very seriously affected," and the produce will be much below the average; of Kerry the same remark holds good; in Cork the stalks are withered away and all growth of the tubers stopped; on the seacoast the crop is not expected to be more than a fourth of what it would ordinarily be, and on bad land it is a hopeless failure; in Waterford the disease is seriously general, and on the coast the yield will be bad; a small and unmatured crop is the forecast for Wexford. Thus the island is literally bounded by a chain of counties in all of which the failure of the potato is undeniable. Nor are the inland counties much more fortunate. The Dublin farmers appear to have fared well, and a good account is given of the Tipperary, Queen's County, and Louth crops; but in all the others the ravages of the blight are general and severe.

In his speech at the annual meeting of the British American Association last week, President Wemyss intimated that the association had got through acting as an annex to the Republican party. We (Boston Daily Globe) congratulate the Republican party on this bit of good fortune.

James H. O'Neal and Mary Galligan of Canton, were married on September 4th, at St. John's Church, by Rev. J. P. Bodfish. A reception was held, from 2 until 5 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Rockland avenue. They were the recipients of many handsome presents. They have gone to New York on a wedding trip.

Tercentenary of St. Aloysius.

The Catholics of Italy are preparing to celebrate, in a worthy manner, the tercentenary of the death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and the Pope has addressed a letter of encouragement to the young men's societies intending to take part in the celebration. His Holiness particularly recommends a pilgrimage of Catholic students to the tomb of their patron in Rome. September, 1891, is announced as the probable date of the pilgrimage.

The Marist Fathers.

On invitation of Cardinal Gibbons, the Marist Fathers have entered Maryland for the purpose of establishing a novitiate and of attending to the spiritual needs of the Catholics of Ann Arundel and Calvert Counties. Under the direction of Rev. Joseph Forestier, S. M., late of Boston, they have secured a beautiful estate valued at $80,000, at Dodon, near West River, Ann Arundel County. The mansion is now used as a chapel, and the Marists will soon erect a church and open a novitiate.

Return of the Franciscans.

The *Semaine*, of Montreal, Canada, announces the return there of the sons of St. Francis, after an absence of nearly a century. It is well known that the Franciscans and Jesuits were long under a ban in Canada. Some years ago the Jesuits were allowed to resume their missionary work, and now the same freedom has been conceded to the Franciscans. "How welcome these religious are," says the *Semaine*, "to the country which they were the first to evangelize. The memory of their good deeds always remained amongst the people, and old men still recount edifying incidents in the lives of the ancient Recollects." The Rev. Father Otto, provincial of the Franciscans in France, has been entrusted with the task of re-establishing the order in Montreal.

Boston College.

THE English high school course connected with Boston College, began its second year on the 2d of September. This course was fully mapped out by Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., several years ago, but was not properly initiated until last September. It is intended to offer the advantages of a thorough English education to that class of students who do not intend to follow a profession and consequently do not stand in need of classical training.

For entrance into this department a complete knowledge of grammar and arithmetic will be exacted, that is, such a knowledge as a boy should have on the completion of a grammar school course.

An examination of the course of studies to be pursued in this school will convince any one that it embraces a wider field and will give a more complete training than that now pursued in the English high school of this city. It will cover a period of four years. During the first year grammar and arithmetic will be reviewed ; in addition, the student will be trained in algebra, book-keeping, history, composition, declamation, stenography, and typewriting. During the second year he will study history, book-keeping, geometry, French, rhetoric, composition, and declamation. During the third year, history, trigonometry, analytical geometry, composition, German, rhetoric, and declamation ; and in the fourth year he will occupy himself with logic, metaphysics, ethics, physics, chemistry, calculus, composition, and declamation, after the successful completion of which the degree of S. B. will be conferred. For this department the reverend president has engaged John J. Korman, who finished his studies in Germany, a capable professor of many years experience ; also Peter F. Gartland, a graduate of '82, and John D. Drum, a graduate of '90.

To Fumigate a Room.

THE simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot and pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

DANIEL CONNOLLY, poet and journalist, died in New York, on the 24th of August, aged 54 years. He was a native of Belleck, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland. His great work was "Household Library of Ireland's Poets."

THE Pittsburg Catholic cites the winning, by Agnes O'Connor, a parochial scholar, of a prize offered by the Post-Express of Rochester, N. Y., for the best composition by any scholar in a public or parochial school, as a further proof of the efficiency of the Catholic schools as educational institutions.

A Princely Donation.

J. J. HILL, St. Paul, Minn., President of the Great Northern Railway Company, has given five hundred thousand dollars, for the erection of a great Catholic College at Groveland, the beautiful St. Paul suburb on the curve of the Mississippi River, opposite Fort Snelling. The institution will be devoted entirely to the education of young men for the priesthood. Work on the buildings will be begun next spring, and it is expected that the college will be dedicated in 1891, the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the first Catholic Church in the Northwest. It is also stated that Mr. Hill will also give two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to endow the professorships.

THE Rev. Sidney Benson Thorpe, a nephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has joined the Catholic Church, owing to the effect produced on him by a diligent study of the works of the late Cardinal Newman.

NEWMAN — MANNING: A requiem Mass for the late Cardinal Newman was celebrated in the Brompton Oratory, August 20. Cardinal Manning delivered an address. He said that although it was too soon to measure fully the work of Newman, it was certain that no living man had so changed the religious thought of England. It was the inspiring genius of the tractarian movement that was shaping the Church of England into its present life. But for him, rationalism would now reign supreme in the national religion.

A GOOD-NATURED coachman once saw a tired-looking Jew pedler going along a country road and generously offered him a lift. The pedler was not slow to take it up, and rode with pleasure to the next market town. There he alighted, and in return for his courtesy offered the coachman the pick of his wares as a gift. He, however, declined the offer. "Well, then," insisted the enterprising son of Israel, "if you won't take a present, don't you want to buy something?"

THE British Parliament was prorogued on the 18th of August. Not a word about Ireland.

BISHOP GRANDIN, O. M. I., of the Canadian diocese of St. Albert, has just ordained priest Edward John Cunningham, O. M. I., one of the "half-breed" (half-white, half-Indian) population in which the Northwest Territory abounds. Father Cunningham is the first of his race to be elevated to the priesthood in Canada. A Jesuit Father in the Missouri province was the first "half-breed" priest in the United States.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher—Is your father a Christian? New Pupil—No, ma'am. He is an ice dealer.

RT. REV. W. WIGGER, Bishop of Newark, N. J., says the Church Progress, some time since forwarded to Rome his letters of declination in regard to his unanimous selection as Metropolitan by the bishops and priests of the ecclesiastical province of Milwaukee. From reliable sources we learn that Rome has answered according to his desire, and states that for the present his declination is accepted.

THE average cost of Indian Catholic pupils in the contract schools is $17.90. The average cost of pupils in the government schools is $30.15.

THE German Government has agreed to pay back half the ecclesiastical property confiscated during the *Kulturkampf* and to pay interest on the balance. Another victory for Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party!

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, is fond of *bon mots*, and is a good "bon motter" himself. At a dinner at Mr. Blaine's house, at Mount Desert, recently William Walter Phelps, said in the course of a discussion of the Irish question, "But you must admit, Bishop Ryan, that many practices of the Irish in Ireland to-day are treason." Ah, but treason is reason in Ireland on account of the absent T," retorted the Archbishop.

ONE of Cardinal Newman's latest public acts was to become a member of the Irish Industrial League. Like Cardinal Manning, the illustrious Oratorian was always a great admirer and sincere friend of the Irish people.

ALDERMAN MEANY, of Kilkenny, died suddenly in that city. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the town. All the shops were closed, and both the Corporation meeting and the petty sessions were adjourned.

THE splendid memorial to Cardinal M'Cabe, in Glasnevin Cemetery, executed by Mr. Thos. Farrell, has just been completed. It represents the Cardinal in full pontificals, resting upon an altar, under a fine canopy. The figure is life-size.

REV. MR. MASIE, an American Episcopalian, of Paris, declined to make special mention of Cardinal Newman's death, saying he could never forgive Newman's secession.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

THE Picnic of the Working Boy's Home on the 26th of August, was a success. Probably two thousand dollars will be realized.

THE Daily Colonist (Newfoundland) notes as a curious coincidence that the Burdon torpedo, one of the most terrible engines of naval destruction of modern days, was invented by an Australian watchmaker, while a St. John's watchmaker, Mr. Earle, has invented a remarkably effective machine for saving life called a "distress shell." The officers of the "Bellerophon" have approved it and deemed it "a great acquisition to the marine service." Burdon received $500,000 for his machine. It will be interesting to see what the Admiralty will give Mr. Earle for his.

THERE has been, unavoidably, much feeling among the people of Boston respecting Meyer's History foisted on the schools of that city by the committee having control of the matter, — and that done to outrage the feelings of Catholic people. It is now positively proved that this history is not only anti-Catholic, but anti-American, as well! And a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. H. D. Jenkins, who has recorded himself openly in praise of the accuracy and thoroughness with which the history of the United States is taught in Catholic schools, has this to say to Meyer's History: — "I lately examined scores, if not hundreds of text-books in use in the public schools, and I have no hesitation in saying that, from a Christian standpoint, Meyer's history is the worst. . . . I simply would not permit one of my children to attend a school in which it was used as a text-book."

THE COLORED HARVEST. — This is the name of a sixteen-page illustrated paper. Its purpose is to support St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College — the two nurseries of missionaries to the negro missions. We refer to an advertisement elsewhere giving facts in the work going on for the conversion of the colored people of the United States. Reader, now what have you hitherto done to become a Messenger of Peace, an Angel of Salvation to these unhappy millions, who pass their days and die in alienation of soul from their Supreme Good?

THE London Times pays the following compliment to the memory of Cardinal Newman: "The memory of his pure and noble life, untouched by worldliness and unsoured by any trace of fanaticism will endure; and whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England."

RICH MEN — make to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity, by contributing liberally to the poor. Remember that it is a hard thing for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven unless he gives to the needy.

WE conclude in this issue the interesting articles about Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers. They have been among the most interesting papers which have ever appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Women Clear Out a Saloon.

JAMES PHILLIPS, of Adamsville, Tenn., has been engaged for some years in selling whiskey in violation of the Four Mile law. On Tuesday some twenty-five leading women of the town held a meeting and sent a notice to Phillips to move his whiskey out of town in a haste. He declined to do so. They went to his shop and broke in and found several jugs which they broke and spilled their contents. They notified Phillips that if he renewed the traffic in spirits they would give him a coat of tar and feathers. At last accounts Phillips was preparing to seek more genial climes. The ladies are determined to break up every establishment of the kind in the country.

"I've made my will, Joseph, and it is so well drawn it can't be broken." "I rejoice to hear that, uncle." "I don't know whether you do or not, Joseph. I haven't left you a cent."

DURING the recent Grand Army Convention in Boston, many of the saloons were gorgeously decorated with bunting, and the word "Welcome" used as a motto, which was quite common everywhere, but in this case it evidently had a double meaning and might be continued indefinitely, says Wade's Fibre and Fabric.

Cigarette Smoking.

PHYSICIANS say that cigarette-smoking has largely increased pharyngeal, bronchial, and catarrhal troubles, which are fast laying the seeds of phthisis, filling our hospitals and cemeteries with consumptives faster than an epidemic.

The opening of the new Catholic Church at Herne Bay, England, on June 26, was a remarkable event. The rector of this mission, Father William O'Hagan, C. P., is the first Catholic priest who has resided at Herne Bay since the days of Ridley, of Reformation notoriety. Ridley was parish priest of Herne Bay when he joined Henry VIII., and it was in this parish that the *Te Deum* was first sung in English. The fact that an Irish Catholic missionary now occupies Ridley's place, and that the Catholic ritual has been permanently restored to this historical spot by a son of Ireland, must be interesting and pleasing to Father O'Hagan's countrymen.

O'Brien's Wedding Cake.

HUNDREDS of Irishmen, of Kingston, Ont., were drawn to Maurice Hogan's residence in that city, on June 29, by a novel attraction in the shape of a bit of William O'Brien's wedding cake. A note, containing the compliments of the patriot and Mrs. O'Brien, accompanied the cake. The incident served to recall the manner in which Hogan undoubtedly saved Mr. O'Brien's life during the latter's visit, a few years back, to Kingston. After addressing an audience in the Skating Rink the Irish leader, accompanied by Hogan, stepped out into the street, where a mob of 2,000 infuriated Orangemen awaited the lecturer. At sight of his high-crowned silk hat they shouted, "There he is; there's his plug hat!" and rushed towards him. Quick as a flash Maurice Hogan substituted his own derby for the distinguishing mark of the agitator's hat, and in the confusion dragged him into a near-by back yard, whence the little party emerged only when the streets became deserted. But for Hogan's presence of mind William O'Brien would have been torn to pieces by the infuriated enemies his eloquence had raised against him.

Home Rulers Coming.

THE plans for the Irish-American convention to be held in America are now completed.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien will be accompanied by two other Irish members, and the whole party will be under strict instructions from headquarters.

The method of warfare adopted by the special commission, and the evidence given considering the movements of the Irish delegates and their associates in America have rendered this step necessary.

Changes are to be made in the method of transmitting subscriptions to the central association. It has been customary to send the different sums to one centre in America, and thence to Dublin. In future the central office will be abolished and each branch will forward its subscriptions direct to Dublin.

THE Catholic Columbian:—Twenty-three States were represented at a convention, held in Boston last week, of members of the North American Association for the propagation of Volapük. Possibly some of these speakers of the new language do not know that a priest invented it. For that reason the Persecuting Sons of America may refuse to learn it, even as their predecessors in the practice of the Gospel of Hate declined to adopt the Gregorian Calendar.

CARDINAL MANNING has the reputation of condensing a great deal of good-sense into trite phrases. "It's a poor will that hasn't God Almighty among the heirs," was a recent saying, while the axiom attributed to him, "A priest ought to die without money and without debts," is one that could be advantageously learned by many.

Longfellow in London.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING told Joe Jefferson that on one occasion he and Longfellow were walking together, and, being overtaken by a summer shower, got into a cab. The rain began to beat down heavily, and Longfellow insisted on handing his umbrella out of the window to the driver. Browning told him that he thought it was very kind and thoughtful of him, but quite unnecessary, as it would be harder to find a dry cabman in London than a wet one.

Spicy Paragraphs from Western Watchman.

THE New York Sun says Boyle O'Reilly's prose will outlive that of any other writer in American literature. Boston is in doubt whether he should take rank before or after Emerson. John had always a soft spot in his heart for the Puritans. —— General Alger in his address to the Grand Army of the Republic, said he wanted the badge of the order to be recognized by the law and the public as a patent of American nobility. It is the tin sign of the itinerant beggar. —— Lorimer of the Quininiads, is a hopeless mental wreck, according to latest reports from Chicago. If Luther had taken the pledge at twenty-five we had never known of his famous discovery of the Chained Bible, and Protestantism would never have arisen. If preachers eschewed quinine and like drugs, we would not have so much insane bigotry in the world to-day. Drink keeps thousands out of the Church, and it damns tens of thousands in it. —— The 15th day of August last was the one hundreth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Carroll, in Lullworth Castle. Mrs. James Chambers, of St. Louis, now in her ninety-second year, was a penitent of Bishop, afterwards Archbishop Carroll, for many years in Baltimore.

A Yank met a son of Erin in the street the other day. Saluting him he asked — "Pat, can you tell me the name of yonder street?" "How did you know my name was Pat," asked the Irishman. "I guessed it," said the Yank. "Then, sir," said Pat, "guess the name of that street," and walked on.

THE death of the brilliant John Boyle O'Reilly in his youthful manhood, from the use of chloral to produce sleep, is a warning against a similar use of that drug. It is best to induce sleep by devoting a few hours at the decline of day to an absolute rest from severe mental labor, the predisposing cause of almost every case of *insomnia*, says the Pittsburg Catholic.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, speaking on the "Aristocracy of the Dollar," says: "The worst danger of the aristocracy of the dollar is not in its immediate power, but in the fact that after a little time has passed it confounds all social distinctions. Pope Urban was a cobbler in his early youth, and took a cobbler's tools for his coat of arms, but I lived in Newport for twelve years, and never saw on a single carriage a recognition of the fact that its owner didn't inherit his wealth from seven generations of crowned heads."

TWO DAYS NEARER EUROPE.—Our readers must have noticed an advertisement in our MAGAZINE — TERMINAL CITY. The president in Boston is GEORGE B. NICHOLS, a merchant of high standing in the community. Some of the most influential citizens of Canada are largely interested in this great project. We refer to the advertisement elsewhere in this MAGAZINE.

LABOR DAY was observed in Boston on the 1st of September. The day was fine, and those participating turned out in large numbers. Boston might well be proud of her sons of toil. And so she was.

BOSTON COLLEGE never had such a rush for admission as the one just opened. The number of students already amounts to four hundred.

THE MEMORIAL MEETING, in memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, at the Tremont Temple, on the evening of the 2d of September, was a grand success in every particular.

MISS FROSTIQUE — I broke my mirror the other day and I can't see myself when dressing. Miss Caustique — How thankful you should be.

Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

THE twenty-third annual re-union of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers was held at the Point of Pines, Revere Beach, on Thursday, Aug. 28, 1890.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Daniel G. MacNamara; vice-president, G. W. Dutton; secretary, Sergt. Lawrence Cunningham; treasurer, Col. P. J. Hanley; executive committee, Company A, Daniel Sullivan; Company B, Michael O'Brien; Company C, John H. Walston; Company D, M. E. Powers; Company E, John Devers; Company F, Joseph Murphy; Company G, John M. Tobin; Company H, Patrick McCarthy; Company K, John Gearty.

The company sat down to dinner at 2.30. Among the guests were Mayor Hart and Patrick Donahoe, who sat at the head table, together with Col. P. T. Hanley, Judge W. W. Dwyer, Capt. William English, ex-Alderman John C. Short, Major Maxwell, Capt. John J. Coffey, and Major Dutton.

Letters were received from Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gov. Brackett, Collector Beard, Postmaster John M. Corse, Col. Charles H. Taylor, Gen. William Cogswell, Alderman Folsom, Gen. John G. Lynch, Hon. Patrick Maguire, Regimental Surgeon Peter Pineo, John H. Holmes, and Charles B. Rohan.

Among the officers of the old regiment present were: Col. P. T. Hanley, Major Dutton, Col. Rowell, Capt. O'Leary, Capt. O'Brien, Capt. Walsh, Capt. McGonnigle, Lieut. Lee of Rowley, N. S., Lieut. McNamara, and Bandmaster O'Connor.

After dinner, President Major Daniel J. MacNamara delivered an address on the experiences of the regiment, tracing its career from start to finish. He was followed, in brief remarks, by Mayor Hart, John C. Short, and Patrick Donahoe. Comrade Maxwell sang, and there was an original song by Michael Curley, "The Ninth."

"Do you know anything new for a birthday present for my husband?" "Oh, yes; tell him to-day that your dressmaker's bill is fifteen pounds, and then on his birthday tell him that it was only five pounds. You have no idea how he will enjoy it."

TOM CORWIN had an enormous mouth, which, when it opened, was as huge in its way as an alligator's. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture-room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'"

Boyle O'Reilly's Last Poem.

Poets should not reason;
Let them sing!
Arguments are treason —
Bells should ring.

Statements none, nor questions;
Gnomic words,
Spirit cries, suggestions,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
Who must preach;
He may praise instruction
Who must teach.

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing,
For no pelf;
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austerely
Let him build;
Nor the surface merely
Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited,
Like a spring,
Opal words, inlighted,
Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
Song must grow;
As the stream flows onward
Song must flow.

Useless? Aye — for measure;
Roses die.
But their breath gives pleasure —
God knows why!

SURGEON T. H. PARKE, the Roscommon doctor who pulled Stanley through his African campaign, has been appointed to the Second Life Guards.

CARDINAL MANNING has a happy knack of saying a good deal in a small compass. Here is an admirable illustration: Bear in mind these three things: First, that the Author and Founder of the devotion to the Mother of God is Jesus Himself. Secondly, that the chief promoters of it were the apostles and disciples of our Lord. Thirdly, that in nothing do we go beyond them.

Total Abstinence Parade.

A quarterly meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence unions of the archdiocese of Boston, was held in Salem to prepare for the parade on the 10th of October. Thirty-eight societies were represented by 125 delegates. It was the first convention of the unions ever held in Essex County. President C. J. Fay, of Boston, spoke briefly of the interest in the meeting, and congratulated the delegates on the large attendance and the good progress being made in the temperance cause. Rev. Fr. Halley, of Salem, extended a hearty welcome to the convention, alluding to the growth of the order and the influence it was exerting on the community. It was decided that the march should be over a route not to exceed four miles in length. The president and secretary were directed to prepare a list of twelve speakers to attend the temperance rallies during the coming three months. The board of government was instructed to prepare a bill for consideration at the next convention, with a view to its presentation to the Legislature, prohibiting the granting to women of licenses to sell liquor. The convention adjourned to meet in Brockton on the first Sunday of December.

TRAMP — Say, mum, your dog bit me. Lady — Well, never mind, I'll wash his mouth.

THE transfer of the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C. SS. R., from the Mission Church, Boston, to a professorship in the Redemptorist House of Studies, Ilchester, Md., is a subject of sincere regret to Boston Catholics. Father Currier, during his few years' residence here, won many admirers for his brilliant talents, and hosts of friends through his kindliness of heart and fidelity to duty. He is one of the most promising preachers among the American Redemptorists. The great work to whose accomplishment he so largely contributed, was the establishment of the Carmelite Monastery in Boston. His work in commemoration of the centenary of the Carmelite Nuns in Baltimore, "Carmel in America," is receiving praise from the most critical publications. Father Currier is teacher of philosophy at Ilchester. He carries with him to his new charge the best wishes of his Boston friends.

MRS. GILMORE, wife of the famous band-master, arranges most of the music for the band, and in many ways assists her husband in his professional work. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore have an only daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, with fine dark eyes, and hair artistically arranged over a pretty forehead, and tied in a knot behind. The mother and daughter travel with Mr. Gilmore most of the time.

THE faculty and officers of Boston College for 1890–91 are announced as follows: The Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president, prefect of schools, first catechist, elocution; the Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., treasurer; the Rev. John A. Buckley, S. J., rhetoric; the Rev. Michael J. Hughes, S. J., second rudiments; the Rev. A. Mandelari, S. J., logic, metaphysics, ethics; A. A. Ulrich, S. J., physics, chemistry, astronomy; A. J. Mallan, S. J., humanities, first French; James J. O'Connor, S. J., first grammar, second mathematics, third French; Charles B. Macksey, S. J., second grammar, third mathematics, second French; H. J. Casten, S. J., third grammar, first mathematics, fourth French; L. E. French, S. J., first rudiments, first algebra; Thomas I. Cryan, S. J., first rudiments, second algebra; John J. Korman, English, German; James McHugh, stenography; Peter Gartland and John D. Drum, English; L. E. Ryan, S. J., and E. P. Lamb, S. J., prefects of discipline. Attached to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Revs. A. Langcake, S. J.; M. Byrnes, S. J.; and James A. Doonan, S. J.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

D. P. Murphy, Jr., New York.

"A Retrospect on Events Which Made Possible the Late Baltimore Convention, and a Complement to the Same," by Rev. E. A. M., is a remarkable pamphlet, of thirty pages, one principal object of which seems to be to bring out and show to the world the important part which the Hon. Henry Waterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, had in stemming the tide of anti-Catholic fanaticism in the region around the Falls of Ohio, and, owing to his widespread influence after the war, in other parts of the country. The manner in which he squelched the notorious Col. Bob Ingersoll, who came to Jeffersonville, Ind., opposite Louisville, to stir up strife, by delivering his blasphemous lectures against Christianity, is told in a graphic and interesting manner, as also the important service rendered by Mr. Waterson in the interest of peace and reconciliation, by inviting General Grant to Louisville, thus taking the wind out of the sails of the political, and, indirectly, the religious agitators. For there was a time when even Grant gave forth an utterance, out West, which was understood at the time as an indication that the next campaign was to be run on the anti-Catholic line. Whatever truth there may be in the showing of the author of this pamphlet, and we see no reason to discredit it, the pamphlet itself is certainly interesting reading.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

TURF-FIRE STORIES AND FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND. By Barry O'Connor.

A volume of four hundred pages of short stories of Irish life, illustrated, and well told. Price, $1.25.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

PRINCIPLES OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY. By Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. Second edition. 16mo., cloth. 75 cents.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES; or, First Principles on Education in Catechetical Form. By Rev. James Conway, S. J. 32mo., paper. 15 cents; per 100, $9.00; cloth inked, 25 cents; per 100, $15.00.

This booklet has been prepared at the solicitation of some friends of Catholic education, who desired that the author should reduce to the briefest, most pointed, and most popular form compatible with the subject, the principles announced in the title. It makes no pretensions to completeness; nor, in fact, does it purport anything more than to give a plain answer to a few of the most important questions.

A CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. Letters to a Young Man, by Right Rev. Augustin Egger, D. D., Bishop of St. Gall. Translated from the German, by Miss Ella McMahon. 32mo., paper. 15 cents; per 100, $9.00; cloth, inked, 25 cents; per 100, $15.00.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We learn from the Michigan Catholic that Major H. F. Brownson, of that city, has "recently furnished the translation of the great Italian work, the 'Life of Columbus,' by Francisco Tarducci," and the Catholic has strong words of eulogium for the volume. We have often thought that in an exhaustive life of Christopher Columbus a word of praise should be extended to his connections by marriage the De Perestrellos of Porto Santo. His father-in-law, then Governor of that island, which was the outpost of discovery and European colonization, was himself a distinguished navigator — Di Palestrella we think the name is written in Irving's life — and his sons were also navigators. These De Perestrellos strengthened Columbus in his resolve and gave him much valuable information. The family is still prominent on the island.

MUSIC.

White, Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal:—"Ask a P'liceman," words by E. W. Rogers, music by A. E. Durandeau. "Babylon," Sacred Song, by Michael Watson. "Dream of Home," words by Thomas Moore, music by Morrison M. Alsbury. "As the Hart Panteth," Soprano Solo and Chorus, by C. P. Morrison. "Could I," English version, by Theo Marzials, music by F. Paolo Tosti. "Thursday," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Molloy. "Grandfather's Darling," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music A. H. Behrend.

Instrumental:—"Dear Child," by C. Bohm. "Salutes of Joy," Waltzes, by Johann Strauss. "Schummerlied," by C. Eulenstein, arranged for Violin and Piano, by A. Davenport. "La Rose," by F. Hunter.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

MOST REV. JOHN P. LEAHY, D. D., Bishop of Dromore, Ireland, is dead.

THE RIGHT REV. MARIA BENEDICT, late Abbot of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Ky., died at that institution on Sunday, August 10, of paralysis, after a long illness. Father Benedict had an acquaintance all over the United States, many men of learning having been guests of the institution. Born in France nearly seventy years ago of a distinguished family, Father Benedict in early youth devoted himself to the severest order in the Catholic Church, the Order of La Trappe. In 1852 he was elected Abbot of the monastery in Kentucky, and served until last May, when he was superseded by the Right Rev. Father Edward, who is still in France. Abbot Benedict resigned his position on account of the infirmities of age and illness, and his successor was elected in May and the election confirmed by the authorities in Rome. Father Benedict was a man of great learning, and he made it pleasant for all who visited the monastery. Gethsemane is one of three Trappist abbeys in North America, another being in Iowa, and the third in Canada. The members of the order observe perpetual silence and practise austerities of an unusual character.

CLERGYMEN.

REV. JOS. WEBER, S. J., who not long ago celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, died at St. Louis, Mo., August 16, aged 75 years.

MANY people in this country will regret to hear of the death of the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S. J., of Manchester, England, which is announced. Father Anderdon was a nephew of Cardinal Manning, and was, like his illustrious uncle, an Oxford man and one of the converts of the famous Tractarian movement. He was an accomplished scholar and a graceful writer, and leaves behind him a name of some eminence in English literature. Father Anderdon was at one time connected with the Catholic University in Dublin, and the older *alumni* will remember with kindly feeling the gentle old man whose amiability was proof against the most annoying of youthful pranks. The deceased clergyman was 74 years of age.

THE REV. FATHER JOHN BARRY, pastor of St. Peter's Church, at New Brighton, N. Y., who died on the 20th of August, was one of the leading clergymen of Staten Island. He was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1830. He was graduated from St. Vincent's Seminary, at Cork, in 1850, and shortly afterwards came to America and entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, N. Y. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1854, and was appointed by Archbishop Hughes as assistant priest at the old St. Patrick's Cathedral. He subsequently served as chaplain and rector to the Archbishop. During the celebrated controversy between Archbishop Hughes and Erastus Brooks Father Barry was the bearer of the letters which were written by the Archbishop.

REV. MATTHEW J. MORAN, who had been recently ordained, died at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md., August 12, aged 30 years.

THE REV. FATHER MICHAEL J. McGivney died in Thomaston, Conn., on Thursday, August 14. He was born in Waterbury thirty-eight years ago, and was educated for the priesthood in Canada and Montreal. He was ordained in Baltimore by Archbishop Gibbons on Dec. 25, 1877. For seven years he was curate of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, and it was while there that he conceived the idea of the benevolent Catholic order of the Knights of Columbus. In 1882 the first council was organized. To-day the order numbers 6,000. Last year the order presented to him a purse of $1,000 in recognition of his services. In 1884 he became pastor of St. Thomas's Church, Thomaston, Conn. His illness dated from an attack of the grip last winter. It was followed by pneumonia. The work he had accomplished during his short life had made him one of the best known and most popular priests in Connecticut.

THE REV. MICHAEL BRENNAN, member of the Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul and professor of St. Vincent's College, Los Angelos, Cal., died of typhoid-fever at Baltimore, on August 30.

SISTERS.

MOTHER MONICA of the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, died at Mount St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, recently. She was one of the Pioneers of the Order in this country. Mother Monica was one of the ten Sisters of her Order who saw service in the field and hospital tent during the late war, and while on duty on the United States war steamer Monadnock she had a narrow escape from an exploding shell.

ON July 30, Sister Stanislaus, of the Order of the Good Shepherd, died at the convent of the Order, St. Alban's street, Toronto, Ont. The deceased was known in life before she took the vows, twelve years ago, as Miss Maggie Cunningham, her parents residing in Toronto. Suffering from a bad attack of la grippe last winter, Sister Stanislaus was seized with consumption as a result, the latter disease being the cause of death. The funeral took place from St. Michael's Cathedral, and thence to the cemetery. The coffin was plain, without any inscription or flowers. The pall-bearers were six Sisters, and Vicar-General Laurent sang the funeral Mass and officiated at the grave. The deceased Sister was a devoted Religious, and her death was most edifying.

LAY PEOPLE.

SIR HENRY CONNOR, Chief Justice of Natal, is dead. He was a son of Roderick Connor, of the Lands of Cullenswood, Dublin, formerly one of the four Masters in Chancery, in Ireland, was born in 1817, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating B. A. in 1838. He was called to the Irish bar in 1839, took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1841, and in 1854 was appointed Chief Justice and Judicial Assessor on the Gold Coast, administered the government there from 1854 till 1857. In the latter year he was appointed first puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Natal, and upon two occasions acted as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Cape. He had been Chief Justice of Natal, and as such Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court since 1874, and was senior member of the Executive Council of Natal. He was created an honorary LL.D. by the university in 1878 and received the honor of knighthood in 1880.

BISHOP JOHN J. KEANE, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, wrote the following letter in reply to an invitation to become one of the charter members of the District Society of the Sons of the Revolution: — "I should esteem it a high honor to be eligible to membership in such an association. From my heart I bless the American Revolution and the work effected by it, and all the men who took part in it; and I feel something of envy for those to whom Providence has given the good fortune of being descended from our Revolutionary patriots. But at the time your fathers were winning American independence from British tyranny, my ancestors were smarting under its galling yoke in unfortunate Ireland. This fact, while it makes me all the more devoted to American liberty, deprives me of the privilege of enrolling myself among the descendants of those who won it. I pray that the association may become a strong bond of loving fidelity, binding all its members to the loyal upholding of liberties so dearly won.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

For Your Moulting Hens.

The time when hens shed their feathers is again at hand. It is a very exhausting process. Are you preparing to help them through this trying period? Eggs have not been so high for years at this season as now; they will be still higher. Hens rarely ever lay while moulting, then help them to get their new plumage quickly.

Many people get only five or six dozen eggs a year from a hen, and lose money when they ought to get three times that many and make money rapidly. How? There are about six hundred eggs in the ovaries of a hen; get all you can of them in two years and keep the hen no longer. You thus save two or three years feed of the hen which is no small item if you buy all the food. When a hen is in "condition" says a high poultry authority "she will lay plenty of eggs." Therefore help her through the moulting season, that she may be in condition to lay early, as everything is pointing to higher prices for eggs this fall and winter than ever before. The elements needed by a hen at moulting, in addition to good food, is contained in Sheridan's Condition Powder to a very high degree. Thousands of people have proven it to be worth its weight in gold, when hens are moulting. It keeps them in health, helps form the new plumage, and gets them in condition to lay early. A hen will not lay while moulting. But if you give them during the moulting Sheridan's Condition Powder daily in extra doses, they will get to laying much sooner and lay all winter larger, better, and more vigorous eggs for hatching than pullets. But don't keep them a third year; get all the eggs in two. *Remember Sheridan's Powder is not an egg-food; you can raise or make food as cheaply as any one.* To any person interested, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., on receipt of address and stamp for reply will send a recipe for making a good egg-food. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by the same firm, who are the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder. For 50 cents they will send two 25-cent packs, five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20 one large 2½ pound can of Powder, postpaid; six cans for $5.00 express prepaid. A copy of the best poultry magazine published, sent free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

MESSRS. LAMSON & HUBBARD'S New Hat factory and store, cor. of Kingston, and Bedford Streets, is a credit to themselves, and an ornament to the city.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complexion." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

A Truly Munificent Gift.

THE fact that we have wealthy as well as patriotic Irishmen in the National ranks was well attested by the remarkable announcement made at the Central Branch of the Irish National League, when Mr. Vincent Scully announced that he had set aside a tithe of his income, to be paid annually, until the attainment of Home Rule, to the funds of that organization. It is understood that the sum thus set apart will amount to at least £600 a year. There is something in a deed like this to stir the heart, says the Dublin Irish Catholic.

Dillon and O'Brien Not to Affiliate with the Clan-na-Gael.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9, 1890. As the time approaches for the departure of the Irish apostles, John Dillon and William O'Brien, for America, the popular interest in their mission increases. Their organs state in advance that they will neither be received, nor their movements engineered by the "physical force gang," but that they will keep entirely away from such affiliations. They intend to stand entirely alone, and have no desire to be identified with the Clan-na-Gael, nor to be held accountable for the actions of its fanatical adherents. On this point they desire that there shall be no misunderstanding.

THE MONTH, for August, is published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

CATARRH,
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1890. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

"Lord Baltimore's Colony:" A Rechauffe.

IN the July issue of the Magazine of Christian Literature there is an article on "Lord Baltimore's Colony," by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, an Episcopalian minister. It is one of the most singular that it has been our task to read. It is admitted, to begin with, that Lord Baltimore obtained the charter, that full religious liberty was granted to all Christians, and that the founders of the colony were Catholics. After narrating how Fathers White and Altham landed with the colonists at St. Mary's, and there celebrated Mass, Dr. McConnell quotes Bancroft: "There religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world." Hereupon he adds:

"This last declaration has been so often made, that in the interest of common justice it should be qualified and supplemented. Things which differ ought to be distinguished. That Roman Catholics should be claimed as the champions of religious liberty in the seventeenth century, seems sufficiently grotesque to the student of history. The simple truth in the premises is this. The Calverts did believe and practise so; the Roman Church did neither the one nor the other."

This is a sweeping assertion. Mr. Lecky, the Protestant historian, declares that Catholics have been less guilty of persecution than Protestants; and that, though Catholics were much the more numerous. The Church has never admitted the principle of toleration because there can be none such; it is only a question of expediency. Protestants proclaim toleration as a principle, but they never carry it out except when they are forced to do so. How they use toleration will be illustrated amply before this paper ends. Meanwhile we quote from Father Ryder's Catholic Controversy, pp. 212–3, his very clear explanation, in order that Catholics, in rebutting the charge of persecution, may not fall into error:

"The real difference lies in this, that the Roman Church has been always careful to prevent, at all costs, the false principle of religious indifferentism being

introduced under the cloak of a sentimental reaction from persecution, however natural and however right. The duty of all men, in regard to the support of what they are *convinced* is true and salutary, and the extinction of what they *know* to be false and mischievous, cannot be less than commensurate with their power; and so in days when government could practically do what it would, its responsibility in this respect was enormous; whereas, to enforce a mere opinion one way or the other would be immoral. The only legitimate qualification of this duty is introduced by the question of expediency, which practically may altogether suspend the legitimate exercise of the power in various spheres and under special conditions. This is admitted by all persons who regard religious truth as an attainable certainty, and are speaking advisedly, as, for instance, Mr. Gladstone, A Chapter of Autobiography, p. 58. This truth the Catholic Church has never lost sight of, and therefore alone, or at least sufficiently alone to contrast sharply with 'other Christian bodies,' she has declined to erect the toleration, which in various degrees she does not hesitate to practise, into a moral principle applicable to all times and circumstances."

We could cite innumerable instances from history where Catholics have applied the practice of toleration, but shall confine ourselves to two, because they come within the seventeenth century and the British Dominions. Half a century after Lord Baltimore's time, Gov. Thomas Dongan, the Catholic representative of a Catholic king in the Colony of New York, incorporated the same religious toleration in the broad and liberal charter of civil liberties which is to this day the foundation of the constitution of New York State. Earl Tyrconnell, when he set up his short-lived government in Ireland, made religious liberty the corner-stone of the constitution and laws. Here, then, in the seventeenth century, and in the only three cases where Catholics had the power in the English-speaking world, we behold them uniformly setting up the same religious freedom, while only perhaps in Rhode Island can we find an instance where Protestants practised the same. Practice is better than preaching.

So much for the general principles announced by Dr. McConnell — his calm assumption that Catholics are naturally persecutors, and Protestants the reverse. Let us return to the Maryland colony. Dr. McConnell embarks in the wildest casuistry without cases to go upon. "The founders," he says, "were of those few in their day who were Catholics rather than Romanists, and Englishmen before either. Such were the Calverts, a noble race, with few contemporaries and fewer descendants." Again: "Their chosen priests were Jesuits, and the Society of Jesus was not in favor at Rome." This was in 1634, recollect — at the very time the Jesuits were banished from Venice because they had taken the part of the Pope in a quarrel between that Republic and Rome. And the Calverts were only half-baked Catholics, were they? for that is what Dr. McConnell and his tribe mean when they say that a man is a "Catholic, but not a Romanist." Why, when Lord Baltimore in 1624 became a Catholic (through the agency of Jesuits sent from Rome direct!) he tendered his resignation as Secretary of State to James I., saying: "I am now a Roman Catholic, so that I must be wanting in my trust or violate my conscience in the discharge of this office." Dr. McConnell should rub his glasses and look into his history books again.

In the next quotation we make, Dr. McConnell draws a very true

picture of "bad Catholics," though they do not owe their badness to the fact that the Church has taught them that there is no divinity in civil government. She has always taught just the contrary, but never the Church of England rule of the "divine right of kings to govern wrong." But let that pass. He says:

"The picture drawn by Mr. Yeo is probably too deeply colored, but there is abundant testimony that that pestilent class had multiplied which has since become the bane of the United States. 'Bad Catholics' have always been the worst of the population, while good ones have been as good as any. . . . In the last days of the seventeenth century they were at large in Maryland. The Roman Catholic Church had almost completely lost its hold on its own children. It was not till a hundred years later that they were able to support their first bishop."

No wonder the lapsed Catholics and the other inhabitants became bad. By the law of 1704, Catholics were thus banned. 1. Catholic bishops and priests were forbidden to say Mass or in any way exercise their ministry. 2. Catholics were deprived of the right of elective franchise, unless they renounced their faith. 3. Catholics were forbidden to teach. 4. Catholics were obliged to support the established (Anglican) Church. 5. Catholics were forced to pay a double tax. 6. It was strongly recommended that "children were to be taken from the pernicious influence of Popish parents." 7. A Catholic child, by becoming a Protestant, could exact his share of property from his parents, "as though they were dead." 8. Catholic immigrants were forbidden to enter Maryland.

So the Catholic Church being banned and barred, the Anglicans set to work to Christianize the people. Dr. McConnell thus describes the first specimen of the clergy they employed:

"John Coode, a politician, a mountebank, a land surveyor, a jack of all trades, had been mixed up with all the broils of the colony, was always to be found at his post after the fight, when the spoil was being gathered. He had been most forward in the petition to have the colonial offices turned over to Protestants, and had secured two or three of them for his share. The duties of one of them called him to England. While there he managed to have himself ordained to the ministry. Upon his return he began at once to officiate. It can readily be imagined how much good he did. His character grew from bad to worse. Without giving up either his sacred or secular office he added to them that of customs officer. At odd times he surveyed a plantation and bowsed all the evening with its owner. He was so drunk once during the service on Sunday that Governor Nicholson, who was in the congregation, led him out and caned him handsomely — and was challenged by him for the indignity. He went up and down the colony preaching on Sunday, and lecturing during the week on 'The Absurdities of Christianity,' a sort of seventeenth-century Ingersoll in spurs and cassock!"

"So many of Coode's sort came," adds the Rev. McConnell, that the Anglican ministry were very much like him up to the time of the Revolution. Is it any wonder that the people were given over to iniquity? What a contrast is this base figure, painted by a brother minister's hand, to that of Father White, who assisted Lord Baltimore in drawing up the great charter of religious liberty, who accompanied the colonists to St. Mary's, and who spent his life at the head of a

band of noble Jesuit missionaries in ministering to the wants of the whites, and in converting and protecting the poor Indians, upon whose heads a price was placed under the Protestant regime.

In conclusion we shall quote Dr. McConnell's approving citation of the words on page 186 of American Commonwealths, Maryland:

"There were three eras of toleration in Maryland. That of the Proprietaries (Catholic) which lasted fifty years. Under it all believers in Christ were (theoretically) equal before the law, and all support to churches and ministers was voluntary.

"That of the Puritans, which lasted six years, and included all but Romanists, Episcopalians, and heretics.

"The Anglican toleration, which lasted eighty years, had glebes and churches for the Establishment, connivance for Dissenters, penal laws for Catholics, and from all forty pounds per poll."

Here we have in contrast the Catholic idea of toleration and the Protestant idea of toleration. Protestants talk a lot about toleration as a principle. What they mean is that, in practice, they will tolerate only those who agree with them, when they have the power to enforce their views. Catholics do not admit that it is a moral principle at all, but hold that in mixed communities it is expedient to practise it. A principle is eternal and immutable. A practice is governed by events and surroundings. When toleration is declared a principle, then religious liberty degenerates into license, and license riots into anarchy, unless the strong power of despotism is interposed. The key of the strange vicissitudes in the career of Protestantism is found herein. It was inevitable, from their proclamation of private judgment and unlimited toleration, that it should swing, as it has done, perpetually between tyranny and anarchy. It lacks the balance wheel of Catholic authority.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

The Mysterious Number Forty.

AT Easter, holy Church, our Mother, brings before our minds the severe and mysterious number forty, that number which, as St. Jerome says, is always filled with self-denial and with penance.

When the race became corrupt, God wiped out the sin of man by the rain of forty days and forty nights upon the world, but after forty days Noah opened a window in the ark and found the water gone from the earth. When the Hebrews were called from the land of Egypt, for forty years they fasted on manna, wandering in the desert, before they came to the promised land. When Moses went up the Mount of Sinai, for forty days and nights he fasted from food before he received the law graven on tablets of stone. When Elias came near to Gor, on Horeb, for forty days and nights he fasted. Thus these two, the greatest men of old, whom the hand of the Lord had raised up to his mighty will, Moses on Mount Sinai, Elias on Mount Horeb, what do they figure but the law and the prophecy of the Old Testament pointing to the fast of forty days and nights of our Lord in the desert. Like shadowy forms they prefigured the Son of God, who first established Lent when the Christians, His disciples, fast, following the example of our Master, when they keep the Lenten services of the Church.

Lovely Ireland Far Away.

FOREVER dear to me must be
My little isle beyond the sea;
Her leek green fields and sunny strand
Her vales and streams by soft winds fann'd.
In evening's gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

Before the wrinkles seared my brow,
One Sabbath eve I made a vow,—
Where'er I wandered over earth,
To love the land that gave me birth.
In evening's gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

America, home of the free,
A loyal heart I keep for thee;
But yet, at times, I long to see
My fairy haunts of infancy.
In evening's gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

I often watch the ocean wave
Roll free, my Irish coast to lave,
And wish that it might waft me there, —
No other clime is half so fair.
In evening's gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

Accept, my dear land, thy exile's prayer:
May thy approaching years be fair;
May Freedom, Love, and Poesie
A living wreath entwine for thee.
In evening's gleam,
I sit and dream
Of lovely Ireland far away.

June, 1890. M. W. CASEY.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan, second son of the late patriotic and eloquent A. M. Sullivan, has been awarded the silver medal of the Law Students' Debating Society for oratory. Mr. Sullivan has already given evidence that he possesses much of the talent of his gifted and lamented father.

Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers.

PART VI.

In the summer of 1836, we find Dr. Fleming in London endeavoring to procure a site for his Cathedral. Daniel O'Connell wrote under date of August 3, 1836, introducing him to Lord Glenelg, who at that time managed colonial affairs under the Secretary of War.* O'Connell strongly urged the official to give the bishop a patient hearing, as no man living could give him a more comprehensive statement on the condition of the colony. O'Connell and those who acted with him were at all times eager to do all in their power to assist the bishop. Dr. Fleming had memorialized the British Government in 1834 for a small annual allowance to defray the expense of his bark *Madonna;* but this was absolutely refused. At the same time he made application for a grant of eight acres of land (which had been formerly occupied for military purposes) as a site for church and schools. Not until 1838 did he succeed in getting a clear title, and then only after the most unremitting labor. Every tactic of the old-time bigotry was interposed to obstruct his efforts to obtain a place where his people might worship their Creator. He crossed the Atlantic several times, — and there were no ocean greyhounds then,— but his zeal was eventually rewarded. All this time the Catholics of St. John's were worshipping in a rude and tottering shed for which an enormous rent was paid, and which was altogether too small to accommodate the people who thronged around its door on Sundays, and were compelled to kneel in the mud in summer, or in the snow in winter, while they shivered under the pitiless blast. As already stated, he went to Rome in 1837, and while there received a letter from Anthony Lynch, M.P., for Galway, announcing that Her Majesty's Government had at last conceded him the old-time woodyard of Fort Townsend for church purposes. Having at length achieved the object so dear to his heart, he instantly entered into communication with leading European architects in order to procure suitable designs for the new edifice. This detained him in Europe till the autumn of 1838. His arrival in St. John's was a source of great joy to his faithful people for whom he had struggled so untiringly. The first thing to be done was to have the plot fenced before any legal chicanery could make further trouble. This was a labor of love, and men, women, and children gladly participated in the work.

The Church was now steadily extending its influence and increasing its efforts to bring the truths of religion home to every individual. Dr. Fleming, writing to the president of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Paris, says: . . . "Thus, whilst during half a century, only nineteen priests exercised the ministry in Newfoundland, I have brought twenty-two into the country during the short period which has elapsed since 1829." † . . .

* Up to 1801 the business of the colonies was carried on at the Home Office; but in that year it was transferred to the Secretary of War, and so continued till 1854, when the offices were divided, and Sir George Grey became first Secretary of State for the Colonies.—Whittaker's Almanac, 1889, p. 154. † Life of Nano Nagle, p. 296.

Preparations were now rapidly pushed forward for the building of the Cathedral. For three years materials were assiduously collected from all quarters. Limestone from Galway, granite from Dublin, brick from Hamburg, and sandstone from Kelly's Island (Conception Bay), the latter being generally brought by men who had not gold or silver, but were endowed with strong arms and hearts that were filled with zeal for the glory of God's house. Dr. Fleming threw himself without reserve into this great work. In 1840, he was again on the ocean in the interest of the Cathedral. Finally on the 20th of May, 1841, the foundation-stone was laid with all possible solemnity. There was, of course, a procession, and it is rather startling to modern democratic eyes to read that the painting of the Blessed Virgin was preceded by a banner with "a figure of the Queen," while that most gracious personage was in turn preceded by a figure of Daniel O'Connell,—a far greater man than nine-tenths of all the monarchs in history, not to speak of any individual of them. There was, of course, great enthusiasm, and the collection there taken amounted to the magnificent sum of eleven thousand dollars. The work of building was urged forward so vigorously that nine years later Dr. Fleming had the consolation of celebrating the first Mass in it.

In June, 1842, O'Connell wrote Dr. Fleming anent a project of Lord Stanley to amend the Constitution of Newfoundland. O'Connell looked upon it as a project to "transfer all power to the aristocracy or monopoly party." Deeply as he was absorbed in the repeal agitation, he did not neglect the welfare of the remnant of his people in Terra Nova. He, therefore, promised the bishop that he would offer all possible resistance to the passage of Stanley's bill, in order to delay it till the popular party in St. John's could be heard from. It appears that his opposition was ineffectual, for in Rev. Mr. Harvey's history it is stated (p. 89) that this amendment "consisted of the abolition of the council as a distinct branch of the legislature, and in authorizing its members to sit and vote in the House of Assembly, where they constituted two-fifths of the whole. This arrangement lasted till 1849, *when the Constitution was restored.*" The final words, which I have italicized, are significant, as justifying O'Connell's obstruction.

Bonnycastle's History of Newfoundland, published in 1842, says:

"Near one-half of the people are Irish; so much so, indeed, as considering the verdure of the earth, the absence of reptiles, the salubrity of the air, and the peculiar adaptation of the soil to the growth of the potato, to tempt one very often to call it '*Trans-Atlantic Ireland.*'" This year was also memorable for the arrival of the Sisters of Mercy, of whom an account will be given elsewhere. The Rev. William Forristal, known to the present generation as Archdeacon Forristal, landed in St. John's in 1844. After a short stay there, he was appointed to Placentia. Afterwards he was actively employed in the founding of St. Bonaventure's College (1855), and thence went to Ferryland. For many years he has been Administrator of the Cathedral, and, in 1884, he was appointed Archdeacon and Vicar-general of the diocese. He still stands erect and stately as the forest oak, although the snows of over seventy winters are clustered on his head. In 1845, the population had grown to 98,703. In a letter written by Bishop Fleming, in March, 1846, to Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Galway, he says, "In this colony, my lord, our population being drawn from all

parts of Ireland, particularly of the seaboard, and so many of your subjects reside amongst us, that I have some title to claim spiritual kindred with your lordship."* . . . At that time the race of gallant Claddagh boatmen was not unknown to Terra Nova. We Newfoundlanders have good reason to curse the Irish famine of 1846–7,—yes, and the famine-makers as well. Before that time (as all the foregoing pages demonstrate) we received a large share of the exiled Irish. But when the huge rush set in for Continental America, its superior attraction overpowered all the tributary rills and left their channels dry. And in this sense, as well as many others, the effects of this cataclysm are still writ large on history. With the quiet and steady emigration of previous years still going, the difference would be enormous.

On the 9th June, 1846, a terrible disaster befell St. John's. Three-fourths of the city was destroyed by fire. Nearly all the public buildings were swallowed up by the insatiable flames, and twelve thousand people were rendered homeless. Dr. Fleming lost heavily by the fire but although over $160,000 had been sent from England for the relief of the sufferers, he could not obtain the least assistance from those who managed the fund. Still more suffering was in store for this people. On the 19th September following, a terrific storm swept over the island. Tidal waves swept away wharves, houses, boats, and even the fish placed upon elevated beaches did not escape. Numbers of lives were lost, and every one suffered financially. That year is still known as "the year of the fire" or "the year of the gale." In 1847, the people of St. John's, though scarcely recovered from the disasters of the previous season, subscribed $4,450 for the relief of their kinsmen starving in the land beyond the sea. In July, 1847, Sir George Grey, Home Secretary, wrote to Governor Le Marchant that the House of Commons had voted £300 as remuneration to Dr. Fleming for the year ending 31st March, 1848. The Parliament building, which also contains the departmental offices, was begun in this year, and completed in 1850. It cost $100,000, and is built of white limestone imported from Cork. If the stones have ears, I doubt not but they are often charmed with Hibernicisms worthy of Sir Boyle Roche himself. † In 1847 also, Dr. Fleming procured from Galway some Franciscan brothers. They taught school with great success till 1853, in which year they returned to Ireland. Still another memorable event for 1847. Dr. Fleming grew very feeble, having received a great shock at the time of the fire which swept away so many of the institutions raised by his untiring labor. He besought the Holy See to appoint him a coadjutor. This auxiliary was given him in the person of Father John Thomas Mullock, O. S. F., who was consecrated in Rome on the 27th of December, 1847, and arrived in St. John's in May, 1848. The glories of his episcopate thence till his death on the 29th of March, 1869, have yet to be told by a competent person, having access to complete information.‡ Only a few of the most salient inci-

* Life of Nano Nagle, p. 307.

† But the debates are not always couched in jest. In the session of 1889, Mr. Bond (a Protestant member), while debating a railway contract, quoted from Cardinal Newman's Essays, Historical and Critical, a description of a "safe man." In any other provincial legislature of B. N. A., a quotation from Cardinal Newman would be very unlikely.

‡ I believe it is Dr. Howley's intention ere long to publish a volume (in continuation of his Ecclesiastical History) which will deal particularly with the Episcopate of Dr. Mullock. His sister, the late Mother DePazzi, of the Presentation Order, died at St. John's 6th December, 1889, in the sixtieth year of her age. She had resided in Newfoundland since 1842.

dents can be noticed here. Coincident with Dr. Mullock's appointment, Newfoundland was erected into a diocese. It was proposed to include it in the Archdiocese of Quebec. To this Dr. Fleming was strongly opposed, urging the distance which separated Newfoundland from Quebec. He was vigorously seconded by Dr. Mullock, who took the broad ground that in the near future Terra Nova itself should become an archdiocese. They carried their point, and at the present moment the two bishops of Newfoundland are each "subject directly to the Holy See." Dr. Mullock built the present Episcopal residence ("the Palace" they call it in St. John's, although the greatest prelate of our times modestly dates his letters from *Archbishop's House, Westminster*), St. Bonaventure's College (1855), with accommodation for over one hundred boarders, exclusive of the day schools, Presentation Convent and schools, and the Mercy Convent at a total cost of five hundred thousand dollars. He attended to the repairing and rebuilding of churches, introduced priests, supplied extensive parishes with assistant clergymen, and was particularly devoted to the extension of education. He was a great man in public as well as ecclesiastical affairs, a statesman as well as a bishop. He is believed to have been the first person who suggested the feasibility of a Trans-Atlantic telegraph cable. He was a great advocate for the development of Terra Nova, and waged unrelenting war against the dogs which surround the rude houses of the fishermen, — often their companions as well as their helpers. Meanwhile he labored incessantly to complete the cathedral,— a duty bequeathed him by Doctor Fleming, who died 14th July, 1850. As the fabric now stands, its dimensions are: Length, two hundred and forty-seven feet; breadth of transept, one hundred and eighty-seven feet; height of two front towers, one hundred and fifty feet. Inside the whole appearance is massive and grand. At the intersection of the nave and transept stands the grand high altar, thirty-four feet from the rear of the sanctuary. Above the tabernacle is a triumphal arch or canopy, surmounted by a group of angels holding the Cross aloft at an elevation of fifty feet from the sanctuary floor. In the front of the altar is a glass plate revealing a life-size figure of Christ in the Tomb, chiselled by Hogan, of Dublin, from the purest Carara marble. Around the walls and the numerous patronal altars are large statues of the Evangelists, the Baptist, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, etc., and there are many valuable paintings. The cathedral is, far and away, the most prominent object which greets the eye of the voyager as he enters the harbor. The grand entrance gate bears the statue of St. John the Baptist, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. Elsewhere around the spacious grounds are large statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Patrick, and St. Francis.

In 1854, St. John's was ravaged by Asiatic cholera. It was a hard time for priests and people, but they pulled through as in many another difficulty.

The 29th of September, 1855, was a great day for Catholics in Terra Nova. On that day the seal of consecration was stamped upon

the great work which had caused Doctor Fleming such care and solicitude. Bishop Mullock was the consecrating prelate, assisted by Archbishop Hughes, of New York, Bishops Charbonnell, of Toronto, Connolly, of New Brunswick, and McKinnon, of Arichat. Many priests from Canada, as well as from Newfoundland generally, were in attendance. In the following year Newfoundland was sub-divided into the dioceses of St. John's and of Harbor Grace, — the latter comprising all the northern coast of the island. Upon the recommendation of Archbishop Hughes (who had been strongly impressed with the ability of the young priest), Father John Dalton, nephew of the venerable pastor of Harbor Grace, was appointed first bishop of the new See, being then in his thirty-second year.

In 1857, the British and French Governments entered into a convention for the purpose of settling an old dispute regarding French fishery rights upon the coasts of Newfoundland. This convention was very obnoxious to the Newfoundlanders, and was eventually rescinded on account of the outcry raised by Her Majesty's most loyal subjects. This fishery question is one of the legacies bequeathed to us by British fair-play.

In 1860–61 the dismissal of the Liberal premier, Mr. Kent, by Governor Bannerman, raised political feeling to a painful tension in St. John's. At the ensuing election the popular candidate was defeated by fraudulent means. The sturdy men of St. John's assembled on the day of the opening of Parliament to give effect to their disapproval of political chicanery. On that day,— 13th May, 1861, — the governor passed to the House of Assembly amid the jeers and menaces of a crowd who held liberty more in esteem than indolent acquiescence in foul play. I will at once admit that they were riotous, lawless, and merited all the other choice adjectives with which Toryism denounces men who strive for equal rights.

"They were lawless hinds to the lackeys;" but to those who look behind or beyond the puny present they were heroes, one in spirit with those who, during all time, have striven for fair-play, and set their faces towards the light; who recked not if their lives went out in an effort for equal and indifferent justice. They were a lawless crowd, it may be, but it is from such lawlessness we derive whatever liberty we enjoy. They were riotous, of course; but under changed circumstances there were men there that day as fit and as willing to earn immortality as were *Crispus Attucks* and *his mob* on that memorable 5th March, 1770, when they played the first act in the ever-memorable American Revolution, — an act which struck a cord which shall resound through all time. It is quite possible that they were disorderly and that

> "It was mighty edifying
> Says the Shan Van Vocht,
> To see sticks and stones a-flying
> Says the Shan Van Vocht."

The troops were called out; but this menace had little effect upon a people whom brute force could not bend, though it might break them;

upon a people, who, when aroused, could show that all the manhood of their heroic sires had not been suffocated by the insidious miasma of loyal *blatherskite*. Soldiers arrived and faced them with loaded rifle and shining bayonet, but they flinched not. The Riot Act was read and still they wavered not. By this time, some of the priests had arrived and had almost persuaded them to retire when the fatal word "fire" was heard, and the crash of rifles was followed by the fall of several of the people. Worst of all, the priest,— the peace-maker,— fell, apparently mortally wounded. Then went up a scream of mingled hatred and defiance, such as might well have chilled the hearts of the murderous redcoats; a shout such as their fathers might have given at the walls of the city of Shannon; or that which at Fontenoy concentrated the agony of centuries into that expressive sentence, "*Cuimhnigidh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsannach.*" What might next have happened is not easy to describe. But the people were now thoroughly aroused. More bloodshed was imminent. Sealing guns were being brought and handed round as the popular ranks prepared to have blood for blood. But suddenly a new direction is given to their thoughts. What's that? *The Cathedral bells are chiming!* What does it mean? What can it mean? Each one asked his neighbor as they rushed to the Cathedral and surged through its open doors. On they swept, in their thousands, towards the grand high altar, where the bishop awaited them, his face sad and troubled. When they had clustered in the nave he spoke, beseeching and imploring them to disperse and return to their homes. But for once his words fell on deaf ears and unsympathetic hearts. Little humor were they in that day for preaching. Their hearts were hot with anger, and they listened impatiently. A movement near the door indicates that his words are thrown away, and that they are preparing to leave the Cathedral. Then he resolved to leave the matter with One more powerful than bishops. Opening the tabernacle door he elevated the Sacred Host, commanding them in the name of God to desist from their purpose of revenge. This was an appeal which could not be resisted. The multitude fell on their knees in devout submission. *Once again* Religion had conquered; and men who would boldly face the battle's rude shock became as little children before the Most High. Thus ended an eventful day. The casualties were three deaths and several wounded more or less severely. The wounded priest, Father Jeremiah O'Donnell, happily recovered. He is at present the parish priest of Conception Harbor. J. W. O'R.

It is an indisputable truth that there shall be no mercy, no admission for the proud into heaven, and that it is only the humble who shall have entrance there. Holy Scripture teaches that God resists the proud; that He humbles those who exalt themselves; that it is necessary to *become as little children* to enter into his glory; that those who fail in this resemblance shall be excluded therefrom; finally, that He bestows His graces on the humble, and exalts them alone. — *Le Livre d' Or.*

The End of the World.

THE most popular dates for the end of the world, or what is practically the same thing, the millennium, are the following: 1757, Swedenborg; 1836, Johann Albrecht Bengel; 1843, William Miller of America; 1866, Dr. John Cumming; 1881, Mother Shipton. It was very generally believed in France, Germany, etc., that the end of the world would happen in the thousandth year after Christ; therefore much of the land remained uncultivated, and a general famine ensued. Luckily it was not agreed whether the thousand years should date from the birth or death of Christ, or the desolation would have been much greater. Many charters begin with these words: "As the world is now drawing to its close." Another hypothesis is this: As one day with God equals 1,000 years (Psalms), and God labored in creation six days, therefore the world is to labor for 6,000 years and then to rest. According to this theory, the end of the world ought to occur A. M. 6000, or A. D. 1996, supposing the world to have been created 4004 years before the birth of Christ. This hypothesis, which is widely accepted, is quite safe for another century at least.

Reconciled before Death.

A MAN of considerable note, and at one time one of the worst enemies of Catholicity, says the London Universe, has recently died at Rome. It was Count Carlo Rusconi who played a leading part in the revolutionary movement of 1848–49. When, after the assassination of Count Rossi, the republic had been proclaimed in Rome, and Pio Nono sought shelter at Gaeta, the triumvirs who had placed themselves at the head of the city — Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi — appointed Count Rusconi minister of foreign affairs. In a note addressed to the Catholic powers on May 7, 1849, he declared that the Romans would rather bury themselves under the ruins of their city than allow the Pope to rule over it again. Little more than a month had elapsed from that date when the French, despite Garibaldi's "heroic" defence, took Rome with very little more trouble than it took the English, twenty years later, to possess themselves of Magdala in Abyssinia; and a few months later Pio Nono returned to rule over the Eternal City, without so much as a single Roman burying himself under its ruins. Count Rusconi did not await the arrival of his legitimate sovereign, but fled to England, where he spent many years. When he found his way back to Italy he had become a wiser and a much sadder man. The rest of his life he steered clear of politics, devoting himself entirely to translating Shakespeare into Italian. The most noteworthy feature of his latter career is that prior to his death he made good his reconciliation with the church he had sought to injure, and before dying received the Holy Sacraments.

GEN. SHERMAN was advised by a doctor to "throw physic to the dogs."—"I would, doctor," replied the old veteran, "but there are a number of valuable dogs in the neighborhood and I don't want to kill them."

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER VII.—POPLIN.

A Momentous Marriage.— The Edict of Nantes.— French Refugees.— The Liberties.— Commencement of the Silk Trade.— Mistaken Kindness.— The Rebellion of '98.— Import Duties.— Destitution of the Weavers.— Norwich Poplin.— Possible Origin of the Manufacture.— Meaning of the word "Poplin"— The Jacquard Loom.— Process of Manufacture.— An Interesting Fact.— Aniline Dyes.— A Fitful Patronage.— Want of Courtesy.— A Prosperous Firm.— M. Worth to the Rescue.— Silkworm Cultivation in Ireland.— "Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund."— Exhibits at Olympia.— Anecdote.— "The First Gentleman in Europe."— Regal and Vice-regal Patronage.

In the year 1685, a private marriage took place at Versailles, the consequences of which colored the history of that century and all which followed, affecting the lives, liberties, and fortunes of some hundreds of thousands, and materially influencing the religion, politics, and commerce of our own time. The Jesuit advisers of Louis XIV. consented to perform a marriage between the king and the widow of the witty cripple Scaron, on condition that Madame should use her influence over Louis to obtain the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV. had granted equal civil and religious liberty to all his subjects, Protestant and Catholic alike.

The lady fulfilled her pledge; the results which followed are matters of history. Half a million subjects were driven into exile by the revocation of the edict; and about one hundred and twenty thousand of the French people found a refuge in England. They were of all ranks and conditions — landed gentry, professional men, merchants, students, mechanics, sailors, and craftsmen. In England, at the time, there was no demand for intellectual men: the whole of the new arrivals were, in consequence, obliged to fall to the level of artisans. Previously, all the velvets and satins worn in England had been imported from France, besides paper, ironmongery, cutlery, fine linen, feathers, needles, combs, and many other articles for household consumption. Within six months, England found herself with large manufactories of all these things growing up in her midst. The most important of the branches of industry to which the refugees devoted themselves, was the silk manufacture — satins, brocades, velvets, paduasoys, and black lute-strings, known as "English taffeties." The Tours and Lyons workmen brought over the secret, then but recently discovered, of giving lustre to silk taffety. They set up their looms in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, and soon became a thriving colony.

The manufacture of silk was somewhat advanced in England, when the Revolution of 1688, gave a new turn to events. William of Orange came over to Ireland with a number of Frenchmen in his train, who settled in the country. When the king was established on the throne, he granted them naturalization, guaranteeing them the free use of their religion.

In the centre of the city of Dublin lies an unsavory district, densely populated, with dingy houses, once stately mansions, known as the Earl of Meath's Liberties. This was formerly the city proper, with parliamentary privileges granted to it by successive English sovereigns. Here the French refugees set up their looms and began to work. As early as the 15th century, a fabric had been woven in

Avignon, called *papeline*, which was made of silk, and much esteemed. The exact nature of this material is unknown, but from it sprang the poplin fabric. The work commenced in 1693, two years after William concluded the shameful treaty of Limerick. The Weavers' Hall was erected in the Coomb, at the expense of Mr. Digges La Touche, the warden of the guild. It was in the immediate vicinity of this hall, in a place called Skinner's Alley, that the aldermen of Dublin took refuge, when threatened with pains and penalties by James II. on account of their religion. In this little parliament the traders met to legislate for their trade. The success of the first silk weavers in Dublin induced others to leave England and join them. Street after street sprang up, and, from being one of the poorest quarters of the city, the Liberties became the richest and most prosperous. The names by which the now decayed streets are still known show they were originally bestowed by English settlers. The Coomb, Pimlico, Spitalfields, and other places were called after the corresponding streets in London. Coomb is derived from a Devonshire phrase, meaning a valley or nook; and old maps show the track of a river through the Dublin Coomb. Some have ignorantly supposed it referred to the occupation of combing wool in the district. Old houses, once tenanted by Irish nobility, stand in the Liberties. The character of the residents is now indicated by long poles stretching out from the windows, with unsightly burdens of clothes hanging to dry. In some of those old houses, ceilings, wordwork and chimney-pieces testify to the artistic taste and skill of the workers, as well as the wealth of the owners. Since the revival of fine art and æsthetic culture, speculative dealers have ransacked the old houses, and carried away all the remains of the work done by the French refugees and their descendants, during the one hundred years in which the silk manufacture enriched the City of Dublin. Many modern mansions in London have been decorated with the spoils, the owners all unconscious of their Hibernian origin. In the Foreign Office to-day may be seen one of those old mantle-pieces, bought for a song, polished up and sold to Her Majesty's Government at a fabulous profit. The only surviving taste which remains of the descendants of the old French residents is their love of birds. The same predilection marks the French quarter in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green.

The error of the new settlers in Ireland was that, at the outset of their career, they excluded the native Irish from the benefits of their industry. The silk manufacture, in consequence, became an exotic, deriving its support from artificial patronage. Previous to the establishment of the silk manufacture in Ireland, the woollen trade had been the staple produce of the country. When it was ruined by English jealousy, the silk trade was taken up, fostered, subsidized, and ultimately killed by kindness. The Royal Dublin Society had been for many years instrumental in promoting art and manufacture in Ireland; it also originated the idea of an annual exhibition of pictures, which gave London the idea from which has sprung the Royal Academy. The poplin manufacture was placed under the protection of this soci-

ety, who established a central warehouse in Parliament street. They offered a premium of £10 to all manufacturers who deposited there for sale silk goods made in Ireland. This led, as might be expected, to all kinds of fraud, the same goods being deposited over and over again in the warehouse, and the premium demanded on each occasion. Monopoly created indifference, and the zeal which fosters ingenuity and promotes improvement soon became extinguished. The discrepancies in the accounts returned to Parliament, in order to secure the bounty, proved the utter failure of the monopoly system, and the signal want of sagacity in the representatives of the six companies who ruled the Weavers' Hall. In the year 1775, there were thirty-four hundred looms at work, while the returns of the silk imported into Ireland during the previous three years, could not keep more than one thousand looms at work. Worse still, they report the amount of finished fabric as yearly increasing, while the raw material imported, and the number of weavers employed, sensibly diminished. In 1786, Parliament withdrew its support.

In '98, the Irish Rebellion paralyzed every branch of trade, and when tranquillity was restored, combinations and trades unions impeded further progress. The consequences were, that a number of the weavers left Ireland and went over to England, where, at Macclesfield and other places, their descendants may yet be found. Protection entirely failed as a remedy, for, in 1800, though the government laid a duty of 10 per cent. on the introduction of foreign and British silks, still the trade languished. The heavy import duties levied on raw silk, in order to increase the revenue, completely hindered the expansion of the poplin trade. On foreign orgazine silk the duty was 17*s.* 7 1-2 *d.* per pound, on raw silk from Bengal 4*s.*, and from other places 3*s.* 6*d.* In 1826, Mr. Huskisson reduced this taxation, but the reduction was not sufficient to relieve the manufacturers, and the market was supplied with smuggled silks, a trade which well repaid the risk run by the contraband traders. Up to 1843, the Custom House returns show that out of 484,438 pounds of silk goods shipped from France for England, only 276,256 paid duty. In 1826, with the reduction of the duty on raw silk, the protective duty was also withdrawn, and the workmen, not able to comprehend the altered spirit of the times, refused to meet their employers by modifying their laws, which gave the finishing touch to the tottering edifice. The silk weavers were plunged into destitution, while the caprice of fashion diverted patronage into other channels. Public attention was, from time to time, called to the impoverished condition of the unhappy weavers, which induced the leaders of fashion to advocate, on benevolent and patriotic grounds, the weaving of home-made silk; but this factitious demand only served for a little time to raise hopes in the weavers, which when the exciting cause was forgotten, allowed them to lapse into further indigence.

The origin of the word poplin is exceedingly doubtful, and various theories exist on the subject, which leave something to be desired. Professor Skeat gives 1667, as the date of the first mention of the word

papeline, and imagines it is connected with the word *popelin*, "a little finical darling," or *se popiner*, "to trimme or tricke up himselfe." A writer on the subject, in Notes and Queries, thinks it probable that the word *poplin* had its origin in a place, viz., Poperingen, which was variously written by English writers, as Poppering, Poperin, and Poppeling. This place was certainly once celebrated for its woven stuffs, among which were poplins.

One of the difficulties which have attended the following of the poplin trade through its fluctuations of fortune has been that in all the returns made of trade in Dublin, silk and poplin have been included under the same head, and even in the census returns, no distinction has been made between the weavers of different fabrics. With the commissioners a loom is a loom, whether used for frieze, damask, cambric, silk, or poplin. It is the same with the Custom House returns. Though poplin is included in the returns of the silk trade, it is not all silk, but an ingenious combination of wool and silk, the weft being the finest wool and the warp an equally fine description of silk so woven that each surface, both upper and under, is entirely silk, while the interior of the texture is wool. By this arrangement, the article has all the lustre of silk with much greater softness and fulness of texture. It is when poplin is allowed to fall in folds or drapery that its beauty is most to be seen.

Norwich, as well as Ireland, manufactures poplin; there is, however, a vast difference in the two fabrics. In the Norwich poplin, the woollen thread is so thinly covered with silk that the rich lustre is entirely lacking. The weft or inner thread is, if not entirely cotton, considerably mixed with it, and the warp has the scantiest coating of silk. The first exposure to a damp atmosphere is, therefore, destructive to these imitation poplins, while the Irish make has less to fear. In Irish poplin, "crocking" is an impossibility, for the woollen thread employed, known as Jenappe, is of the finest quality, selected with the greatest care, and having been previously dyed, can shrink to no less dimensions. To reduce this difference of the poplin of the two countries to figures, the number of threads in the narrow dress breadth varies from five thousand to six thousand, while that from the Norwich looms has only thirty-five hundred threads of silk in the same breadth, so that, if the cost be reduced to the purchaser, it is at the expense of the quality of the fabric. Another difference exists in the use of the warps and wefts, producing diverse shades and totally different colors, which may impose on the inexperienced buyer, but, to the artistic eye, has a muddiness of hue that destroys the delicacies of the lights and shades.

The inventor of this marvellously beautiful combination of silk and wool is utterly unknown. I hazard a few conjectures as to its origin which appear the most plausible. When the wool trade was suppressed, in Ireland, by English legislation, an attempt may have been made to utilize the quantities of fine wool which the merchants had on stock, by working it into the fabric permitted by the government, or the manufacture might have been the result of an accident.

Some trader may have grown short of silk, and have supplied the deficiency with worsted.

"The earlier processes of dealing with silk and wool, after they have left the dyer's hands," says a writer in the Irish Textile Journal, "are extremely interesting to witness, but most difficult to describe. The first process is that of winding the hanks or skeins, which looks simple enough, but requires skill; and then the silk is transferred to machines, at each of which twelve women, or silk winders, have to watch the operation of filling eighteen bobbins each — a very delicate operation, considering the spider's-web nature of the threads. The bobbins are then handed over to the weavers, who work on a spacious floor, and at the time of my visit there were about sixty looms going. There were three hundred on the premises, but I was informed that, if the manufacturers were dependent on the home trade, there would not be a dozen at work. At times, almost all are in full working order."

The same writer mentions the following interesting fact concerning the poplin trade in Dublin:

"While," he says, "in various parts of England, any person who, in any way, acquires a little skill, may work at it, the rule is rigidly enforced here that none who have not served a seven years' apprenticeship, or who are not eldest sons of regular tradesmen, may work or will be recognized as weavers. This is arbitrarily enforced, and may have much to do with the high class of work produced."

Poplin is divided into three classes, technically known as single, double, and terry. The first two are similar in appearance, the double only differing from the single in the quantity of silk in the warp. The third is like richly corded silk or terry velvet, but being the same on both sides. The first two qualities are made figured, a pattern in brocade being thrown up. Tartans are made in poplin, and, as the silk is dyed before it is woven, the color is durable, and the pattern the same on both sides. For a long time the poplin weaving, like that of linen and muslin, was carried on in the weavers' homes, an arrangement now altered, every large establishment having a factory of its own, where the material is stored up and issued to the weaver. Some of the workers, however, are still permitted to do their work at home. In the manufacture of figured goods, a wonderful improvement was effected in the year 1800, by the invention of M. Jacquard, of Lyons. He introduced a loom, called after him, which superseded the employment of draw-boys in weaving figured goods.

At present, the silk employed in the manufacture of poplin arrives from China in large bundles, and is dyed in all the most delicate and fashionable shades in Dublin; but, undoubtedly, a great impetus would be given to the poplin trade if the materials used in it were exclusively of home production. The Irish poplins are remarkable, not only for their texture, but the colors have a softness and brilliancy peculiar to themselves. Manufacturers of other fabrics have availed themselves largely of the new aniline dyes, but not with the same result. The brilliant shades of Irish poplin are ascribed to some quality in the

water of Dublin, the same which makes Guinness's stout pre-eminent. Beyond doubt there are few materials so thoroughly becoming to a woman as Irish poplin. It falls in soft, massive folds, and has no disagreeable rustle, but rather that soft *frou-frou* about which the French novelists go into raptures when they describe the gracious movements of their heroines. The brilliant colors of this fabric are as varied and numerous as the tints on a painter's palette, and afford a choice of hues so extended that every complexion may find its becoming color. There are tender spring-like greens for the too florid cheek of the matron, turquoise-blue for the rose bloom of girlhood, delicious French grays and pearl shades for the bride of mature years, or the young bride's mother, and a sliding scale of the rubies, amethysts, and maroons, while for those who wish to exhibit their loyalty or nationality there are colors for every nation. The poplin fabric wears well, outlasts every other material, and in this sense is highly economical. Black poplin is excellent for mourning; the deeper shades are far more intense than those produced in either silk or wool.

Some lawyers' gowns are made of strong silk poplin; the price of this fabric runs from 4*s.* 9*d.* to 11*s.* 6*d.* a yard. A heavy duty was charged on exported poplin, almost prohibitive, while, on the contrary, French silk brought into this country paid only a small duty. The consequences are that the trade is not carried on as extensively as in former times, and during the last forty years it has steadily decreased. The rapid changes of fashion favor the adoption of cheaper and less durable material, as a poplin dress will out last three silk dresses; silk mercers also discourage its sale, and dressmakers who supply their own materials naturally recommend fabrics that will procure them a larger profit. The greatest defect of poplin is characteristic of all mixed fabrics. It has been previously stated that the warp is wool and the weft silk; the combination of the two tissues is consequently more liable, at different rates, to shrink when exposed to moisture. Poplin has also the disadvantage of being more easily marked and stained by rain than silk. The fitful patronage bestowed on this material by the Castle folk and the leaders of fashion has not been continuous enough to build up or sustain the trade. Indeed, so costly a material — in these days of cheap fabrics — is only the luxury of a few, and can never be accepted as a general article of wear. If, however, the trade is to be improved, the only way to achieve this object is by infusing more trained skill into the work; by persistent and extensive advertising, reduction of the duty on poplin entering the United States and Canada, and a national Parliament in Dublin, which would bring the better society into the capital, where the houses of the nobility have been turned into hospitals and grammar schools.

My list of recommendations would be incomplete if I omitted another item in the programme necessary to promote the growth of this particular trade. I mean better business habits and more courtesy on the part of the heads of the poplin firms. Ireland was once distinguished for her chivalrous courtesy. An Irish gentleman was the pink and pattern of gentlemanly decorum; this particular gentleman is now

more likely to be found among the humbler ranks of life, while the shoddy order who take precedence are apt to be oblivious of those graces which constitute good breeding. One of the most painful evidences of the degradation of Ireland is the absence of this quality. The firms engaged in the poplin trade exist only in Dublin; they have dwindled down in numbers, only three remaining. Not more than five hundred hands procure work by this employment. Messrs. Pim, Brothers and Co., of William street, Dublin, and Milk street, London, are about the most successful. When the manufacture was in a moribund condition, this firm went boldly into the wholesale trade, particularly for exportation, giving a new impetus to the industry. Honors have been thickly thrust upon them; a list of their medals gained at exhibitions both at home and abroad furnish sufficient commendation. At present Messrs. Pim and Co. are hopeful, and admit a marked improvement in the trade. This is greatly due to the suitability of poplin for the present simple style of dress, and also to the mark of approval set on the material by that omnipotent ruler of fashion, M. Worth, of Paris, who has lately given large orders. There is no reason why the poplin industry should cease to exist in Ireland, except it be the incompetence of its managers and the dearth of enterprise which, like a malarious fog, is creeping over the country.

"Silk, reeled from cocoons bred near Cork, has been pronounced equal to the best Italian silk," says the report of the Irish Home Industries Association. Ireland, on the testimony of experts, is regarded as a country suitable to the culture of the silk-worm, and with some care and attention it might be made a silk growing country. Some years ago, an association was formed, presided over by the Earl of Bandon, to promote the growth of silk by the rearing of silk-worms in Cork and Kerry. It is earnestly to be hoped that the venture may prosper, as its success would mean the employment of a vast number of gentlewomen, who would be especially fitted for the delicate work. More than six hundred of this class, in every part of Ireland, already find employment, owing to the efforts of the "Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund," started in 1886 by Mrs. Power Lalor. At the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, specimens of raw silk, produced by worms reared in the south of Ireland, were exhibited. The Association above mentioned has imported fine young trees from Orleans; it has also purchased a reeling machine and secured the services of a competent teacher to instruct in reeling cocoons, etc. It is interesting and hopeful to learn that a large Dublin firm has offered to buy all the silk offered to it by the association.

Some years since, the experiment of planting mulberry trees was tried on the Earl of Kingstown's estate, in the county of Cork, with success; only a few of the trees died, and some, in the first years of their transplantation, put forth shoots twenty inches long. Malta, however, was selected as a more favorable field for operation, and so a branch of commerce which might have rivalled the linen trade of the north, if directed with prudence and perseverance, was withdrawn from Ireland.

The poplin trade was at its climax in the beginning of the present century, but has been subject to constant fluctuations; at one time almost killed and, at another, receiving some temporary encouragement from the caprice of royalty and the ladies of the Viceregal court, but never pursuing a steady, prosperous course. That it must appeal to another class than royalty, experience has proved, and this fact is illustrated in the following anecdotes; during a time of great depression in the poplin trade, the silk weavers, who still put their trust in princes, waited on George IV. with a magnificent robe, in the hope of securing his patronage. The "First Gentleman in Europe," with a courtesy worthy of his title, expressed his delight at the present and promised to recommend the manufacture to his court. When the deputation had departed, the king flung the robe to his valet, and washed out the memory of his plebeian petitioners with some *eau-de-cologne*. A deputation which waited, on a more recent occasion, on the Duchess of Marlborough, met with similar success. Her grace promised to foster the use of Irish poplin by her example, and the weavers were, in consequence, jubilant. A new era was about to dawn for them; public excitement was great, and an adventurous citizen "dropped into poetry" on the occasion, representing the duchess as a "New Godiva," on horseback, followed by her ladies, tricked out "in poplin's rainbow wear!" The result of all this rejoicing was that one of the oldest of the Dublin poplin makers failed.

Chapter VIII.—Woollens, next month.

Fancy, Rhyme, and Reason.

ONCE Fancy, Rhyme, and Reason met all three, by chance, together;
When, after some civilities and talk about the weather,
Said Fancy, "When shall we three meet again?"—her thoughts afar then:—
Rhyme answered, "When some poet weaves a wreath in the Muses' garden."
"Perhaps," quoth Reason, "not even then; for, by poetic treason,
Our versers now ofttimes rebel against both Rhyme and Reason."

Now, Fancy took offence at this, and show'd her high displeasure,
"The poet needs *but me*," she said, "to unlock the Muses' treasure.
As for you both, you, Rhyme, at best, to jingle but are able;
And Reason's most poetic work is—*The Multiplication Table.*
'Tis plain that inspiration, then, is mine:—all poets owe it me:—
Moreover, when I talk in prose I speak unmeasured poetry."

To this outburst, Rhyme meekly said, "For me, I ne'er pretended
To any more than ornament your work, and, sometimes, mend it,
And this you know full well; and though you now to scorn expose me,
But for my "jingle," many a time, your verse were very prosy.
As pictures are without a frame, as soldiers out of rank are,
So you, without me, for, they say, that then your verses *blank* are."

Calm Reason, then, "Without my aid Fancy would soon be madness;
A morbid dream; a maniac's rage; a craze of joy or sadness.
But, Fancy is the queen of verse: you, Rhyme, her maid of honor:
And I am her prime minister, to advise and wait upon her.
When, so combined, we chance to meet a poet—if he be one,—
Then, earth holds no more genial three than Fancy, Rhyme, and Reason."

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

The Thunder Storms.

It is probably idle to tell people that there is a thousand times the danger in the sewer pipes that there is in the thunder clouds; but it is true all the same. The deaths by lightning are few indeed. Who of the readers of this paragraph, says the Hartford Courant, ever lost a friend that way? Who of them hasn't lost a score of friends by the less brilliant and less noisy destruction that comes up out of the drains? The trouble with the lightning, or the trouble that it gives the people, is in its indescribable suddenness and its absolute uncertainty. You know neither when it is coming nor where it is going, all you feel certain about is that every storm is pretty sure to leave a number of catastrophes to mark its course. The caprice of the lightning defies the explanations of science, and there is no predicting beyond a few generalities. This much it does seem safe to repeat, even in a lively lightning season, that the increased use of electricity, with the multiplicity of wires, has tended to fewer fatal strokes of lightning in cities.

In the storm, a week or more ago in Hartford, a bolt burst near the Courant building, which shivered a few chimneys hereabout, but evidently lost most of its energy in dancing over telephone and telegraph wires. Moreover, a great deal of electricity undoubtedly works off quietly by such avenues and by lightning rods without a manifest disturbance. But, all in all, it is a subject and an agency that people know comparatively little about. Our thunder storms come majestically along, the lightning plays about in the clouds, and now and then a bolt goes down to the ground or up from the ground to the clouds. But often there are equally severe electric storms when there are no clouds, and when the disturbance is in the earth itself.

British War Ship Blake.

The new war ship Blake, lately launched, it is calculated, will be the fastest war vessel afloat, and, for her class, the strongest fighting ship. Displacement, nine thousand tons; length, three hundred and seventy-five feet; beam, sixty-five feet; draught, twenty-five feet nine inches; twin screws, twenty thousand horse-power; maximum speed, twenty-two knots per hour, or over twenty-five miles. As a ram, at this high velocity and her great weight of nine thousand tons, it is doubtful if any vessel could withstand the shock. The Blake is constructed of steel throughout, has six-inch armored turtle-back steel deck, covering the magazines, torpedo rooms, engines, and boilers. Fuel space, one thousand five hundred tons. She is to carry two nine-inch twenty-two ton breech-loaders, and ten forty-five pounder quick-firing guns, each capable of firing twelve times per minute, worked by two men, and will pierce twelve to fifteen inches of armor plate. Cost, $1,840,000. Such, in brief, is the Blake. She is far faster and stronger for fighting purposes than any of the new American vessels so far ordered, and costs much less.

The Labor Question.

WHAT is called the labor question, which is causing so much agitation throughout the world at the present time, is very simple of solution. It is simply a question of how men shall be induced to act upon the golden rule of reciprocity rather than the rule of selfishness and greed. Take a case: A mining corporation, which, according to the old adage, has no soul, employs a thousand men who spend their lives mostly under ground, deprived of the light of day and doomed to an endless round of drudgery to provide the means of subsistence for themselves and their families. The object of the corporation is to make all the money they can. Hence there is a constant temptation to lower the wages of their employés. These employés are already working on the most inadequate remuneration. They cannot have even the ordinary comforts of life, yet it is for some alleged reason determined to cut down their wages, say ten per cent. The men driven to desperation resolve to strike rather than submit to the reduction. Employers and employed are thus brought face to face in a contest for more profit on one side and for dear life on the other. Perhaps the men propose arbitration, but the corporation refuses. Now what power — what influence shall be brought to bear to induce that corporation to yield?

Or, reverse the case, and suppose the men have by combination compelled the corporation to yield to their just demands, and elated by their success, and encouraged by ambitious and unscrupulous leaders, they are after awhile induced to ask for more pay — more than in reason they ought to ask — and they threaten to strike unless their demand is granted. Suppose they refuse a proposition on the part of their employers to arbitrate, insisting categorically upon the concession demanded. What power can be invoked to induce those men to yield their unjust demand, and be content with fair and reasonable wages? Legislation cannot do it because legislation cannot fix the price of labor, which must vary with the varying circumstances which control the market, nor can legislation reach the hearts and consciences of men.

Manifestly, the obstacle to be overcome on both sides is selfishness — a selfishness which leads to the sacrifice of the rights and interests of others to an inordinate, personal greed. The corporation as such may have no soul; but every member of it has a soul, and every member of the combination among the employés has a soul, and the problem is to reach those souls on both sides, and induce them to do the right, the fair, and the just thing. In other words, unless you have some potent influence that is competent to break down the barriers of selfishness and greed in the souls of these men, and lead them to approach each other in a spirit of mutual concession and mutual forbearance, as brethren entitled to equal rights and privileges according to the mutual relations existing between them, the desired reconciliation between capital and labor can never be accomplished. You may theorize and speculate and exercise your ingenuity till doomsday in

constructing external systems of adjustment, but until you reach the fountain head of the difficulty, as we have indicated it in the souls of men, your schemes will fail, and you will come lamentably short of the goal you are striving to reach.

Now we need not pause or spend our breath to show where alone that beneficent power can be found. Of course, it is in the Christian religion. But when we say the Christian religion we do not mean that fragmentary, disjointed, conglomeration of antagonistic and contradictory bodies called Protestant Churches. It must be a unique body, venerable with age, embodying the combined wisdom of the past, and speaking with a voice of authority. That voice must give no uncertain sound; but the listener must be made to feel that the utterance is the voice of God. Both employers and employed must be convinced that they are the children of a common Father who has made them and placed them in society, and by that very act, as well as by direct revelation, has imposed upon them imperative obligations of mutual kindness, consideration, and charity, and accompanied the fulfilment of those obligations with the most tremendous sanctions.

In one word, it is Christianity, as embodied and developed in the practical working of the Catholic Church, that can alone furnish a complete and efficient antidote to that human selfishness and greed which lie at the bottom of all labor troubles. That alone can permanently reconcile the conflicting interests of labor and capital, and induce employers and employed to recognize each other's rights and privileges, and to live together in peace and quietness under the influence of the golden rule of reciprocity and friendly, fraternal regard.

That this is no utopian theory is abundantly proved by the very general movement in Europe, under the sanction and encouragement of the Holy Father, in favor of those enterprises in which employers in large establishments, whether manufacturing or mining, recognize the obligations of Christian brotherhood, and not only extend to their employés liberal wages, and even a share of the profits of the business, but also encourage them to save their earnings, establishing savings banks, building neat and comfortable cottages, which are sold to them on the most favorable terms and at a mere nominal price. For many years this movement has been going on, especially in France, under the patronage and leadership of that distinguished Christian philanthropist, the Count de Mun, who through the *cercles Œuvres* which are being established throughout France, is doing so much for the reconciliation of labor and capital. That work, though so little known in this country (probably because the Protestant press is more devoted to disparaging than to praising everything Catholic), is becoming more popular and more widely extended every day. Its beneficent influence is attracting the attention of philanthropists and politicans, even outside of France. Count de Mun has introduced the subject into the French parliament, and given it the support of his brilliant eloquence and commanding influence, and were it not for the jealousy of the radical infidel party in power, we might hope the day was not far distant when the *cercles Œuvres* would embrace all the principal corporations in the country.

If employers could only be made to see it, this doctrine of Christian brotherhood, this spirit of reciprocal obligations and reciprocal benefits and privileges, would be vastly more for their interests as well as for the interests of their employés, than the policy of heartless selfishness, so generally prevalent, for they would get better and more honest work, and they would avoid the danger of those disastrous strikes, which are so damaging to the interests of all concerned. It is for the triumph of these principles, that distinguished prelates of the Church, both at home and abroad, are so indefatigably laboring. Cardinal Manning, in England, and Cardinal Gibbons, in this country, are illustrious examples of disinterested benevolence, and are exerting a powerful influence in that direction. The inefficiency of law, and of all the ordinary arrangements for settling disputes and regulating the relations of employers and employed on a satisfactory basis, is becoming daily, more and more manifest. It is being clearly seen that, without a moral power strong enough to arrest attention, to command respect, and to subdue the natural selfishness of the human heart, the work of reconciliation is hopeless. You must reach the hearts of men, and restrain their avarice or the contest will go on to the end of time. This, we are convinced, can only be done through that system which comes to us with the prestige of divine authority, of profound wisdom, and immemorial tradition, and whose special function it is to bind man to God, to redeem him from a grovelling selfishness, to elevate him in the scale of being, and to inspire him with ennobling sentiments of charity and Christian brotherhood. The more this system is examined, the more will it command the respect and homage of men, and the more will they be convinced that it alone furnishes the true solution of the labor question. H. L. R.

Orange Fanaticism in Canada.

THE recent political contest in Ontario and Quebec furnishes a striking practical illustration of the spirit of the no-Popery bigots, especially of that most intense wing of the party, the Orangemen. Their motto is eternal agitation. Their hatred of the Catholic Church is simply satanic, and that is the reason, probably, why they stop not at the most reckless, the most infamous means to accomplish their ends. They charge the Jesuits with teaching the doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means; yet, if there is a body of men in the whole world who act upon that principle, it is the Orangemen.

When the Dominion of Canada was formed, a compromise was made between the province of Quebec, in which the Catholic element predominates, and the province of Ontario, in which Protestants are largely in the majority, by which private, denominational schools were to receive their due proportion of the taxes for the support of those schools. As both parties were equally interested in maintaining the rights of the minorities in the two provinces, and, as the plan adopted was equally satisfactory to both parties, it was supposed that the law

furnished a satisfactory basis for all future action and legislation in regard to the school question. But the restless Orange faction were not satisfied. Even in the Catholic province of Quebec, where they are in a minority, they are not satisfied with having the rights of conscience guaranteed to them, and being placed on a basis of just equality with their Catholic fellow citizens; they want to have it all their own way, and would gladly deprive even the Catholic majority of their rights; while in Protestant Ontario, the government of which has consistently endeavored to adhere to the original compact and do justice to all parties, they are openly and violently accused of favoring Catholics, of currying favor with the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, of being dictated to by them, especially in the selection of candidates for important positions, and of giving Catholics more than their share of the offices.

We have been particularly interested in reading some documents sent to us by Hon. Oliver Mowat, who was last year Premier of Ontario, and fought a good fight in defence of the government of which he was the head. In two or three exhaustive speeches, he showed the perfect groundlessness of the charges that were brought against them, all for political effect. But he laid particular stress upon the objection that the private schools taught the French language either exclusively or in a disproportionate degree. This cry was raised simply because the French are Catholics, and these bigots thought they could thus appeal to the prejudices of the Protestant English speaking community, and in this way gain some votes for their party.

Mr. Mowat, himself a Protestant, though a fair and honorable one, showed conclusively that the charge was groundless. A commission had been appointed to investigate the subject, and they found that there were no schools in which English was not taught; that the French desired that their children should learn English; at the same time, they did not wish them to be ignorant of their mother tongue. Alluding to Superintendent Dr. Ryerson's policy, Mr. Mowat remarks: "No one questions the great ability of Dr. Ryerson, as an educationist, and he had always a council of public instruction, composed of experts and others,—men of ability and learning; and he and they alike, during his thirty years of office, were of the opinion that the best which could be done, if not the only thing which could be done, was to leave this matter in the hands of the rate payers and their trustees, and to await their spontaneous action as to the use of English." And he adds the important fact, one well worthy the consideration of the over-zealous advocates of exclusive English instruction in our schools, both public and private, that: "Under this policy English has gradually become the principal language in all the German schools without any departmental pressure, and progress was taking place in the same direction in the French schools, though more slowly."

This is what we have contended is the proper policy to be pursued with reference to German and French schools in this country. It

was the same fanatical, anti-popery spirit that prompted the efforts, whether in Massachusetts or Wisconsin, to dictate to private schools how they should proceed in reference to the teaching of English in German and French schools. There was no danger but that the children in those schools would learn English fast enough. But these fanatics wanted to interfere in the control of private, especially Catholic, schools. They have an itching to dictate to Catholics what they shall do and what they shall not do, and they would like to embarrass them as much as possible.

It will be well for us to take a lesson from our neighbors across the border. Fortunately, the good sense of the conservative masses has triumphed in both provinces, and the friends of equal justice to all parties have been returned to power. We cannot but hope that the sense of justice and fair play are equally strong on this side, and that in time bigotry and fanaticism will be repressed and kept down, if not entirely banished from our midst. H. L. R.

Sick Calls.

THEY lived by the boundary wall of a demesne at the side of a bridle road. When the summer sun was shining, and you looked up along the acclivity towards the place, it was very calm and inviting; or as you passed in the rich moonlight nights, and saw the majesty of the grand beech trees or chestnuts, and their distant shadows on the lane, it looked romantic.

They were an old couple, very old. The husband was eighty-four and some months, and the woman was not far behind in the scoring. They lived in what was once a strong dwelling-house, but which was old and uncared for now; and they were old and worn too — one of them deaf and the other nearly blind, living on two shillings or 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week, outdoor relief.

It was in the early part of a dark rainy night I was called to the old woman. The kitchen was full of *kippeens* or faggots; the old man hung groping over the fire, and the invalid was in "the room." A neighboring woman got some things ready for me. The bed was wretched, the walls were black and damp, and the rain through the roof dropped and pattered on the floor, so that a piece of a board was laid on the floor for me to stand on. Never a word of complaint from that poor woman; the only thing that troubled her was — "Oh, vo! that the poor priest had to come out in *sich* a night!"

I "prepared" her, gave her Holy Viaticum, anointed her, and when all was over, "Father," she said, "I feel so happy that, if you like, *asthore*, I'll sing you a song."

I asked the woman in attendance to get the poor old couple some nourishment, and left, thanking God for giving such happiness of mind to our poor.

After a time she recovered; but quite recently I was called to the old man. He was religious and pious all his days; and when

he was told that the priest was now come, he began to cry out in his earnestness — "Oh, how can I ever meet God? How can I ever go before God?" It was not despair at all — it was an overwhelming sense of the purity of God; something akin to what drew from the Centurion the cry, memorable ever since — "Lord, I am not worthy that you should enter under my roof." He received the Holy Viaticum calmly and with intense devotion. When he was told about the effects of Extreme Unction, and how it takes away the sins of our eyes and of each of our senses, and when I said to him, "I am going to do that now;" and then as I anointed his eyes, "thank you," he said — and his ears, "thank you" — and his nostrils and lips, "thank you." When I anointed his hands, he raised them hastily to his lips, and kissed them warmly and heartily and then he cried, "Now when I meet God, I can shake hands with Him." And he kissed them again and again, crying out, "Now when I meet my God, I can shake hands with Him.

R. O'K., in Irish Monthly.

America the Church's Future Home.

In a recent audience Pope Leo XIII. spoke in gloomy tones of the future of Europe. He pictured the nations of the Old World as having nearly filled the cup of their iniquity, and the face of an angry God looking with terrible eyes through the storm clouds gathering upon the horizon. The children of the world laugh at these words, call them the utterances of a feeble and impotent old man, a voice from the sepulchre of an institution trampled down in this our modern age. Look around us, they say; is not everything firm and stable as a rock? When was civilization ever so grand, so flourishing, so mighty in the agencies it employs? Indeed, everything looks fair and smooth upon the surface. But so, too, did all seem bright and beautiful on the starry evening when Baltassar sat in his banqueting hall, with his splendid court around him, all drinking costly wines from the vessels that were spoils of the Lord's Temple. Suddenly, however, the fingers as of a man's hand appeared, and wrote upon the walls the words of doom; Cyrus, the Persian, was at the gates, and Babylon, the mighty, fell a prey to the hardy mountaineers.

There is not a little in modern Europe that is similar to the state of things in olden Babylon. In the very elements of greatness we behold the conditions of overthrow. Those enormous armies, amounting in all to some twelve or fifteen million able-bodied men, are not only an enormous tax upon the impoverished masses, but a gigantic drain of the industrial forces. Instead of being engaged in the work of creating, they are destroyers. And they are constantly growing. The old Christian republic of nations, whose quarrels were arbitrated by the Pope, no longer exists. It has been displaced by the jealous fears of a practical atheism. Each power strives to surpass the other in the bulk and discipline of its armaments, and the effectiveness of the weapons it employs; and, of course, the other powers strain every nerve

to keep pace. Every year the military budgets increase, and the annual deficits grow larger. A European statesman has said that a point will sometime be reached when some power will find it cheaper to go to war than remain in this armed neutrality. Russia will probably be the first to take this step. Her Cossacks cost her nothing, the Cossack people furnishing every tenth one of their men without cost to the Czar's treasury, with the proviso that they may plunder as they please. Should the prospect seem good, every man of this nomad nation would be ready to mount horse, and hundreds of thousands of them, in the service of Russia, could be poured into Western Europe. War, when it comes, means a gigantic war. All the powers will be drawn into it one after another, and the smaller states will be knocked over like ninepins. And all are aware, too, that, with the enormous armies and destructive weapons of the present day, such a war must be short and exterminative — a war the savageness of which has never yet been equalled.

Such is the inevitable future of Europe. The weapons of destructive punishment will be found in the very greatness which vaunts itself over God. As Pope Leo has said, it requires no prophet to discern the coming of the awful storm.

The philosopher can view the approaching overturn with calmness. God's providence rules all, and He is now working out another one of those great disposals of the human race which we have already seen in history. Over a century ago Berkeley sang: "The star of Empire westward takes its way." So, too, does the star of religion. It has been noted that those nations which once lost the faith never regained it. So invariable has been this rule that it may be set down as a law. Another law, almost, may be deduced from this extraordinary fact. Beginning at Jerusalem, Catholicity has marched towards the west. Whenever the Church lost a nation behind her she gained one before. When the Mahometan outbreak to the south, the Greek schism to the north, cut off one after another of once great and flourishing patriarchates, she contemporaneously gained France, the countries now known as Austria, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal. Almost at the same time which marked the outbreak of the Pro estant revolt, which robbed her of two great modern nations, and seriously threatened others, America was discovered. Christopher Columbus, her devoted son and champion, planted the Cross on the shores of the New World, and opened up fresh and vast fields for her spiritual energies. This inevitable westward trend of Christianity is all the more remarkable from the fact that men themselves had their eyes forever fixed upon the East. For centuries all the energies of Christendom were employed toward the regaining of Jerusalem. No more splendid and heroic efforts are recorded in the annals of the world than the glorious Crusades. But they were all in vain. The hand of God was guiding the destinies of Christianity in the opposite direction. Some speculators have gone further and have thought that Asia and Africa will receive the Gospel from America.

But, looking only at present possibilities, it seems plain that the

American continents are destined to be the home of the Church; and that, in the not remote future. There are only four nations in Europe, with the exception of the ever-faithful Green Isle and suffering Poland, that have no official voices, that have not organically, through their governments, repudiated the faith — Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. The great preponderance lies on the other side. In the New World Catholics — and good ones, too — form the vast majority of the whole population. Several of our neighbors on the south have fallen under sporadic Masonic influences; but, we are persuaded, these have only been temporary, and of recent years they have shown most excellent Catholic dispositions. They were rather the weaknesses of new and inexperienced nations than the fatal blight of decrepitude we behold in Europe. Canada, on the north, labors under the yoke of foreign domination; but that will not last long, and its heart is sound. In the great Republic, the Church has made marvellous progress, and in future will outdo the past; but, at the same rate, the next century will see us holding the majority in the United States.

Now, in the face of such a grand destiny, God expects us American Catholics to do our part. Courageously, boldly, faithfully must we fulfil the task committed to our hand. In detail, it is explained to us from the pulpit and through the press. Let us all grasp the consciousness of the noble mission God has assigned us, — that of making this New World, on which was first planted His Cross, His chiefest sanctuary on earth.

ABRAM L. BRENT.

The Most Rev. Dr. Croke.

A SPECIAL feature of the Echo, a London Liberal-Unionist paper, is a column entitled "Echo Portrait Gallery," which consists of sketches of distinguished statesmen, authors, historians, artists, etc. The following is the Liberal-Unionist view of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:

Forty years ago, when a young curate in the county of Cork, Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, was a recognized figure in Irish politics. He preached the doctrine of the Land League when Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt were in their nurse's arms. That was in 1849, when famine was striding through the country, and the great clearances of that year were still impending. The outlook for the Irish tenant-farmers, as a class, was gloomy in the extreme; they were unable to discharge their liabilities, and their only prospect of relief was a general reduction of rents. Dr. Croke straightway drew up a plan by which the landlords might be forced to adopt this issue, and submitted it to the country. He would have the solvent tenants on any given estates bind themselves, like honest men, by solemn promise, not to propose for, nor receive, the farm of an ejected or distressed tenant who himself sought, and was refused a reasonable abatement, unless the farm in question be given them on the conditions already proposed to, and refused by, the landlord. The necessary result of this plan would be one of two things — either

the rents would be reduced to the desired equitable level, or the landlords would be constrained to keep extensive tracts of country on their already enfeebled hands. Dr. Croke expressed his conviction that if some such plan were adopted a serious inroad would be thereby made in landlord rule in Ireland, and some share of the Irish tenant farmers might yet hope to live and flourish. The farmers, however, did not hearken to his plan of campaign. What might have been had if they adopted his counsels it is not for the writer to say. Thirty years after, Dr. Croke, as Archbishop of Cashel, was to witness the preaching of a similar crusade by the founders of the Land League.

Nothing daunted, Dr. Croke worked on, and was one of the few sturdy Irish priests who took an active part in the land agitation of the "Fifties," when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with Frederick Lucas and others, set about the making of an "independent," as distinguished from the "place-hunting," Irish Party in the House of Commons. That movement did not long survive. It was deserted by most of those who had created it, and was opposed by the prelates of the Catholic Church. Disgusted at the turn affairs had taken, Dr. Croke said he would never again join any Irish agitation. In a remarkable letter to Sir Charles (then Mr.) Gavan Duffy, when that gentleman was about to throw up his seat in Parliament and leave for Australia, Dr. Croke wrote: "This much, however, I must say, that our party has been long since destroyed, and that there is no room in Ireland for an honest politican. For myself I have determined never to join any Irish agitation, never to sign any petition to government, and never to trust to any one man, or body of men, living in my time, for the recovery of Ireland's independence. All hope with me in Irish affairs is dead and buried. I have ever esteemed you at once the most honest and most gifted of my countrymen, and your departure from Ireland leaves me no hope." That the Archbishop of Cashel is not of the same mind now is well known. To-day he is the most active politician among the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland.

Archbishop Croke is a man of generous instincts, warm-hearted, full of humor, and a capital platform speaker. In these respects he is unlike his brother prelate, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, who is cold, and, in style of speaking, so academic and diffuse as to easily tire an audience. Like the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Croke has been good material for the pen of novelist-politician. Mr. William O'Brien, in his novel When We Were Boys, describes the Archbishop of Cashel as we know him to-day Here is his portrait: "'The doctor' was the half-awesome, half-caressing Irish title of the Very Rev. Marcus O'Harte, D.D., the president of St. Fergal's — a strong-built, massive-headed, precipitous-looking figure, with masses of stormy-clouded wrinkles piled over his eyebrows, in the region to which physiognomists assign quickness of perception and swiftness of action; an upper forehead where the ramparts of the reflective were rounded off, as in all fine Celtic heads, into an imaginative arch; a square mouth, which would be a cruel mouth but for a

twitch of drollery that now and again trembled at its corners; and a wonderful gray eye, which always seemed to pierce you through and through, whether with a sun-ray or a dart of lightning."

The subject of our sketch was born near Mallow, county Cork, and is now in his 67th year. He was educated at the Irish College in Paris, that nursery of many an Irish ecclesiastical politician. Having passed with distinction through the usual course of studies, he was appointed to a professorship in the College of Messin, in Belgium. He soon after proceeded to Rome, entered the Irish College there, and also attended the lectures at the Roman University. His three years' career in the city of the Popes was of much brilliancy; he captured two gold medals, and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. A year after winning these distinctions he was ordained priest, and returned to Ireland. He then entered Carlow College as Professor of Rhetoric, and again went back to his Alma Mater, the Irish College in Paris, where he was engaged in teaching theology. In 1849 he returned to his native diocese, and was attached to the parish of Charleville, county Cork, until 1858, when he was appointed President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. This important position Dr. Croke filled with honor to himself and benefit to his Church for seven years. He was then appointed to the pastoral charge of Doneraile and Chancellor of the diocese of Cloyne. Five years later, in 1870, he was selected by the Roman Pontiff to fill the vacant bishopric of Auckland, New Zealand. He returned to Ireland fifteen years ago on his promotion to the Archiepiscopal See of Cashel, and during that time has played an important part in the affairs of the country. No other member of the Roman Catholic Episcopacy in Ireland is so popular with the people; none other displays less the ecclesiasticism of his high office. He is as sincere a politician as he is an earnest churchman. Archbishop Croke is a stately figure, tall and well proportioned, with a face fresh and handsome. In manner he is frank and genial; and, having been fond of athletics in his prime, he is to-day as vigorous as the youngest ecclesiastic in his diocese. He resides in Thurles, a little market town, with a mediæval air, situated in the heart of Tipperary. There is no mistaking the ecclesiastical centre of the Archdiocese of Cashel, grouped, as it is, with scholastic, religious, and historic buildings. Next to the Archbishop's house is a beautiful Byzantine-Romanesque Cathedral, which has been justly styled the most exquisite gem of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. Immediately opposite is the Diocesan Training College, an imposing building, worthy of a metropolitan city. Dr. Croke is not an admirer of the literature of the day, and he holds rather unorthodox views about books. He does not see much need of, or any great good that can come from, most of our modern publications, excepting always those of a purely scientific, statistical, or matter-of-fact character. The mountain of dissertation, speeches, rhymes, reviews, essays, romances, and so forth, that have seen the light since he became of an age to read them, are not of much value in his eyes. The Archbishop himself has never given any publication to the world, and never troubled the printers beyond writing

an occasional preface for some religious work. Ah yes! we remember, he has once published a poem. He has no patience with those who find everything that is bad in amateur theatricals and in the amusements of the people generally. He rails at those young men who affect the fashionable promenades of town and city, instead of straightening their backs on the athletic field, and on one occasion gave vent to his feelings by turning out a song in which he satirized the "masher," to the tune of Father Prout's "Groves of Blarney." Regarding the study of Irish history, he says he could never bear to read such a cheerless chronicle. He is of opinion that it is infinitely better to make history, even in a small way, than to read or write folios about it.

A Notable Movement in Ireland.

THE July issue of the Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart announces the setting on foot of a new movement which can scarcely fail to result in the effecting of much good, and in aiding in the reformation of many homes, says the Irish Catholic. The Reverend Editor of the Messenger, Father J. A. Cullen, S. J., reminds his readers that "under the auspices of the 'Apostleship of prayer,' the minor branches of the 'Apostleship of Study,' and the 'Apostleship of Total Abstinence,' have been started with marvellous success. Time alone is wanting for their development." He proceeds — "In connection with the 'Apostleship of Total Abstinence,' we have always thought that comfort in homes, especially in those of the poor, is absolutely necessary to the final success of the movement. In that comfort the foremost element, and the most easily secured, is that of *domestic cleanliness*. A dirty home, a dirty wife, and dirty children, are a direct incentive to excessive drinking." How true this is none will be found to gainsay.

The editor of the Messenger states that he has invited attention and suggestions from every quarter of Ireland, to aid him in establishing this new "Apostleship." From observation of natural sanitary laws, conversations, and letters, he has endeavored to draw up an initial plan, which further suggestions and experience will help to improve. The result is the publication of a little code of laws for the guidance of the various branches of the new organization which seems to us so satisfactory and complete in itself as to leave little room for amplification or amendment. They embrace all the relations of the various branches of the new Apostleship, both as regards schools and parishes, and appear to us eminently calculated to serve the useful end for which they have been compiled.

A NEW reporter was sent to investigate a rumor that a well-known citizen had become insane. The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the paper: "There was a report yesterday that something was the matter with Mr. Sander's head. It is as sound as it has always been. There is nothing in it." The reporter's career ended there and then.

smitten on the cheek before the tribunal of Annas.

As the curtain falls shouts are heard in the distance. Annas appears on the balcony of his house, impatiently looking out for his expected victim. Judas enters hurriedly, with a guilty and unquiet air; he pauses before the house of Annas, looks up for a moment, and hears from the old man words of commendation, which must have fallen on his heart as the sentence of his doom, "Thy name shall stand for endless ages at the head of our annals."

Judas passes on, and the shouts of the populace are heard nearer and more violent. Presently Christ is dragged in by a band of soldiers, surrounded by an infuriated rabble. He is at once conducted into the house of Annas, and immediately after appears on the balcony, in the presence of his judge. His bearing is calm and dignified as before; his face still wears the same expression of patient endurance.

The crowd from below make their accusations against him with great uproar and violence. His enemies are determined not to be satisfied; when he is silent he is blamed for not answering; when he answers he is struck on the cheek by a time-serving attendant. In the end, Annas, worn out by his patience, resolves to send him to Caiphas. As he is led away by the soldiers, Peter and John are seen in the distance, still timidly following their Master.

ACT IX.

CHRIST BEFORE CAIPHAS.

TABLEAU I. NABOTH STONED TO DEATH ON THE TESTIMONY OF FALSE WITNESSES. — 3 *Kings* xxi. 8-13. The innocent Naboth is here represented as a figure of our Lord before Caiphas. For, like Him, he was wrongfully accused of blasphemy, and like Him too, he was condemned on the evidence of hired witnesses. He is seen on his knees in the middle of the stage. Round about him the people stand in various attitudes: one, with his arm uplifted, is in the act of throwing a great stone at the innocent victim's head; another is picking up a stone from the ground; others are preparing to lend their aid; others are looking on with approval.

TABLEAU II. THE SUFFERINGS AND PATIENCE OF JOB. — Job is seated on a dunghill, the living picture of human misery and of patient submission. His friends are close by, deriding him for his misfortunes; even his wife is scoffing at him, and seems, with parted lips, on the point of telling him to "Curse God and die."

Christ is now arraigned before Caiphas, who is seen enthroned in the hall of his palace, surrounded by the chief priests and the elders of the people, with the scribes in attendance. Witness after witness comes forward to give evidence against him. But they contradict one another, and seem to agree only in declaring at the end, with great vehemence, "He has blasphemed God, he has deserved death." At length Caiphas adjures him in the name of the living God to say who and what he is. The Saviour answers with serene dignity, "I am Christ, the Son of God." Then the High Priest rends his garments, and exclaims with ill-suppressed delight, "What need have we of any further witnesses? You yourselves have heard the blasphemy. What think ye?" And they all declare with one accord, "He is guilty of death."

As soon as the judgment is passed the Redeemer is led away, and by a change of scene the outer court of the palace is before us. Two maids have kindled a fire, and some of the soldiers are gathered round it, warming themselves and talking over the events of the night. Peter and John come timidly from without towards the entrance of the court; John goes in first, and after a short conference with one of the servants, comes back and brings in Peter. The soldiers make room, and Peter, with a stealthy and suspicious air, takes his place at the fire, which is now burning feebly, and tries to warm himself.

While he is leaning over it, one of the maid-servants comes up behind and scrutinizes him all over, with a look of something more than curiosity. She goes round a little to get a better view; she whispers for a moment to her companion; they exchange significant glances; and at last she comes

up boldly and asks him if *he* too was not "with Jesus of Galilee." This little bit of acting may be noticed as an example of the conscientious care expended even on the most minute parts of the Passion Play. The maid-servant who identifies Peter appears but a few minutes before the audience; she has but a few words to say: and yet her part is performed with as much dramatic skill as if the success of the play depended on it alone.

After the third denial of Peter the cock crows. At the same moment Christ is led out from the inner hall, bound in fetters. He casts a look of mild reproach on Peter, who remembers his master's warning, and turns away from his glance full of shame and sorrow. Just before the scene is brought to a close, Judas, tortured by a guilty conscience, comes to the house of Caiphas to find out how the dreadful affair that he has set in motion is going to end. When he sees his master in bonds, the mockery and the sport of the Roman soldiers, he is filled with remorse, and is heard muttering to himself as the curtain falls. "Accursed be the deed I have done."

ACT X.

DESPAIR OF JUDAS.

TABLEAU. ABEL KILLED BY HIS BROTHER CAIN. — *Gen.* iv. 3–16. In the middle foreground, Cain, with a club in his hand, is standing, conscience-stricken, over the dead body of his murdered brother. The chorus deplores the crime of the murderer, and depicts the tortures of his guilty conscience. Restless and unhappy, he flies from place to place; but he cannot fly from himself. Within his soul the image of his sin is always present as in a mirror; and it is the contemplation of this image that constitutes his ever-enduring anguish. So it is now with Judas,

"Who rushes wildly here and there,
Until at last, in wild despair,
He flings away the life that he no more can bear."

What has been foreshadowed in the tableau, and portrayed in graphic language by the chorus, is now presented to the audience in its vivid reality. On the inner stage the High Court of the Jews is sitting once again in council, confirming the sentence of death pronounced on our Lord by Caiphas. Judas, in an agony of remorse, rushes into the midst of the hall and wants to have the judgment revoked. His vehement expostulations are received with cold indifference by Caiphas and the priests. When he exclaims, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," they scornfully ask him, "What is that to us?" adding that he has had his reward, and that his guilty conscience is his own affair. The miserable man, no longer able to bear the thought of his crime, seizes the money-bag which hangs at his side, flings it violently on the floor at the feet of the High Priest, and rushes headlong from the hall.

A change of scene now brings us to the open country. Judas is there alone. He cannot venture to approach his divine master again; he has been ignominiously spurned by the chief priests; he has no friend to comfort him; he is alone with his guilty conscience, the very picture of despair. As he wanders restlessly about, his wild ravings fall distinctly on the ear, in the perfect stillness that now prevails throughout the audience, and bring out with great force the significance of the gospel saying, that Satan had entered into his soul. Again and again he groans under the torture he is suffering, and repeats the words, "For me there is no hope, no pardon, no redemption." A tree in the distance attracts his notice; he comes nearer to it, glances uneasily upwards, and as the curtain falls he is seen in the act of loosening his girdle to make the fatal noose.

ACT XI.

CHRIST AT THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF PILATE.

TABLEAU. DANIEL CONDEMNED TO BE CAST INTO THE DEN OF LIONS. — *Dan.* xiv. 27–30. The king of Babylon is on his throne. Around are the heathen priests, who accuse Daniel of impiety towards the gods, and demand that sentence of death be passed. The king, who at first had sought to save him from their malice, yields to their wishes when they threaten to destroy himself and his house. He is

seen in the act of handing over Daniel to be cast into the lions' den. This picture is set forth as a figure of Christ before the tribunal of Pilate. He is accused of blasphemy by the Jewish priests, who call for the sentence of death. Pilate for a time resists their clamorous demands; and would save Christ, if he could do so without loss to himself. But when he hears the threat, "If thou settest this man free thou art not Cæsar's friend," he yields, and delivers up Christ to be crucified. The chorus, as usual, explains the figure and adds a moral.

"O Neid, satanisches Gezücht!
Was unternimmst, was wagst du nicht,
Um deinen Groll zu stillen?
Nichts ist dir heilig, nichts zu gut;
Du opferst Alles deiner Wuth
Und deinem bösen Willen.

"Weh dem, den diese Leidenschaft
In Schlangenketten mit sich rafft!
Vor neidischen Gelüsten,
O Brüder! bleibet auf der Hut:
Nie lasset diese Natternbrut
In euren Busen nisten."

"O Envy, born of hell's own brood!
To feed thy hate, thy thirst of blood,
What wilt thou not essay?
Naught will thy rage and malice spare;
Naught is so holy, naught so fair,
But it must be thy prey.

"Ah! woe to them, and bitter curse,
Who in their breasts this serpent nurse,
His chains around them binding!
O brethren, guard your souls with care:
Let not base Envy enter there,
Room in your bosoms finding."

A procession is seen advancing down the streets of Jerusalem. As it comes near we recognize the Saviour in fetters, conducted by a band of soldiers, and followed by a motley crowd of people. Conspicuous in the crowd are the chief priests, the scribes, and the money-changers. Pilate comes out, with his attendants, on the balcony of his house, and looks down with an air of haughty indifference, almost approaching contempt, on the surging multitude below. A conference ensues, in which the calm dignity of the Roman governor is brought out in striking contrast with the wrath and fury of the Jews. The chief priests recite the list of their accusations: "We found this man perverting our nation; forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar; calling himself a king." Pilate turns to Christ and says, "Hast thou nothing to answer to these charges? You see in how many things they accuse thee." But the Saviour is silent; and Pilate, wondering at his silence, and struck by the majesty of his deportment, desires an audience with him in the judgment hall. The audience over, he comes out again on the balcony, and declares that he finds "no guilt in this man." This announcement is received with fierce clamor by the people. A tumultuous scene ensues. The chief priests repeat the charge, saying, "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judæa, beginning from Galilee even to this place." When Pilate hears of Galilee, he asks "if this man is a Galilean"; and being told that it is so, he sends him to Herod, the governor of Galilee, who has come up to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover.

ACT. XII.

CHRIST AT THE COURT OF HEROD.

TABLEAU. SAMSON IN THE HOUSE OF DAGON, THE SPORT OF THE PHILISTINES. — *Judges* xvi. 23–30. Samson, the deliverer of his people, having fallen into the hands of his enemies, is brought up, in their midst, at a great feast in the house of Dagon; an object of mockery and derision. He is seen in the act of grasping the pillars which support the house, and pulling down the building on the princes of the Philistines; thus obtaining a triumph in the moment of his death. So, too, as the chorus explains, Christ is derided at the court of Herod; and like Samson, by his death he triumphs over his enemies.

Herod is seated on his throne, and is evidently much pleased when the Saviour is brought before him; for he has heard a great deal of the wonders wrought by Jesus of Nazareth. He asks him many curious questions; but the Son of Man is silent. He calls on him to work a miracle; but in vain. Then, as if to save his kingly dignity, which has been thus humbled in the sight of his courtiers, he delivers him up to the mockery of the soldiers. They clothe him in a purple garment; they put into his hand a reed for a sceptre; and they hail him, with derisive laughter, as a king.

Meanwhile the multitude cry aloud with savage fury, "To death with him! to death with him!" But Herod can find in his conduct nothing deserving of death, and sends him back again to Pilate.

ACT XIII.

JESUS IS SCOURGED AND CROWNED WITH THORNS.

TABLEAU I. JACOB LAMENTING OVER THE BLOOD-STAINED GARMENT OF JOSEPH. — *Gen.* xxxvii. 31–35. This tableau brings us back again upon the history of Joseph, whom we have already seen sold to the Ismaelite merchants for twenty pieces of silver. His brethren now appear in the presence of their aged father, presenting to him the many-colored coat of his favorite son, stained with blood. Jacob stands in the background, in an agony of grief; while the chorus sings a lamentation, and discovers, in the blood-stained coat of Joseph, an image of the Redeemer bleeding from many wounds under the lash of the Roman soldiers.

TABLEAU II. ABRAHAM, ON MOUNT MORIA, SEES A RAM WITH ITS HEAD ENTANGLED IN THORNS. — *Gen.* xxii. 9–13. This picture is a symbol of Christ crowned with thorns, who is chosen by God as a sacrifice for sin, in the place of mankind, already under sentence of eternal death. Isaac, his hands bound behind his back, is laid out on the altar for sacrifice; whilst Abraham, with an expression of mournful resolution, already holds the knife in his uplifted hand. An angel checks his arm, and points to a ram with its head entangled in a thorn-bush.

It must be admitted that at this part of the play the *tableaux vivants*, considered as types of the Passion, are rather fanciful, and sometimes almost puerile. But this is a defect much more striking in the description than in the actual representation. These pictures are very useful to relieve, at intervals, the feelings of the audience, which, in the more tragic scenes, are often strained to an almost painful degree of tension. Besides, however fanciful they may be thought as types, they are, with few exceptions, beautiful as pictures, from the artistic grouping of the figures; and are made still more attractive by the graceful music of the orchestra and the religious chant of the chorus. There is much reason to fear that in the description they may be found dull, if not wearisome, but all who have seen them will agree that they help very much to embellish the play.

As the curtain falls on the second tableau the shouts of the people are heard behind the scenes, "To death with him! to death with him!" Immediately after, Christ is led in, and brought up before the house of Pilate, who again appears on the balcony. A long and stormy scene ensues, in which the Roman governor is divided between his sense of justice and his fear of losing favor with the multitude. At length, in the foolish hope of ending the matter by a compromise, he gives Jesus up to be scourged; and the Saviour is led away amidst the shouts of the multitude still calling for his death.

In a few minutes the sound of the lash is heard behind the curtain of the inner stage; and as the drop-scene slowly rises, the figure of the Redeemer is seen bound to a pillar, with blood trickling down from his many wounds. The scourging being finished, he is released from the pillar; the purple cloak is again thrown over his shoulders; the reed is put into his hand; and he is derided as a mock king. One thing only is wanting — a crown; so the soldiers make a circlet of sharp thorns, and press it down upon his head with two cross sticks, causing the blood to spurt out over his face. Throughout this scene the roughness and insensibility of the Roman soldiers are faithfully represented. But this only tends to make the effect more impressive, and not less devotional; for the spectators have learned to feel, as they never felt before, how great were the sufferings endured by the Saviour of the world.

ACT XIV.

CHRIST CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

TABLEAU I. JOSEPH HONORED AS THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE. — *Gen.* xli. 41–43. Seated on a triumphal car, and clad in silken robes, with a chain of gold about his neck, Joseph is surrounded by

countless multitude of people, who hail him with shouts of joy as the saviour of his country. So, too, the Saviour of the world will soon be presented to his people; to be received, however, not like Joseph, with shouts of joy, but with shouts of hatred and derision.

TABLEAU II. THE SCAPEGOAT SET FREE TO WANDER IN THE WILDERNESS. — *Levit.* xvi. 7–10. Moses is kneeling before the altar. The goat that has been slain by Aaron for the sins of the people lies bleeding on one side; while the emissary goat is on the point of being dismissed, to wander free in the desert. In like manner, as the chorus sing, interpreting the type, Barabbas is set free, and Christ is offered in sacrifice for the sins of mankind. The chant of the chorus is, at intervals, interrupted by the cries of the populace behind the scenes; and a fine effect is produced, which may vie with the greatest triumphs of dramatic skill. The German text of this passage has been turned into English by a distinguished writer, who brings out, with great felicity, the spirit as well as the sense of the original words.

CHOR. "Ich höre schon ein Mordgeschrei:"
VOLK. "Barabbas sei
Von Banden frei!"
CHOR. "Nein, Jesus sei
Von Banden frei! —
Wild tönet, ach! der Mörder
Stimm':"
VOLK. "Ans Kreuz mit ihm! ans Kreuz
mit ihm!"
CHOR. "Ach, seht ihn an! ach, seht ihn an!
Was hat er Böses denn gethan?"
VOLK. "Entlässest du den Bösewicht,
Dann bist des Kaisers Freund du
nicht."
CHOR. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Das Blut des Sohnes rächet noch
an euch der Herr!"
VOLK. "Es falle über uns und unsre Kinder her!"
CHOR. "Es komme über euch und eure
Kinder!"

CHORUS. "I hear approach a murderous cry:"
PEOPLE. "Let Barabbas be
From his bonds set free!"
CHORUS. "Nay, let Jesus be
From his bonds set free! —
Wildly sounds the murderers' cry."
PEOPLE. "Crucify him! crucify!"
CHORUS. "Ah, look on him! Behold the
Man!
Oh, say, what evil hath he done?"
PEOPLE. "If thou settest this man free,
Cæsar's friend thou canst not be."
CHORUS. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Woe, woe
to thee!
The blood of Christ by God
avenged shall be!"
PEOPLE. "His blood on us and on our children fall!"
CHORUS. "Yea, upon you, and on your children all!"

The shouts of the people come near and nearer as the choristers retire; and soon the stage is filled with an angry and excited multitude, clamoring before the house of Pilate, for the death of Christ. Pilate appears on the balcony, and with him appears the Saviour, clad in his purple robe, with the reed in his hand, and the crown of thorns on his head. Some hope still lingers in the breast of the Roman governor that he may move the multitude to compassion; and pointing to the suffering, but still majestic form of the Redeemer, he presents him to the people with the well-known words, "Behold the Man." But he only provokes the fury of the rabble, who cry aloud with ever-increasing violence, "To death with him, to death with him! crucify him, crucify him!"

One expedient yet remains. Even a condemned criminal may be released by the people on occasion of the great festival that is now at hand. Surely this clemency may be exercised in favor of Christ. To make the appeal more effective, Barabbas, an outcast of society, is brought up from his prison cell, and set before the people. Poor old Johann Allinger, who represents this character, manages to assume the look and bearing of a low-bred ruffian. As he stands beside the Christ, and the people are called upon to make a choice between them, it is impossible not to feel a new sense of the infinite depth of humiliation to which our Lord descended for the sins of men.

The multitude demand to have Barabbas set free and Christ condemned to death. Pilate hesitates. A message comes from his wife, warning him to have no share in this evil work. But the chief priests, who have been busy, all along, among the people, now come to the front, and, with wicked ingenuity, remind him that Christ had set himself up for a king; adding the significant threat, "If thou settest this man free, thou art not Cæsar's friend." This is decisive. The refined and courtly Roman, who loves his own ease and dignity more

than he loves justice, will not risk the Emperor's displeasure to save an innocent man. Nevertheless he seeks, by a flimsy sophistry, to clear his soul from the appearance of guilt. He calls for water and a basin; washes his hands in the presence of the crowd; and then pronounces sentence of death, declaring, at the same time, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man: look you to it." And the exulting shouts of the multitude rend the air as they cry, "His blood be upon us and on our children."

ACT XV.

THE JOURNEY TO CALVARY.

TABLEAU I. ISAAC CARRYING THE WOOD FOR THE SACRIFICE. — *Gen.* xxii. 6-8. Isaac, devoted to death by God's command, is seen climbing the hill of Moria by the side of Abraham, his father, and bearing on his back the wood for the sacrifice of which he is to be himself the victim. Thus, too, the chorus tells us, will Jesus carry his cross to Calvary.

"Betet an und habet Dank:
Der den Kelch der Leiden trank,
Geht nun in den Kreuzestod
Und versöhnt die Welt mit Gott.

"Wie das Opferholz getragen
Isaak selbst auf Moria,
Wanket, mit dem Kreuz beladen,
Jesus hin nach Golgotha."

"Adore and bless the Lord; for He
Who drank the cup of agony
Treadeth now death's painful road
To reconcile the world with God.

"As Isaac bore the fire and wood
Whereon he must a victim die,
So, laden with the bitter Rood,
Jesus goes to Calvary."

TABLEAU II. A BRAZEN SERPENT IS RAISED ALOFT BY MOSES IN THE DESERT. — *Numb.* xxi. 6-9. The Israelites, encamped in the wilderness of Sin, suffer great torment from the bites of fiery serpents. Moses, by command of God, raises on high a brazen serpent, — a type of Christ raised up on the cross for the salvation of men. The chorus interprets the type in song.

TABLEAU III. THE ISRAELITES LOOK AT THE BRAZEN SERPENT, AND ARE HEALED. — *Numb.* xxi. 6-9. This picture exhibits again the same group of men, women, and children. In the midst of them is a great wooden cross, round the arms of which is coiled the brazen serpent. Moses points to it as the remedy for their sufferings; and the eyes of all the people are fixed on it. So, too, the chorus sings, they who look up to the Redeemer on the cross will be healed from their sins.

The sound of many voices is now heard from afar; and presently a noisy and excited crowd is seen filing down the street, on the right-hand side of the stage. At the head of the procession appears the Christ, his pale face bedewed with drops of blood, and his stately form bowed down under the weight of a heavy wooden cross. Around him are the Roman soldiers, men of stalwart limbs and unfeeling hearts, who urge him on with stripes when he pauses, for a moment, from utter weariness and exhaustion. The captain of the band is on horseback, and bears aloft a standard, the symbol of Roman authority.

Next come the two thieves, attended by their executioners, and laden, in like manner, each with the cross on which he is to suffer. But they are fresh and vigorous, and swagger on with an air of careless indifference. Lastly come the chief priests, the Pharisees, and the money changers of the Temple, with a countless multitude of men and women, old and young.

At length the Saviour totters and falls to the ground. The chief priests are angry at the delay; and Simon of Cyrene, who happens to come up at the time, is roughly seized hold of and compelled to carry the cross. A group of pious women, shortly afterwards, meet the procession with wailing and lamentation. The Redeemer turns to them, with a countenance of love and compassion; and, breaking at last the silence he has kept so long, he says, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." The voice is low and weak; but so solemn and distinct is the utterance, so still the audience, that every syllable is heard throughout the vast assembly, and silent tears flow fast. As the procession advances, Mary the Mother of Christ, with Mary Magdalen and St. John, approach towards it from one

of the side streets. The mother exchanges glances with her son, and follows in mournful silence. And all move on to Calvary.

ACT XVI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

As the procession disappears in the distance, the choristers enter, as usual, from each side of the stage. But they have laid aside their brilliant robes, and now appear in garments of deepest mourning. There is no tableau; but the leader of the chorus, in a plaintive monologue, calls on the audience to come with hearts full of compassion and gratitude to Calvary, where the Redeemer, "silent, patient, and forgiving," is crucified for the sins of men. As he proceeds, the dull, heavy blows of a hammer are heard behind the curtain of the inner stage; and he describes the scene, which, though out of view, is by those sounds made vividly present to every imagination.

Passing, at length, almost imperceptibly, from monologue to chant, he sings of Christ's love for man; and then, joined by the whole chorus, he calls on all present, in return for this love, to bring with them love and devotion to the altar of the cross.

"O bringet dieser Liebe
Nur fromme Herzenstriebe
Am Kreuzaltar
Zum Opfer dar!"

"Oh, then, His love returning,
Bring hearts with true love burning,
An offering meet
To Jesus' feet."

The chorus retires; the curtain rises. Two crosses are standing erect, one on either side, to which the two thieves are already bound by strong cords passing round their arms and legs In the centre of the stage a third cross, on which is seen the figure of the Christ, is stretched along the ground. At a given signal it is raised in the air, bearing its victim aloft; with a perceptible jerk it falls into a socket prepared for it: and the scene of the crucifixion is before us in living reality. To all appearance the body of Joseph Mair, which is covered with a tight-fitting, flesh-colored garment, and has a cincture of white linen, loosely folded round, at the waist, is fastened to the cross by large rough nails that pierce his hands and feet. The arms are stretched out almost horizontally, as in the picture of Guido Reni; the feet are placed one above the other, with a slender support beneath, and are fastened by a single nail; the head, which still wears its crown of thorns, is slightly bowed down on the breast. Blood oozes from all the wounds, and trickles slowly to the ground.

All the details of the gospel history are minutely and faithfully reproduced. The excited and turbulent crowd is there, with its blasphemies and shouts of derision. The chief priests and the scribes stand by, full of triumph and scorn. The Roman soldiers, rough and unfeeling, divide among themselves the garments of the Man of Sorrows, and cast lots for his seamless tunic. All this time the three bodies are suspended in the air, and one almost begins to fancy it is a picture or a vision, until at length voices are heard from the crosses on either side, above the storm that rages below. One of the malefactors joins in the blasphemies of the crowd; the other rebukes him, and appeals for mercy to the Saviour suffering by his side. Then the Central Figure, on which the sympathies of all are concentrated, is seen to move its lips, and the well-known words are heard, "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

As time wears on, the Virgin Mother with Mary Magdalen and Saint John come close up to the cross. When Christ sees his mother standing there, and the disciple that he loves, he says to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And so, one by one, those beautiful sentences fall on the ear which once fell from the

Redeemer's lips on Calvary, until, with a great effort, the last words are pronounced, "It is consummated," and his head falls down lifeless on his breast.

A loud crash, as if of thunder, is heard behind the scenes. Presently a messenger rushes in with the news that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain from top to bottom. The chief priests start back in terror and dismay, and eagerly discoursing among themselves, withdraw from the scene. Then come the executioners to examine the bodies. Finding the thieves still living, they strike them violently with clubs on the legs and chest until they expire. They are coming towards the Christ when Mary Magdalen rushes forward, and with outstretched arms presses them back, exclaiming that they have already done enough Not much do they care for her interference; but seeing that the Christ is already dead, they are content. Nevertheless a soldier, coming up with a lance, pierces the left side, and a stream of blood gushes out. The bodies of the malefactors are now quickly uncorded and carried away by the executioners; the crowd gradually disperses; and the Christ, still hanging on the cross, is left to the pious care of his friends.

Joseph of Arimathea, who had sought and obtained the necessary authority from Pilate, proceeds to take down the body and prepare it for sepulture. In this he is assisted by Nicodemus, who has come provided with spices. A ladder is placed in front of the cross and another behind it. Joseph mounts in front, and having first, with great tenderness, removed the crown of thorns, receives from Nicodemus, who is on the ladder behind, a long roll of stout linen cloth. This he places across the chest and under the arms of the body; the ends are then taken up behind the shoulders, and passed over the arms of the cross, so as to fall down behind to the ground. They are received below and held fast by two men, while the nails are slowly, and, as it would seem, with difficulty extracted. Then the linen cloth is gradually relaxed, and the body, supported in front by Joseph, is gently and reverently lowered to the ground. Here it is received on a large linen sheet, and stretched out at length with the head reclining on the lap of the Virgin Mother, as we have so often seen represented in pictures and statuary. Nicodemus now applies his spices; the linen cloth is folded round the body; it is carried, with great reverence, to the sepulchre at the back of the stage; and as they roll up a large stone to close the entrance, the curtain slowly falls

This long and affecting scene, considered merely from a dramatic point of view, seemed to be as near perfection as human acting well could be; and they who have witnessed it will probably have carried away, in their minds, an image of the Crucifixion which will take the place, as a gifted writer has said, of all the pictures they have ever seen, and all the descriptions they have ever heard. The figure of the Christ hung upon the cross pretty much as we are accustomed to conceive it; but, as I thought, with a beauty of outline such as I had never seen equalled in painting or sculpture. The means by which it is fastened to the cross are, I believe, not exactly known. To the audience there is no support visible but the three nails, and the small rest under the feet. It is, however, generally supposed that the body is mainly suspended by means of a stout strap passing round the waist and attached to the cross behind; that a small elastic band round each wrist helps to support the arms; and that a similar band bears, in part, the weight of the legs. The body hung on the cross exactly eighteen minutes: fifteen from the time that the cross was raised in the air until Nicodemus mounted the ladder, and three more while he was extracting the nails and arranging the linen band by which it was lowered to the ground.

ACT XVII.

THE RESURRECTION.

It has been said more than once by English critics that the play should end with the scene of the crucifixion; for at this point the interest of the audience has been raised to the highest degree of intensity. If the object of the play were simply to produce a powerful dramatic effect, this criticism would be perfectly just. But, happily, the pious villagers of Ober-Ammergau never conceived the idea of turning the passion of our Lord into a sensation drama. It was their high and noble purpose to impress upon common minds, in a vivid and enduring way, the doctrine of the fall and redemption of mankind; and this great lesson would have been incomplete if they left out the final triumph of the Redeemer in his resurrection and glorious ascension.

TABLEAU I. JONAS SAVED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, AND CAST UP ON DRY LAND. — *Jonas* ii. *Matt.* xii. 39, 40. This tableau, though not very effective as a picture, presents a type of the resurrection which was pointed out by our Lord himself. When the Pharisees arrogantly called on him to work a miracle, he rebuked them, and said that no sign should be given them but the sign of the prophet Jonas. As Jonas, after three days and three nights in the depths of the sea, was delivered safe on dry land by the power of God, so, on the third day after his death, would the Son of Man be delivered from the grave. In the background is the troubled sea, with a ship sailing away in the distance. Nearer is seen the whale, with its vast jaws widely distended; and Jonas is just stepping from the waters on dry land. The choristers, who have resumed their bright robes of many colors, explain the type in song.

TABLEAU II. THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA. — *Exod.* xiv. 13–31. In the foreground stand Moses and the children of Israel, who have passed in safety. Farther off, Pharao and his hosts are seen struggling with the waves. So, too, the chorus sings, does Christ come forth triumphant from the grave, and so, too, are his enemies overthrown.

Four soldiers are holding guard round the sepulchre in which the Christ was laid. An angel appears, shining brightly, and rolls away the great stone from the entrance; the rumbling noise of an earthquake is heard; and Christ, encompassed with light, comes forth from the tomb, passes through the group, and quickly disappears. The soldiers, terrified by the noise and dazzled by the light, fall prostrate to the ground, as dead men. After a little they recover, and hurry off to bring the news into the city. Mary Magdalen and the pious women come to the sepulchre with spices and precious ointments. Finding the tomb empty, they are filled with consternation. But an angel consoles them, announcing the joyful tidings: "Fear not; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he will go before you into Galilee; there you shall see him." And they went forth quickly with great joy to tell the disciples.

Then the chief priests come back with the soldiers, and seeing that, in truth, the stone was rolled away and the body gone, they offer them money, saying, "You must say his disciples came at night and stole the body while you were asleep." The soldiers take the money, and all consent but one, who stoutly holds out and protests, "By my honor, I 'll tell everything just as it occurred." Next come Peter and John, who look into the tomb and go away. Lastly, Mary Magdalen comes again; and to her the Christ appears. At first she takes him for the gardener, and scarcely looks at him: her eyes are fixed on the empty sepulchre. But when she hears from his lips the single word "Maria," she turns quickly round, glances up for a moment, and sinks down at his feet.

CLOSING HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

WITH ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU OF THE ASCENSION.

The choristers enter for the last time, and sing, in joyous strains, a chant of praise and triumph.

"Ueberwunden, überwunden
Hat der Held der Feinde Macht;
Er, Er schlummerte nur Stunden
In der düstern Grabesnacht."

"Singet Ihm in heil'gen Psalmen;
Streuet Ihm des Sieges Palmen;
Auferstanden ist der Herr!
Tauchzet Ihm ihr Himmel zu!
Sing' dem Sieger, Erde, du!
Halleluja Dir Erstandner!

"Preis Ihm, dem Todesüberwinder,
Der einst verdammt auf Gabbatha!
Preis Ihm, dem Heiliger der Sünder,
Der für uns starb auf Golgotha!"

"Conquering and to conquer all
Forth He comes in all His might;
Slumbering but a few short hours
In the grave's funereal night.

"Sing to Him in holy psalms!
Strew before Him victory's palms!
Christ the Lord of life is risen!
Sound, O heavens, with anthems meet;
Earth, with songs the Conqueror greet!
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!

"Praise be to Him who conquers death,
Who once was judged on Gabbatha!
Praise be to Him who heals our sins,
Who died for us on Golgotha!"

The curtain rises and a brilliant scene is before us. High in the centre of the background is the Christ, encompassed with a halo of light. His glorified face is turned towards heaven, to which he is about to ascend. His right hand is raised as if to bless; in his left he carries the banner of victory. The wounds in his hands, his feet, and his left side are distinctly visible, and shine with a peculiar radiance. Close to him stand his blessed Mother and his apostles, while around are grouped the saints of the Old Covenant: the patriarchs and prophets, Moses with the Tables of the Law, and David with his harp. At a little distance, on lower ground, are his enemies, humbled and prostrate: the chief priests and the money-changers, Pilate and Herod, the soldiers and the rabble.

All the various figures are motionless except the Saviour, who slowly rises in the air, still looking up to heaven; and the curtain only falls when he seems on the point of passing out of view. Meanwhile the hymn of triumph proceeds:—

"Bringt Lob und Preis dem Höchsten dar,
Dem Lamme das getödtet war!
Halleluja!
Das Siegreich aus dem Grab hervor
Sich hebet im Triumph empor!
Halleluja! Halleluja!

"Ja lasst des Bundes Harfe klingen,
Dass Freude durch die Seele bebt!
Lasst uns dem Sieger Kronen bringen,
Der auferstand und ewig lebt.

"Lobsinget alle Himmelsheere!
Dem Herrn sei Ruhm and Herrlichkeit!
Anbetung, Macht, und Kraft, und Ehre,
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit!"

"Praise Him who now on high doth reign!
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain!
Hallelujah!
Praise Him who, glorious from the grave,
Comes forth triumphantly to save!
Hallelujah!

"Let Israel's harp with gladdening sound
Joy through every spirit pour;
He with the conqueror's crown is crowned,
Who died, and lives forevermore.

"O praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven!
To Him all praise and glory be!
To him be adoration given,
Through ages of eternity!"

And so, at a quarter to five in the afternoon, when the summer sun was already sinking to the west, ended the Passion Play which had begun at eight in the morning. The feelings of the audience, for so many hours carefully suppressed, broke forth in a loud murmur of admiration. But there was no clapping of hands, no noisy applause; for every one seemed instinctively to feel that such demonstrations, however natural and well deserved, would be at once unsuited to the sacred character of the play, and unwelcome to the high spirit and the religious earnestness of the performers. The great multitude, as if under the influence of some potent charm, quietly broke up and melted away. A few groups only lingered behind, and with a sort of awe, mingled with curiosity, watched the village actors as they emerged from the rear of the theatre, and modestly wended their way to their rustic homes.

I have endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to give, with very little com-

ment of my own, a plain account of what I saw and heard at the Passion Play; believing that my readers would much prefer to learn exactly what it was, than to hear what I thought about it. But now that my task is nearly done, it will not be out of place to record the effect produced on those who were present, and the impression carried away when the play was over. Nothing is more remarkable than the unanimity with which men of every variety of character, and of widely different positions in society, have expressed themselves on this subject. With very few exceptions, they all agree in saying that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, as a religious spectacle, is instructive and edifying, while, from an artistic point of view, it is a drama of great power and of absorbing interest.

Here are a few sentences hastily gathered, almost at random, from writers who, to say the least are free from every suspicion of undue prepossession in favor of the play: —

The "Times'" correspondent writes, "I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calculated to draw out the best and purest feelings of the heart. It is, of course, impossible to answer for the feelings of others; but I can say for myself, and for several other spectators of the play whom I have consulted, that there was nothing from the beginning to the end that need shock the most sensitive religious instinct."

An article in "Macmillan's Magazine," which is commonly ascribed to an eminent divine of high position in the Church of England, bears witness that from this play the "German peasants carry away, graven on their memories, the chief facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testament, with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population, or even, it may be said, with some of our clergy."

An Englishwoman, writing home, says, "The simple grandeur of the Christ was almost awful. I forgot all but the wonderful story of our salvation, and cried all day."

"The effect upon all who were present," says a writer for the "Graphic," "was solemn to an extraordinary degree; there was nothing to shock the most sensitive religious instincts, and little for the most critical to disapprove of."

From the same writer we have the following: —

"There was one figure sitting near us during the day, — a well-known face and a well-known name in London society, — whose customary place at that hour in the afternoon was the bow-window of a West End club, who was literally bathed in tears."

An Oxonian gives a striking account of the struggle in his mind between the influence of prejudice and the influence of the play: "All through the play I kept repeating to myself, 'This is a primitive, mediæval, half-civilized peasantry, still sunk in the trammels of priestcraft; it has never known what it is to have an open Bible and a free press; it is deprived of the blessings of the electric telegraph, and is about three hundred years behind the present age.' But it would not do. I could not but confess that I was witnessing not only a beautiful, but a most subtle and delicate and thoughtful rendering of the gospel history."

Even the "Saturday Review" forgets its wonted asperity, and speaks with kindness of the Passion Play, which it regards as "a means of decided moral and intellectual improvement."

And a favorite novelist, the author of "Quits," tells us that her heroine felt that the play "would take the place of all the pictures and statues she had ever seen, and remain indelibly impressed on her mind forever."

To these interesting testimonies I may perhaps be allowed to add the evidence of my own experience. I went to Ober-Ammergau with a prejudice against the Passion Play. It seemed

to me, though I could not exactly tell why, that a certain irreverence was involved in the very idea of such a representation. And, moreover, I greatly feared that, from want of skill on the part of village actors, events the most sacred in the eyes of all Christians would be brought into unpleasant contact with grotesque and ludicrous associations. But no sooner had the play commenced than my prejudices were dispelled. It became at once manifest that a spirit of deep religious reverence pervaded the performance, and that with this was combined a degree of artistic taste which could not fail to win the respect and admiration of every cultivated mind. I was more sensibly impressed than ever I had been by any sermon, however eloquent; and when I left the theatre, I felt that the history of our Lord's passion had been stamped on my mind in a series of vivid pictures which could not easily be effaced.

Nevertheless, I am no advocate for the more frequent repetition of the Passion Play, nor for its extension beyond the village of Ober-Ammergau. The peculiar combination of circumstances which, in the course of many generations, has brought it to its present perfection in this mountain hamlet, could not, I think, be found elsewhere in the world; nor could they long subsist even here without the protection which is afforded by its rare recurrence. The curiosity of visitors would easily degenerate into irreverence, and the simple piety of the people would inevitably suffer from frequent contact with an ever-changing concourse of tourists. The most that I can venture to hope is, that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau may long continue to be surrounded by the safeguards which have hitherto protected its religious character; and that, as each ten years come round, it may still be repeated in the same earnest spirit of devotion, and with the same artistic taste, from which so many thousands have drawn edification and instruction in the summer of 1871.

PETITION ON BEHALF OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

It is with feelings of unmixed pleasure that we hear that the Milanese Society for promoting Catholic Interests has succeeded in obtaining the adhesion of no less than five hundred prelates to a petition, drawn up for presentation to the Holy See by Monsignor the Archbishop of Udine, the object of which is to solicit the extension to Catholic priests in general of the privilege already enjoyed by the clergy of Spain and Portugal, of celebrating three masses on all All Souls' Day in behalf of the souls in purgatory. Amongst the supporters of this most important petition are many Italian, French, German, and English bishops, and it is believed that the names of several others will erelong be added to the list. There is therefore reason to hope that the fondly cherished wish of the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., will speedily be fulfilled, and the faithful will shortly have the consolation of knowing that more is to be done to alleviate the sufferings of the holy souls. They are now more than ever in need of our help on account of the lamentable spread of unbelief in the present day, and the misapplication of so many pious legacies caused by the promulgation of laws contrary to religion. The petition mentioned above cannot, therefore, fail to commend itself to every Catholic; and we earnestly entreat our readers to further its success as far as possible by their charitable prayers, and by bringing it under the notice of all who are not insensible to the pains endured by the souls in purgatory.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

"A Song of Sixty-Seven."

WORDS BY WM. O'BRIEN, M.P. MUSIC BY C. L. MURRAY.

Long Life and Happiness to the Bride and Bridegroom.

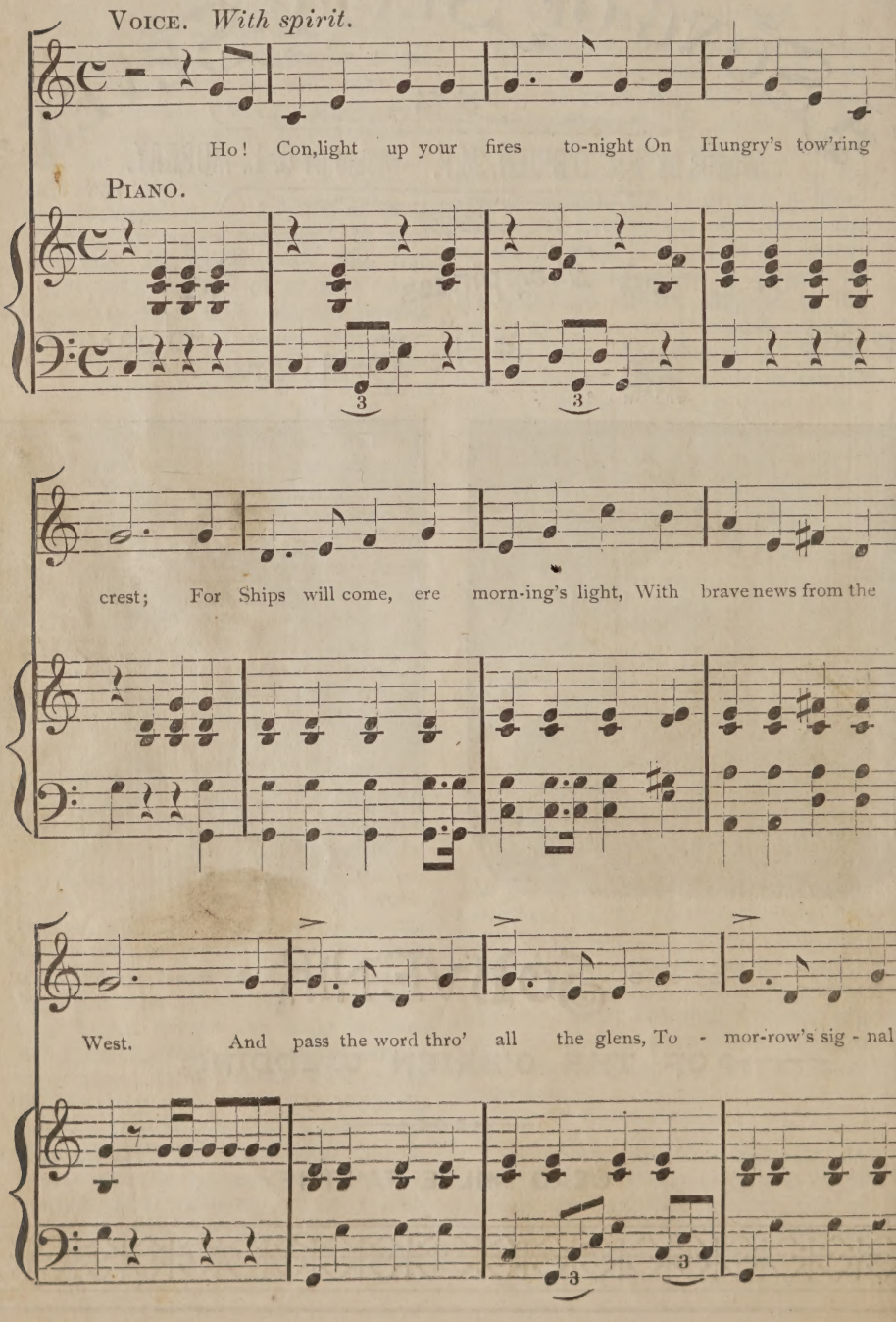
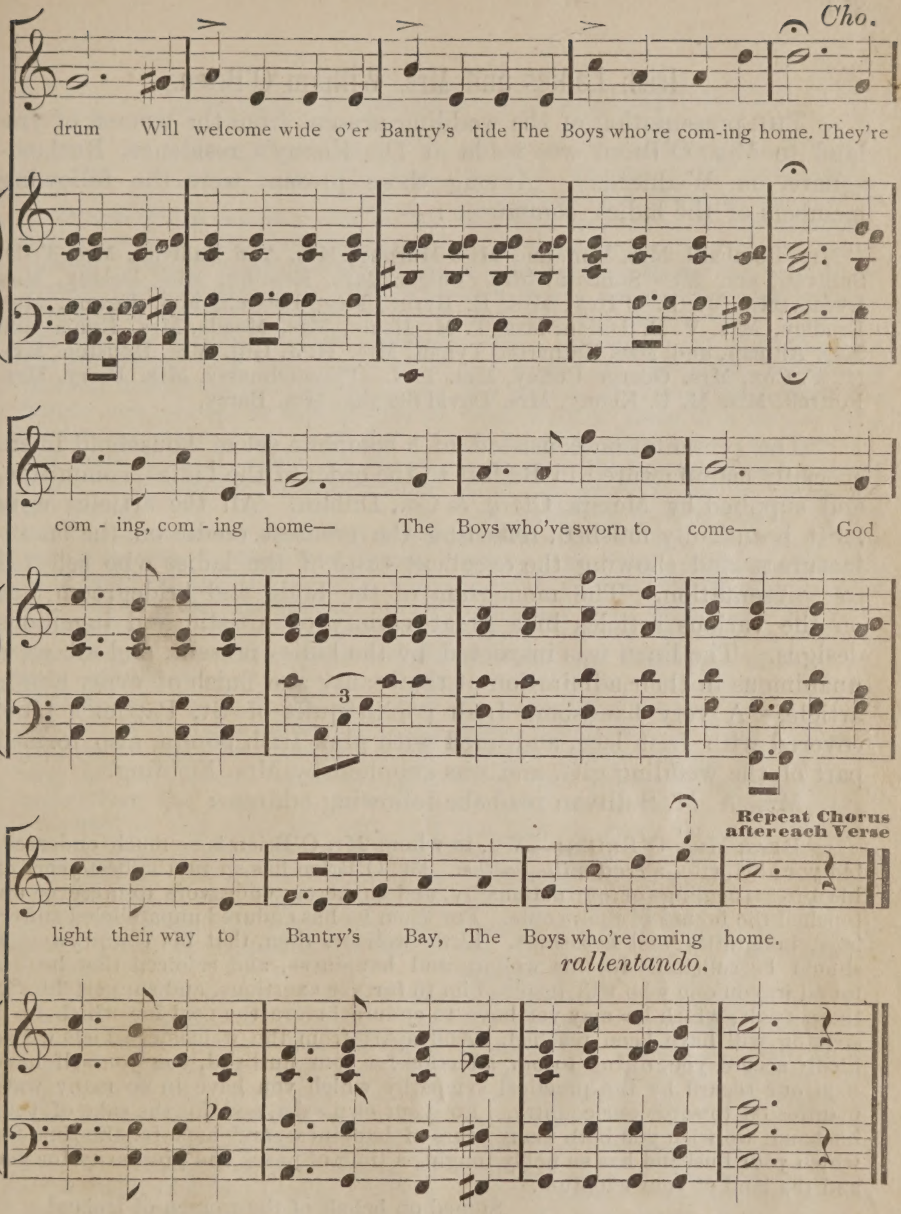
SOUVENIR

OF THE O'BRIEN WEDDING.

CEAD MILLE FAILTHE.

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Words by WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P. Music by C. L. MURRY, DOUBLIN.


VOICE. With spirit.
Ho! Con,light up your fires to-night On Hungry's tow'ring
PIANO.
crest; For Ships will come, ere morn-ing's light, With brave news from the
West. And pass the word thro' all the glens, To - mor-row's sig - nal

Cho.
drum Will welcome wide o'er Bantry's tide The Boys who're com-ing home. They're
com - ing, com - ing home— The Boys who've sworn to come— God
3
Repeat Chorus after each Verse
light their way to Bantry's Bay, The Boys who're coming home.
rallentando.

2nd VERSE.

"Their cheeks are brown'd by many a sun,
And plough'd by many a scar;
Their flags are dim with the blood-prints grim
Of many a foreign war.
But their hearts are Irish as the streams
Glengariff's dells that roam;
Their stoutest blow they swore should go
To the fight for the land at home—
The small green isle at home,
The brave old land at home—
My soul! a slashing, smashing blow
Have the Boys who're coming home!"

3rd VERSE.

"Now, Con, away to Hungry's heights!
Haste Meehul, wake the glen;
Their ships bring gear worth soldier's wear
For thrice ten thousand men.
Then, boys, farewell the dance, the fair,
Your Mary's cheeks of bloom,
Till freedom shines o'er the conquering lines
Of the Boys who're coming home.
They're sailing, thronging home—
In bold brigades they come—
Old Erin's veins run fire to-night—
Her Boys are coming home!"

Irish Ladies and Mrs. William O'Brien.

THE presentation of the wedding present from the women of Ireland to Mrs. O'Brien was made at Dr. Kenny's residence, Rutland-square, on Wednesday. Among those present were the following members of the ladies' committee : —

Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. Wm. and Miss Murphy, Mrs. Ann Sullivan, Mrs. T. D. Sullivan, and Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Bolger, Mrs. Keating, Miss Delany, Miss Byrne, Mrs. J. F. O'Hea, Mrs. E. Byrne, Miss Fottrell, Mrs. Leamy, Miss Bradley, Mrs. V. B. Dillon, Mrs. T. M. Healy, Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Ennis, and Mrs. Altman, and Miss Katherine Tynan, Mrs. H. J. Gill, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. M. F. Cox, Mrs. George Coffey, Mrs. T. L. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Fottrell, Miss M. E. Kenny, Mrs. David Sheehy, Mrs. Barry.

The presentation consisted of a complete set of household linen, specially manufactured in Belfast to the order of the ladies' committee, and supplied by Messrs. Clery & Co., Dublin. All the articles were most beautifully finished, reflecting the greatest credit on the manufacturers, and showing the excellent taste of the ladies who selected the presentation. The monogram of the bride and bridegroom was on the various articles in a great variety of artistic and ingenious designs. The linen was inspected by the ladies present, and all were unanimous in their admiration of the beauty and finish of every single article. A very handsome Irish poplin quilt of St. Patrick's blue, covered with Irish lace, and lined with pink Irish poplin, also formed part of the wedding gift, and was supplied by Mrs. Fielding.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan read the following address :

DEAR MRS. O'BRIEN : — We, to whom Mr. O'Brien is so much endeared, bid you, his wife, a *cead mille failthe*. Mr. O'Brien has spent the best years of his life struggling for our nationality, and in heroic endeavors to preserve untouched the homes of the people. For them he has endured unparalleled sufferings, indignities, and hardships. Little wonder, then, that his countrywomen should be solicitous for his welfare and happiness, and rejoiced that he has found in you one who will inspire him to further exertions, and support him in these trials, which he may yet have to endure before the goal for which he is striving will have been reached. And apart from the welcome, which we so gladly accord you, owing to our affection for your husband, you yourself have won our regard by the practical sympathy which you have in so many ways manifested towards our country. For your own sake, and for the sake of your husband, we wish you both many years of happiness, and hope for the time for which your husband has so nobly fought, a time of peace and prosperity for you and the land of your adoption.

Signed on behalf of the women of Ireland,
MARGARET E. KENNEDY, *Lady Mayoress.*

Mrs. O'Brien thanked the ladies for their beautiful gift, and briefly acknowledged the address.

The visitors were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Kenny.

"What is Smith doing now?" "He is travelling with a circus.' "Pretty hard work, isn't it?" "No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head in the big lion's mouth twice a day."

Judge Fallon's Resignation.

IN SCHOOL COMMITTEE,
June 24, 1890.

AFTER nearly twenty years' service on the School Board of the City of Boston — twenty years of faithful and conscientious devotion to the best interests of our public schools — I feel impelled, as a public protest against the influences which have prevailed in this city during the last two years, and which now prevail in this Board, to tender my resignation. And here I beg leave to state briefly the reasons which have impelled me to this determination.

"During the many years that I have been a member of the School Board," as I stated at our last meeting, "my constant care, aim, and purpose always have been to raise our schools to a high degree of efficiency, to extend their usefulness so that they might attract and educate, in friendly intercourse and in harmonious unity, the children of every class and denomination in our whole community — to make them the pride and boast and ornament of our city; and with this end in view, in strict accord with the spirit and the letter of the Constitution and the laws of the Commonwealth, to guard them sacredly against all sectarian or other contaminating influences."

Thoroughly imbued with these ideas, sincerely actuated by those just and laudable motives, the School Board of 1888, recognizing the just and equal rights of all our citizens, when called upon, promptly responded to the call to eliminate from our schools instruction which slandered the religion of more than half our pupils. With a generous forbearance, which should have commended itself to every fair-minded person in the community, they merely transferred the offending instructor from the position of teacher of mediæval history to the position of teacher of ancient history; and instead of the text-book, which was blamed for the slander, they adopted another text-book, a book written by a Protestant and from a Protestant stand-point, a book "used in many of the best schools in the country," and recommended by the most distinguished Protestant educators in the United States, a book by no means acceptable to the Catholic members of the Board, but favored by them, for the reason that it was not positively offensive to their religious belief.

This concession to Catholics — to put a stop, in the public schools, to the vilification of their faith, the principal stock in trade of a certain class of fanatical preachers — was immediately made the pretext for a no-Popery howl — a howl which for fierceness and malignity finds a parallel in this Commonwealth only on two occasions — one which culminated in the burning of the Ursuline Convent, in 1834, and one which has made infamous forever the Know-Nothing Governor and Legislature of 1855.

Twice, during the last two years, has the action of the School Board of 1888 been repudiated by the voters of Boston. Twice during the last two years have the elections for municipal officers eventuated in the rejection, not only of every Catholic candidate for the School Board, but of every Protestant candidate who was not believed to be ready to respond to the crack of the whip which the "committee of one hundred" anti-Catholic fanatics sounded in the air.

No matter what services a man like Mr. James S. Murphy might have rendered to the city of his birth, to the schools which he labored at great personal sacrifices to serve and benefit, no matter how highly recommended to the suffrages of the people by the most eminent advocates of our public schools, a Catholic, he must be sacrificed on the altar of intolerance. Nay, with an amount of hypocrisy which challenges a parallel in the history of the country, under a pretence of fairness, another Catholic, Dr. McDonald, was *publicly* endorsed by all political parties only to be *secretly* slaughtered at the polls.

Still I had hoped that this ebullition of insane fanaticism would pass by, without seriously affecting or materially influencing the fair and just and independent action which had hitherto

generally characterized the School Board. In this I regret to be compelled to say I have been mistaken. This Board has, by a recorded vote of 17 to 2, put into the public schools of this city the two most bigoted, objectionable, and anti-Catholic histories which I have ever examined.

In the whole range of Catholic literature, from the simplest catechism placed in a child's hands to the most learned treatise on dogmatic theology, there is no doctrine more explicitly taught, no one more thoroughly understood than this: *Adoration belongs to God alone.* Yet Myers says, on page 520, that "the adoration of the Virgin" is a "doctrine" of the Catholic Church. And the present School Board, by vote of 17 to 2, has sent forth the fiat, that Myers' statement, although every tolerably well-instructed Catholic knows it to be a vile slander, shall and must be taught in the public schools, whether Catholics like it or whether they don't. On page 415, Myers says that the Roman Pontiffs claimed to have received from Christ "the keys of heaven and hell." Now, while the Roman Pontiffs from Peter to Leo XIII. do claim to have received from our Divine Lord "the keys of heaven," there is not even the semblance of authority for the adjunct "and hell," which Myers gratuitously and through ignorance or malice throws in, with the evident purpose of disparaging Catholic belief in the minds of Catholic children. And the present School Board, by vote of 17 to 2, says that Myers' statement is what shall and must be taught in the public schools.

It would be just as true and just as fair to teach in the public schools of this city that the Protestants of Massachusetts were, in the year 1887, so bigoted, so opposed to religious freedom, that they persecuted, fined, and imprisoned a minister of religion for preaching the Gospel, as to teach in those same schools, what Miss Sheldon says, on page 419, that Galileo "established the fact of the revolution of the earth about the sun; this being directly opposed to the astronomical teaching of the Church, he was persecuted, arrested, and sentenced by the Inquisition." I give the foregoing only as a few of the many objectionable, anti-Catholic slanders with which those two books are loaded. And those are the books which the present School Board, by vote of 17 to 2, have decided to use as text-books in the public schools.

No fair-minded person would ever object to the ground taken by Catholics, as expressed in my report, namely:

"We claim that a text-book offensive to the religion of any class of our pupils should not be used in our schools. If we cannot agree upon a text-book, let us omit altogether the study of mediæval history in our schools; or if we must have a text-book in that study, let us apply the same rule that is constantly applied in the division of property between heirs, say A and B. Let A make the division and give B his choice; or, if that is not satisfactory, let B make the division and give A his choice. We are willing to apply that rule. Let our Protestant brethren select any history they choose, written by a Catholic, and we will assent to it, or, if they insist that the history be one written by a Protestant, let us have the selection."

But this proposition, so just, so fair, so reasonable, this platform so broad, so liberal, so safe that all our citizens of whatever creed or religious belief might stand on it in perfect equality, was silently, if not contemptuously, ignored by this Board.

The verdict of the city of Boston as expressed in the two last municipal elections — the verdict of the School Committee as expressed by the adoption of Myers' and Sheldon's Histories as text-books in our schools — is this:

Catholic children have no rights in the public schools of this city which the Protestants, now in control of those schools, intend to respect. In this condition of affairs we appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. We ask no favors, no privileges — our rights only. Either we are entitled to a fair representation on the School Board of this city, and our religion is entitled to exemption from slander and vilification in the public schools, or our children are out of place in them. On Catholic priest and Catholic people is now forced the solemn duty and obligation of providing immediately for the education of our Catholic children in schools where their religion will be respected and their faith not endangered. As I could not

conscientiously allow a child of mine to continue to attend the public schools of this city, conducted under such influences as this Board has determined, by vote of 17 to 2, shall hereafter prevail, I do not intend that any Catholic parent should be misled by my conduct. Hence my resignation.

Respectfully submitted,
JOSEPH D. FALLON.

Ireland as a Missionary Nation.

BELOW, we print a full list of the recent ordinations of students, of all Hallows Foreign Missionary College, Drumcondra, says the Irish Catholic. Reading such a roll, it is impossible for any Irish Catholic to repress a feeling of pride and exultation. What has now happened is, however, only like the opening of a new chapter in a glorious history, for throughout a long series of years All Hallows has pursued and fulfilled a thrice-sacred mission. She has sent her sons into every quarter of the habitable globe, and her name is heard with respect in some portion of every land where the name of the Saviour is venerated. The priesthood and people of Ireland have good reason to be proud of this famous college. It has been the *Alma Mater* of those whose zeal, whose talent, and whose learning are the pride and glory of our scattered countrymen in distant climes. To the Irish exile, to meet an All Hallows priest is to catch a glimpse of home, to feel that the old faith, for sake of which his kindred suffered and endured so much, has its protecting arm around him still, and to know, too, that there, in the midst of strangers, is one of his own blood and race and creed, one, whom even those who are aliens to him in all these things, are compelled to honor because of his life, his devotion to duty, his wisdom, and his knowledge. The Church and Ireland alike owe much to All Hallows.

The Most Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Ossory, conferred Holy Orders on the following students, of All Hallows, on the Feast of St. John the Baptist:

PRIESTHOOD.

Rev. John Gavigan, Melbourne, Australia.
Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Brooklyn, U. S.
Rev. Edw. Keating, Melbourne, Australia.
Rev. James O'Donohue, Brooklyn, U. S.
Rev. Jeremiah Gleeson, Sacramento, Cal.
Rev. Edmund Heelan, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. Patrick Kennedy, Kansas City, U. S.
Rev. Denis Cashman, Pittsburgh, U. S.
Rev. Timothy O'Brien, St. Paul, U. S.
Rev. James Gaffey, Sandhurst, Australia.
Rev. Edward O Reilly, Perth, Australia.
Rev. Wm. O'Sullivan, Brisbane, Australia.
Rev. John Cusack, Melbourne, Australia.
Rev. Francis Wrenn, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. John Toomey, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. John O'Brien, Kingston, Canada.
Rev. John M Carthy, Monterey, California.
Rev. Patrick O'Brien, St. John's, Newf'l'd.
Rev. Charles Hogue, Baltimore, U. S.

DEACONSHIP.

Rev. James O'Gorman, Sydney, Australia.
Rev. William Hyland, New Zealand.
Rev. Michael Curran, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. John Sheehy, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Dubuque, U. S.

SUB-DEACONSHIP.

Rev. Edmund Rohan, Sydney, Australia.
Rev. James Cooney, Maitland, Australia.
Rev. Joseph Ahern, Sydney, Australia.
Rev. Martin Walsh, Peoria, U. S.
Rev. Patrick M'Namara, Dubuque, U. S.
Rev. Denis Horgan, Sacramento, Cal.
Rev. Patrick Grealy, Sacramento, Cal.
Rev. Michael Quinn, Maitland, Australia.
Rev. Richard Collender, Sydney, Australia.

Rev. Patrick Costello, Ballarat, Australia, also of All Hallows, was promoted to Priesthood by the Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Kerry, in the Cathedral, Killarney.

"IT is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whiskey will produce the same effect.

The Eviction.

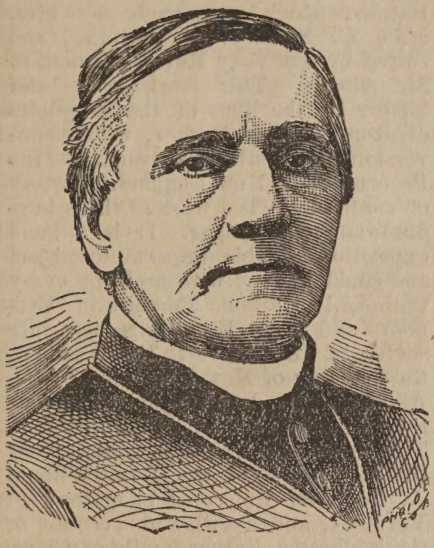
'TWAS on a piercing cold December day,
The drifting snow along the valleys lay,
Still though the silent air the lowering clouds,
With whitening deluge, hills and vale enshrouds.
Within a humble cottage on the heath,
A widow lay upon the verge of death,
Her children sitting 'round mute with despair,
Betimes, for her, their cries would rend the air;
The neighbors came, led by the children's cries,
And kneel in prayer, invoke the pitying skies.
While yet in prayer, the peasants kneeling 'round,
Quick to their ears was borne the dreaded sound
Of red-coat soldiers, who soon force the door,
The "Agent" leading, crowd the cottage floor.
"Come, leave this place!" the ruffian bailiff cries,
And forced the widow from her bed to rise.
A soldier wraps her in his great coat warm,
Sobs as he leads her forth into the storm.
"God of the helpless, bless him day and night!"
The women murmur at the touching sight.
He lays her dead upon a snowy bier,
E'en the rough soldiers brush the rising tear.
Meanwhile the cabin's levelled with the ground,
The peasants, horrified stand mute around,
'Till one stepped forward, bolder than the rest,
And to the Agent thus himself addressed:
"Inhuman minion of a tyrant fell!
Spawn of Perdition! sent on earth from hell!
Look on your murdered victim lying there!
See those glazed eyes! those grinning teeth, stripped bare
May that look haunt you through the hours of night,
And startling terrors meet your guilty sight;
May foul dishonor's blight be on your name!
Your wife and children, be they heirs to shame!"
More he'd have said — the soldiers interfere.
"Tremble, vile wretch," he whispered, "and despair!"
Swift vengeance follows, the Agent's days are o'er —
They found him strangled on his bedroom floor.

Boston, December, '89. T. H. MURPHY.

RIGHT FROM A COOKING SCHOOL. — Disgusted husband (eating breakfast) — "Maria, what do you call this?" Wife — "That is a loaf of brown bread of my own baking, John." John opens the window and throws loaf of bread out. It kills a tram car horse. Great excitement. Missile inspected by local scientists, and unanimously pronounced an aerolite.

Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand,

BISHOP OF BURLINGTON, VT.



RT. REV. L. DE GOESBRIAND.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE GRANITE HILLS.

RT. REV. BISHOP DE GOESBRIAND was born seventy-three years ago, in the province of Brittany, France; a province, by the way, that has yielded its full share of French missionary legion whose achievements adorn Catholic history. He was a youth of a generous nature, chivalrous impulses, and noble purposes. As he approached manhood, the lofty but rather dimly defined aspirations of earlier years began to take permanent form; began to unify; to whisper the mysterious message; to call him irresistibly to the missionary field. After a thorough drill in the rudiments of the languages and sciences, he entered, at an early age, upon a regular course in a college of his native province. Here by care, talent, and untiring zeal he won distinction, and with a mind well equipped for theological study he entered the renowned Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. Here his ability, zeal, and piety made him the welcomed companion of eminent divines, and after a course of four years in this institution he was ordained priest, July 13th, 1840. It was at this period that the powers of darkness perilled the Church in America. Know-Nothingism was then rampant. A priest's life was not safer on the avenues of Boston than on the narrow streets of Pekin. Thousands of Catholics scattered throughout the republic, from a want of spiritual guidance, were rapidly losing the faith. Catholicity had been pushed to the very verge of destruction. It was at this juncture that American bishops sounded the call for volunteer priests from the seminaries of Europe. To this call, none responded with greater alacrity than young Father De Goesbriand. Apostlelike, he hastily quitted the comforts of France to share the privations of the new world. Nor did he pause on the seaboard cities where his erudition and accomplishments would have won him immediate distinction. He hastened across the Alleghany Mountains into the partially organized province of Ohio. He was cordially welcomed by Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and was immediately assigned to the charge of Louisville in Northern Ohio. Success illumined his efforts and he was soon called to the charge of the rapidly growing cities of Toledo and Maumee. Irish, German, and French Catholics were pouring into Ohio. Cleveland on Lake Erie was created a diocesan city with Rt. Rev. Rappe as its first Bishop. Bishop Rappe wisely appointed the active Father De Goesbriand as Vicar General. He remained Vicar General of the dioceses and rector of the Cleveland Cathedral until 1853. Meanwhile new dioceses had been erected in the east; among others those of Newark, Brooklyn, and Burlington. Through the recommendations of Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, the Bishops of the province chose Father De Goesbriand for the See of Burlington. He was consecrated with Bishops Laughlin and Bayley in the Cathedral of New York, on the 30th of October, 1853, by Monsignor Bedini. On the 6th of November, he reached his Episcopal city of Burlington and was duly installed in the old Cathe-

dral, by Bishop Fitzpatrick. Bishop Rappe of Cleveland was also present.

His diocese comprised the state of Vermont. The prospects were not encouraging; though the pioneer priests had made heroic exertions, there were but five priests and seven churches within the diocese. But the brave Bishop was not dismayed. He surveyed the field; carefully inventoried his own resources; cautiously noted the force of the enemy. He quickly perceived the need of more priests and soon visited seminaries in Ireland and France. In 1855 several young priests fresh from the universities of the Old World accepted his call, and were placed in charge of the Catholic families scattered along upon either side of the Green Mountains. Soon the desert bloomed like a garden. Parishes were organized, churches erected, asylums founded, and schools established. The lamp of religion shone resplendent on the Green hills, and before its magic flame vanished the impending cloud of religious forgetfulness and indifference which had so nearly deluged the faith of the first Catholic settlers.

During the administration of Bishop De Goesbriand the number of churches has risen from seven to seventy-one. the number of priests from five to fifty; There are fourteen convents, one hundred and twenty-five religious, one college, and seventy parochial schools with an attendance of four thousand pupils. The total Catholic population of the state is at present about forty thousand.

In Burlington city alone, there are many works that attest his zeal. Principal among these are the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, fittingly described as the most perfect gem of Gothic architecture in New England. The Orphan Asylum, the inauguration of St. Joseph's College, St. Mary's Hall and Convent; the capacious and well-ordered Episcopal residence, the French school, the commodious church of St. Joseph, Mt. St. Mary Convent, and the parochial schools conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

Though engrossed in manifold duties of organizing parishes, building churches, schools, and convents, yet he has found time to indulge in literary pursuits, and has placed before Catholic readers a number of very instructive and interesting works.

In 1860, he directed the compilation of the Memoirs of the Three Converts, Debbie, Helen, and Anna Barlow, which was made by Mrs. Julia C. Smalley, of Swanton, and edited by the Very Rev. T. Druon, of St. Albans. This work is a brief history of the lives of the daughters of Hon. Bradley Barlow, whose conversion to Catholicity amazed the Protestants of New England. History of confession "is a work of three hundred and fifty pages. It is a lucid exposition of this important subject and could be read with profit by every Catholic." Catholic Memoirs of Vermont and New Hampshire is a life sketch of the convert, Fanny Allen, the first nun of New England. Fanny Allen was the daughter of the famous revolutionary soldier, Ethan Allen. This book also contains a history of the conversion of the Rev. William A. Hoyt, an Episcopal clergyman of Vermont, and likewise an account of the celebrated Barber family of Claremont, N. H., which became Catholics in the early part of the century. Another work of merit, from the bishop's pen, is entitled Meditations for the use of the Secular Clergy. This is an English translation in two volumes, of Father Chaignon's well-known book, *Nouveau Cours de Meditations Sacerdotales.* It is now in process of printing, and will be largely welcomed by the English-speaking portion of the secular clergy.

The work, however, that represents the bishop's greatest literary effort is a book recently issued by the publishing firm of Benziger Bros., New York city. This book is the result of several years of patient toil and deep research. He studied with great care both sacred and secular history. Journeyed to the Holy Land and personally explored, with minutest detail, the scenes of Christ's labors and sufferings. The work is divided into four parts corresponding to the ecclesiastical year. The author shows "Our Lord is our companion in the Tabernacle, our sacrifice in the Mass, the food of our souls in Holy Communion, our reward in heaven." The work contains nine hundred pages, is handsomely bound,

and is filled with beautiful engravings of Scriptural events.

Bishop De Goesbriand possesses the most ennobling traits of human character. Perhaps the most endearing is his unaffected simplicity. An anecdote is told that aptly illustrates this predominating trait; a gentleman who had seen something of life in Washington and Baltimore, was once introduced to his lordship and inquiries being made concerning these cities, the gentleman discoursed somewhat rapturously on the eminence and wealth of Catholicity in these and other Southern cities. The good Bishop courteously listened and at the conclusion of the gentleman's remarks, with a shrug and kindly smile said, "that is all very grand but give me the good *poor* people." That spontaneous remark reveals his soul. Solicitous as he is for the welfare of the rich, he is doubly zealous in ministering to the poor. He moves about the streets of Burlington as a monk about the corridors of his monastery, his venerable head meditatively inclined as if in constant prayer. No dazzling dignity is his, but a modest reserve, courtesy, and meekness that unmistakably marks him the refined gentleman and cultured priest. Though tolerant of the views of others, he is firm and unyielding in diocesan discipline.

Fifty years a priest! Thirty-seven years a bishop! These are long periods in the avocations of men. Eventful, exacting, perilous at times, have been these years, but each has yielded its bountiful harvest. If, as a lad in vine-clad Brittany, or as a student in the historic halls of St. Sulpice in Paris, an ardent ambition to serve God, pictured to him a young priest organizing amidst hardships, Catholicity in our western wilds; if, perchance, he "dips into the future" even further and saw that same young priest, advanced in years and grace, staff in hand, the shepherd of a contented flock, how prophetic was the vision now gradually descending in the last quarter of the heavens; but no cloud obscures it; its rays are not impaired. It shines with the same steady, wholesome, grace-giving light as when on its midday meridian. Golden will be its setting, and Catholicity in Vermont will watch and weep when it calmly sinks below the western horizon. Bishop De Goesbriand is now regarded, and shall be hereafter remembered, as the Good Shepherd of the Granite Hills.

THE CELEBRATION.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated Sunday morning, July 13, at 10.30 A. M. on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop De Goesbriand's ordination and the cathedral was well filled. A large number of beautiful flowering plants decorated the main altar, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's altar, and St. Ann's altar, and the rich and costly vestments worn in the services were those recently presented to the bishop by the bishops of the province. Bishop De Goesbriand officiated as celebrant, Very Rev. Thomas Lynch, V. G., as assistant priest, Rev. J. J. Audet, of Winooski Falls, as deacon, Rev. Joseph M. Duglue, of Harrison, N. Y., as sub-deacon, and Rev. Thomas Carty as master of ceremonies. The Mass was celebrated in a very solemn and impressive manner, the singing by the choir being fine, and Father Lynch made a few remarks to the congregation, commenting upon the ready manner in which the people had taken hold of the work pertaining to the celebration of the seventeenth.

Rev. Thomas Carty, of St. Joseph's college, delivered an able sermon from the words found in the fourth verse of the one hundred and ninth Psalm: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedech." He said that "the pleasant labor of an extended sketch of Bishop De Goesbriand's long and eminently useful life as a priest of the Catholic Church, and the work, that had been accomplished by him from the time he came to Vermont, in the days of the infancy of Catholicism in this state up to the glorious prospect that to-day greets him as a result of his untiring effort and simple trust in God, had been intrusted to other hands, and he would simply delineate the reason for the celebration to take place this week. The primary cause of the celebration arises not from the position which he has held for so many years as bishop, but from his relations as a priest, and the infinite good done by him as the guide, the instructor, and the father of his people." Father Carty then proceeded to answer the questions:

"What is a Catholic priest, by whose authority does he speak and act, and to what end are his labors expended?" After a short comparison of the aspect of the work at the time that the bishop first came to Vermont, the disadvantages that he was obliged to contend against at that time, and the vast progress that had been made under his guidance, the speaker closed with the words, "May the spirit of truth and wisdom guide our beloved bishop in his declining years, and when the time shall come that his footsteps near the gates of heaven, he will be greeted with 'Welcome home' by those who have gone before."

A pleasant feature of the day was the presentation of twenty-five dollars in gold to Bishop DeGoesbriand, at the Episcopal residence, after the afternoon service, by Mr. J. J. Mulqueen, leader of the church choir, in their behalf. All the members were present. The gift was a complete surprise, and the bishop made a few remarks expressing his thanks for this expression of their esteem.

The golden jubilee held on the 17th was a fitting close of Bishop De Goesbriand's half century of consecrated effort as a priest of the Catholic Church. A large number of dignitaries, priests, and delegates were in attendance. The committee and others prepared elaborate decorations in honor of the event, especially on the front of the Episcopal residence, the interior of the cathedral, and the arched entrance to the church. Beautiful flowers decked the altars. The stores on the principal streets were gaily decorated.

The celebration opened at 6 A. M. with a salute of fifty guns and ringing of bells. At 9 o'clock the reception of visiting delegates at the rooms of the Catholic Young Men's Union took place. At the cathedral Pontificial High Mass was celebrated, fully fifteen hundred people being present. The centre aisles were reserved for the delegates.

As the organ pealed forth an overture, the clergy came from the vestry, and the visiting priests took seats arranged for them inside the railing.

Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston, being the highest dignitary present, occupied a throne opposite Bishop De Goesbriand.

Bishop De Goesbriand officiated as celebrant. Very Rev. Father Gabriels, D. D., of Troy, as assistant priest, Father Westerholt, of Cleveland, as first deacon of honor; Rev. J. Bray, of Montreal, as second deacon of honor; Rev. Thomas Gaffney, of Rutland, as deacon; Rev. J. A. Boissonnault, of St. Johnsbury, as sub-deacon, Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Joseph's College, as first master of ceremonies; Rev. Joseph Paquet, of Burlington, as second master of ceremonies; and Rev. J. Gelot, of Poultney, as censor bearer. The acolytes were William D. Scully and Edward B. Corley.

Bishop Healy of Portland, Me., preached an eloquent sermon from the words found in the Psalms, cxlii: "I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the works of thy hands." The speaker after a few opening remarks, reviewed the life of Bishop De Goesbriand from the time of his baptism in the province of Brittany, at St. Urbain; his childhood spent there up to the time he entered the college at Quimper, and also at St. Sulpice, Paris; his ordination as a priest in Paris, on July 13, 1840, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosati; the work that he carried on in Ohio after coming to this country, and finally the fruitful labor performed by him since his appointment as bishop of the diocese of Burlington, Vt. He spoke in high terms of the consecrated efforts of the bishop, likened the field of labor in Vermont when he first came into it as a dry and sterile plain, strewn with dry bones which, under the blessing of God and the faithful prayers of his subjects, have since risen up fruitful with men and souls, churches, Christian homes, schools and institutions of charity. And so," said Bishop Healy, "a great army stands to-day blessing the day and the event." He closed with the words: "May we all so live that in the end we may be witnesses of his joy and of his crown, before the throne of God."

Bishop De Goesbriand read a cablegram from the Pope, and Archbishop Williams gave the people his pontifical blessing.

As the congregation left the church a march sortie, by Bassett was played.

At one o'clock, an elaborate spread was served to the visiting priests at

St. Mary's Hall, and a few after-dinner speeches were made.

Very Rev. Father Lynch, V. G., made the address from the clergy to the bishop, bearing mainly upon the bishop's life-work, and the love and devotion that those of the entire diocese bear toward him.

Archbishop Williams referred pleasantly to the time that he first came to Burlington in 1833, to assist at the mission that was then being held, and drawing a vivid word-picture of the contrast in the aspect of work in Vermont at that time and at present. He closed with an earnest expression of his personal esteem for Bishop De Goesbriand, and an assurance of the love that all the bishops of the province bear toward him.

The company then adjourned.

At two o'clock, an elegant banquet was served to the delegates at the Hotel Burlington, and at 3.30, the addresses and presentation at the cathedral, by delegates from the different parishes of the diocese, took place.

Bishop DeGoesbriand, at the close of the presentation, made a witty and pertinent address to the delegates expressing his gratitude.

The weather was bad; rainy all day.

Among the distinguished delegates and representatives in attendance were: Archbishop Williams, of Boston, Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me.; BishopBradley, of Manchester, N. H.; Bishop Harkins, of Providence, R. I.; Very Rev. Father Leblanc, of Montreal; Father Westerholt, of Cleveland, O., one of Bishop De Goesbriand's former pupils; Mgr. Bouf, of Cleveland, O.; Father Barry, V. G., of Manchester, N. H.; Father Fagan, of Boston; Fathers Driscoll and Bray of Montreal; Father S. J. Gaffney, of Rutland; Rev. P. J. Cunningham, of Brattleboro; Rev. J. Reynolds, of Bellows Falls; Rev. P. J. O'Carroll, of Proctor; Rev. P. J. Barrett, of Fairhaven; Revs. J. and J. M. Gelot, of Poultney; Rev. P. J. Houlihan, of Ludlow; Rev. J. A. Clark, of Brandon; Rev. N. Proulx, of Rutland; Rev. Father J. A. Boissonnault, of St. Johnsbury; Rev. H. Lane, of Middlebury; Rev. J. Gallagan, of Montpelier; Rev. J. Shannon, of Underhill; Father Michaud, ex-Marshal Robinson, Frank Guiltenan, N. J. Guiltenan, Thomas Nolan, Dr. Daley and B. Cunningham, of Bennington.

At 8 p. m., a procession of one thousand torches, headed by the Sherman band and city police, and followed by a long line of carriages, paraded the principal streets of the city, disbanding in the city park, after listening to a short address by the bishop.

Erin's Emblems.

Oh! would'st thou know the emblems of the Isle of Destiny,
That hallowed land where the turrets grand and the beautiful mountains be,
They're the symbols proud of a race uncowed, heirlooms of a nation old,
A shamrock-plant and a flag of green and a crownless harp of gold.

Oh, a blessing on the shamrock; 'tis the emblem of a faith
That marked the thrust of a myriad sword, and laughed in the face of death;
As it held its own on the hillside lone, or away mid the verdant leas,
With a heart unbent and a martyr's strength through the gore-stained centuries.

Oh, a blessing on her banner, there is hope in the em'rald green,
Hope for the slave and hope for the brave in its folds of a lustrous sheen;
The banner that soared o'er Benbur, and triumphed beyond the foam,
Will flutter and soar in pride once more o'er battlefields at home.

And the lyre of her soul, that harp of gold, doth tell of her chequered past,
The blood red years and the sacred tears and the fight where the die was cast
At the touch of its chords flashed fiery swords, where far o'er the mountains brown,
With the setting sun the clansmen won and the foreign flag went down.

O stranger, such are the emblems of the Isle of Destiny,
A triplet guard to watch and ward that land by a western sea,
They're the symbols proud of a race uncowed, heirlooms of a nation old,
A shamrock plant and a flag of green, and a crownless harp of gold!

EUGENE DAVIS.

State Schools and Parish Schools.

THE QUESTION STATED: REMEDY PROPOSED: LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE TO ALL.

THE following paper was read on Thursday, July 10th, by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, at the National Educational Convention assembled there:

I will beg leave to make at once

MY PROFESSION OF FAITH.

I declare most unbounded loyalty to the Constitution of my country. I desire no favors. I claim no rights that are not in consonance with its letter and its spirit. The rights which the Constitution allows I do claim, and in doing so, I am but the truer and the more loyal American.

In what I may say to this distinguished audience, the principles of our common American citizenship shall inspire my words. I beg that you listen to me and discuss my arguments in the light of those principles.

I am the friend and

THE ADVOCATE OF THE STATE SCHOOL.

In the circumstances of the present time, I uphold the parish school. I do sincerely wish that the need of it did not exist. I would have all the schools for the children of the people state schools.

The accusation has gone abroad that Catholics are bent on destroying the state school. Never was there an accusation more unfounded. I will summarize the

ARTICLES OF MY SCHOOL CREED.

They follow all the lines upon which the state school is built.

The right of the state school to exist, I consider, is a matter beyond the stage of discussion. I most fully concede it. To the child must be imparted instruction in no mean degree, that the man may earn for himself an honest competence, and acquit himself of the duties which society exacts from him for its own prosperity and life. This proposition true in any country of modern times is peculiarly true in America. The imparting of this instruction is primarily the function of the child's parent. The family is prior to the state. The appointment of Providence is that under the care and direction of the parent, the child shall grow both in body and in mind. The state intervenes whenever the family cannot or will not do the work that is needed. The state's place in the function of instruction is *loco parentis*. As things are, tens of thousands of children will not be instructed if parents remain solely in charge of the duty. The state must come forward as an agent of instruction; else ignorance will prevail. Indeed, in the absence of state action there never was that universal instruction which we have so nearly attained and which we deem necessary. In the absence of state action I believe universal instruction would never in any country have been possible.

State action in favor of instruction implies free schools on which knowledge is conditioned in the asking; in no other manner can we bring instruction within the reach of all children.

FREE SCHOOLS.

Blest, indeed, is the nation whose vales and hill-sides they adorn, and blest the generations upon whose souls are poured their treasures! No tax is more legitimate than that which is levied for the dispelling of mental darkness, and the building up within a nation's bosom of intelligent manhood and womanhood. The question may not be raised, how much good accrues to the individual tax-payer; the general welfare is richly served, and this suffices. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the money paid in school-tax is the money of the state, and is to be disbursed solely by officials of the state, and solely for the specific purposes in view of which it was collected.

I unreservedly favor state laws

MAKING INSTRUCTION COMPULSORY.

Instruction is so much needed by each citizen, for his own sake and for that

of society, that the father who neglects to provide for his child's instruction sins against the child and against society, and it behooves the state to punish him. Of course, first principles must not be forgotten, and since instruction is primarily the function of the parent, the state entering into action *loco parentis*, the parent enjoys the right to educate his child in the manner suitable to himself, provided, always, that the education, given in this manner, suffice for the ulterior duties of the child toward himself and society. Compulsory education implies attendance in schools maintained and controlled by the state, only when there is no attendance in other schools known to be competent to impart instruction in the required degree. The compulsory laws recently enacted in certain states of the Union are, to my judging, objectionable in a few of their incidental clauses. These, I am confident, will readily be altered in approaching legislative sessions. With the body of the laws, and their general intent in the direction of hastening among us universal instruction, I am in most hearty accord.

It were idle for me to praise

THE WORK OF THE STATE SCHOOL

of America in the imparting of secular instruction. We all confess its value. It is our pride and our glory. The Republic of the United States has solemnly affirmed its resolve, that within its borders no clouds of ignorance shall settle upon the minds of the children of its people. To reach this result its generosity knows no limit. The free school of America — withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction!

Can I be suspected of enmity to the state school, because I fain would widen the expanse of its wings until all the children of the people find shelter beneath their cover, because I tell of defects, which for very love of the state school, I seek to remedy?

I turn to

THE PARISH SCHOOL.

It exists. I repeat my regret that there is the necessity for its existence. In behalf of the state school, I call upon my fellow-Americans to aid in the removal of this necessity.

Catholics are foremost in establishing parish schools. Seven hundred and fifty thousand children, it is estimated, are educated in their parish schools. A lack of material means prevents them from housing their full number of children. Lutherans exhibit great zeal in favor of parish schools. Many Episcopalians, and some in different other Protestant denominations, commend and organize parish schools. The different denominational colleges of the country are practically parish schools for the children of the richer classes. The spirit of the parish school, if not the school itself, is widespread among American Protestants, and is made manifest by their determined opposition to the exclusion of Scripture reading, and other devotional exercises from the school room.

There is dissatisfaction with the state school, as at present organized. The state school, it is said, tends to the elimination of religion from the minds and hearts of the youth of the country.

This is my grievance against the state schools of to-day. Believe me, my Protestant fellow-citizens, that I am absolutely sincere, when I now declare that I am speaking for the weal of Protestantism as well as for that of Catholicism. I am a Catholic, of course, to the tiniest fibre of my heart, unflinching and uncompromising in my faith; but God forbid that I desire to see in America the ground which Protestantism occupies, exposed to the chilling and devastating blast of unbelief. Let me be your ally in stemming the swelling tide of irreligion, the death-knell of Christian life and of Christian civilization, the fatal foe of souls and of country. This is

WHAT WE HAVE TO FEAR —

the materialism which sees not beyond the universe a living personal God, or the agnosticism which reduces him to an indescribable perhaps. The evil is abroad, scorning salvation through the teachings and graces of Christ Jesus, sneering at the Biblical page, warring upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath, and the music of its church bells, telling of Heaven and of the hopes of immortal souls. Let us be on our guard. In our jealousies lest Protestants gain some advantage over Catholics, or Catholics over Protes-

tants, we play into the hands of unbelievers and secularists. We have given over to them the school, the nursery of thought. Are we not securing to them the mastery of the future?

The state school is non-religious. It ignores religion. There is, and there can be, no positive religious teaching, where the principle of non-sectarianism rules. What follows? The school deals with immature, childish minds, upon which silent facts and examples make deepest impression. The school claims nearly all the time remaining to pupils outside of rest and recreation; to the school they will, perforce, amid the struggles of later life, look back for inspiration. It treats of land and sea, but not of Heaven; it speaks of statesmen and warriors, but is silent on God and Christ; it tells how to attain success in this world, but says nothing as to the world beyond the grave. The pupil sees and listens; the conclusion is inevitable, that religion is of minor importance. Religious indifference will be his creed; his manhood will be, as his childhood in the school, estranged from God and the positive influences of religion.

THE BRIEF AND HURRIED LESSONS

of the family fireside and the Sunday-school will not avail. At best, the time is too short for that most difficult of lessons, religion. The child is tired from the exacting drill of the school-room, and will not relish an extra task, of the necessity of which the teacher, in whom he confides most trustingly, has said nothing. The great mass of children receive no fireside lessons, and attend no Sunday-school, and the great mass of the children of America are growing up without religion. Away with theories and dreams, let us read the facts. In ten thousand homes of the land the father hastens to his work in the early dawn before his children have risen from their slumbers, and in the evening an exhausted frame bids him seek at once repose, with scarcely time allowed to kiss his little ones. The mother toils from morning to night that they may eat and be clothed. It is mockery to ask her to be their teacher. What may you expect from the Sunday-school? An hour in the week to learn religion is as nothing, and only the small number will be present during that hour. The churches are open and teachers are at hand, but the non-religious school has claimed the attention and the hard work of the child during five days of the week; he is unwilling to submit to the drudgery of another hour's work on Sunday. Accidentally, and unintentionally, it may be, but, in fact, most certainly, the state school crowds out the work of the Church, and takes from it the opportunities to secure a hearing. The state need not teach religion; but for the sake of its people, and for its own sake, it should permit and facilitate the action of the Church. It hinders this action.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MASSES

are learning no religion. The religion of thousands, who are supposed to be religious, is the merest veneering of mind and heart. Its doctrines are vaguest and most chaotic notions as to what God is, and what our relations to him are. Very often it is mere sentimentality, and its precepts are the decorous rulings of natural culture and natural policy. This is not the religion that built up in the past our Christian civilization, and that will maintain it in the future. This is not the religion that will subjugate passion and repress vice. It is not the religion that will guard the family and save society.

Let the state look to itself. The mind which it polishes is a two-edged sword — an instrument for good or an instrument for evil. It were fatal to polish it without the assurance that in all likelihood it shall be an instrument for good.

I am not questioning how far we may lay at the door of the non-religious school the breaking up of Christian creeds, the growth of agnosticism and unbelief, the weakening of public and private morals, and the almost complete estrangement of the poor and the working classes from church organizations. But I do submit that these dreaded evils of our day should awaken us from our lethargy, and compel us to bestow more than the ordinary care upon the religious instruction of the children of the land, that they may have the strength to withstand the fierce temptations surrounding them, and not, rather, by their precipitation into the maelstrom, intensify the evils.

Do not say that the state school teaches morals. Christians demand

religion. Morals without the positive principles of religion, giving to them root and sap, do not exist. What seems to be morals without religion are the blossomings of fortunate and kindly disposed natures, or habits fashioned upon Christian traditions that grow weaker as the traditions become remote.

To the American people at large — religious-minded and God-fearing, as I know them to be — I put the question: Ought we not have, in connection with the school, religious instruction? That there are serious difficulties in the way, I confess. But are we to stop at difficulties when it is incumbent upon us to reach the goal? I do not mistrust the reply.

SECULARISTS AND UNBELIEVERS

will interpose their rights. I allow them their rights, I will not impose upon them my religion which is Christianity. But let them not impose on me and my fellow-Christians their religion which is secularism. Secularism is a religion of its kind, and usually a very loud-spoken and intolerant religion, and when non-sectarianism is intended, the secularist sect must not claim for itself the field which it refuses to others. I am taking my stand upon our common American citizenship. The liberty I claim, that I grant.

I come to the chief difficulty in the premises. The American people, at large, are Christians; but they are divided among themselves. Yes, they are divided. Not to speak of other differences, there is a radical and vital one between Protestantism of all forms and Catholicism. I am not arguing, I am relating facts. Well-meaning and well-deserving men have proposed, as a remedy in this instance, that there be taught in connection with the schools, a common Christianity. This will not do. Catholics in fidelity to their principles cannot accept a common Christianity. What comes to them not bearing on its face the stamp of Catholicity, is Protestant in form and in implication, even if it be Catholic in substance. This being the settled fact, American Catholics will not, of course, inflict Catholicism upon non-Catholic or Protestant children, and with similar fair-mindedness American Protestants will not inflict Protestantism upon Catholic children. Some compromise becomes necessary. Is it not ten thousand times better that we make the compromise, rather than allow secularism to triumph and own the country?

I turn to

ALL AMERICANS —

secularists as well as Christian believers, and I address them in the name of American citizenship. We are a practical people, and when we find facts before us, whether we like, or dislike them, we deal them with an eye to the general good. Dissatisfaction does exist with the state school, because of its exclusion of religion. The dissatisfaction will exist, so long as no change is made. It is founded on conscience.

Is not the fact of this dissatisfaction sufficient that Americans set to work earnestly and with a good-will to to remove its cause? The welfare of the country demands peace and harmony among citizens. Let us put an end to the constant murmurings and bitter recriminations with which our school war fills the air. Since we are proud of our state school and prize its advantages, let us make an effort that all the children of the people enjoy these advantages. If there be a public institution, as the state school, supported by all the people, avowedly for the benefit of all the people, let it be such that all may use it. Be there no taxation without representation in the enjoyment of the benefits thereof. Let us most studiously avoid raising barriers to the use of those benefits, and, in a most especial manner, such barriers that the opposition to them comes in the name of conscience. I invoke the spirit of American liberty and American institutions. Our views, perhaps, differ diametrically from those of others of our fellow-citizens; we may deem their views utterly wrong. Still, is not the duty of Americans that of peace and concession, so that others be as undisturbed in their conscience as we are in ours? Does it matter that we happen to be in the majority? Brute numerical force may be legal; it is not justice, it is not the spirit of America. Minorities have rights, and as speedily as it is possible with the public weal should the majority recognize them. It is no honor to

America that ten millions or more be compelled by law to pay taxes for the support of schools, to which their conscience forbids access, and to be, furthermore, in order to obey conscience, compelled by their zeal for the instruction of their children to build school-houses of their own, and pay their own teachers. It is no honor for the remaining fifty millions to profit for themselves of the taxes paid by the ten millions. The cry that the state schools are open to them, if they silence their consciences, is not a defence that will hold before the bar of justice. The aspect of the case is the more serious when we consider that those ten millions are largely among the poorer classes of the population, and that they are sincerely and loyally desirous to obtain the benefits of the state school, if only the obstacles be removed.

It is

NO HONOR TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

that she be more than any other nation foremost in efforts to divorce religion from the schools. No country goes in this direction so far as ours. We have entered upon a terrible experiment; the very life of our civilization, and of our country is at stake. I know not how to account for this condition of things, passing strange in America. Neither the genius of our country, nor its history, gives countenance to it. The American people are naturally reverent and religious. Their laws and public observances breathe forth the perfume of religion. The American school, as it first reared its log walls amid the villages of New England was religious through and through. The present favor to a non-religious school is, I verily believe, the thoughtlessness of a moment, and it will not last.

I solve the difficulty by submitting it to the calm judgment of the country. No question is insoluble to Americans, which truth and justice press home to them. Other countries, whose civilization we do not despise, have found a solution. I instance but England and Prussia. We are not inferior to them in practical legislation and the spirit of peaceful compromise. Suggestions of mine must be necessarily crude in form, and local and temporary in application. I will, however, speak them. I would permeate the regular state school with the religion of the majority of the children of the land, be it as Protestant as Protestantism can be, and I would, as they do in England, pay for the secular instruction given in denominational schools according to results — that is, each pupil passing the examination before state officials, and in full accordance with the state programme, should secure to his school the cost of the tuition of a pupil in the state school. This is not paying for the religious instruction given to the pupil, but for the secular instruction demanded by the state, and given to the pupil as thoroughly as he could have received it in the state school. Another plan: I would do as Protestants and Catholics in Poughkeepsie, and other places in our own country, have agreed to do, to the great satisfaction of all citizens and the great advancement of educational interests.

IN POUGHKEEPSIE

the city school Board rents the buildings formerly used as parish schools, and from the hour of 9 A. M., to that of 3 P. M., the school is in every particular a state school — teachers engaged and paid by the Board, teachers and pupils examined, state books used, the door always open to superintendent and members of the Board. There is simply the tacit understanding that so long as the teachers in those schools, Catholic in faith, pass their examinations and do their work as cleverly and as loyally as other teachers under the control of the Board, teachers of another faith shall not be put in their place. Nor are they allowed to teach positive religion during school hours. This is done outside the hours for which the buildings are leased to the Board. The state, it is plain, pays not one cent for the religious instruction of the pupils. In the other schools Protestant devotional exercises take place, in fullest freedom, before the usual school hour.

Do not tell me of

DIFFICULTIES OF DETAIL

in the working out of either of my schemes. There are difficulties; but will not the result be fullest compensation for the struggle to overcome them?

Other schemes more perfect in conception, and easier of application will, perhaps, be presented in time, meanwhile let us do as best we know.

Allow me one word as a Catholic. I have sought to place on the precise line where it belongs, the objection of Catholics to the state school. Is it fair, is it honest, to raise the cry that Catholics are opposed to education, to free schools, to the American school system? I do lose my patience, when adversaries seek to place us in this false position so contrary to all our convictions and resolves. In presence of this vast and distinguished assembly, to have addressed which is an honor I shall never forget, I protest with all the energy of my soul against the charge that the schools of the Nation have their enemies among Catholics. Not one stone of the wondrous edifice which Americans have built up in their devotion to education will Catholics remove, or permit to be removed. They would fain add to its splendor and majesty by putting side by side religion and the school, neither interfering with the work of the other, each one borrowing from the other aid and dignity. Do the schools of America fear contact with religion? The Catholics demand the Christian state school. In so doing they prove themselves the truest friends of the school and the state.

The Congress of Negro Catholics.

THE Second Congress of our Colored Catholic Laymen was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 8th, 9th, and 10th, in St. Peter's Cathedral. The Congress was opened with Solemn Mass, of which the celebrant was Rev. Father Griffin, C. H. G., of Pittsburg, with Rev. J. P. White, of Louisville, as Deacon, and Rev. F. Eummelein, of Leavenworth, was Sub-deacon. Father Moore of the Cathedral, was Master of Ceremonies. In the unavoidable absence of Archbishop Elder, Father Mackey, of the Cathedral, gave the address of welcome to the Delegates, who numbered about one hundred and twenty-five, representing various states. In his address, Father Mackey recalled the glories of the Church of Africa, which boasted at one time of six hundred and forty Bishops, and whose light the Moslem put out in the seventh century, when an Arab rode his horse into the Cathedral of Carthage, crying out that there was one God whose prophet was Mahomet. To-day, after twelve centuries, Cardinal Lavigerie is rebuilding that same Cathedral, a living proof of the undying power of the Christian Church. The colored race in America will derive their strength and vitality at the breasts of the same glorious Church.

A pleasing feature of the opening service was that the choir of the colored church sang the choral parts while at the altar; the servers were also colored boys. Immediately afterwards the Congress assembled in the Cathedral Hall, which Father Mackey, the moving spirit of the Congress, kindly put at its disposal. After electing Dan A. Rudd, of Ohio, temporary chairman, the list of delegates was called and other usual preliminaries gone over. After recess, when the Congress resumed, the following permanent organization of the executive committee for the ensuing year was announced: President, Washington Parker, New York; Vice-presidents, D. L. McCloud, St. Louis, Mo., C. H. Butler, Washington, D. C., J. E. Talbert, S. S. Gainer, H. L. Jones; Treasurer, Dr. W. S. Loftin; Recording Secretary, D. S. Mahoney; Assistant, John R. Rudd; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas W. Short; Sergeant-at-arms, S. F. Hardy.

On Wednesday morning the convention met, Mr. W. Parker presiding. Letters of regret from non-attendants, as also kind and encouraging words of bishops and clergy for the success of the convention, were read. Archbishop Elder then arrived, and in company with the Rt. Revs. C. P. Maes, of Covington, and A. J. Watterson, of Columbus, and Very Rev. J. M. Mackey, Ph. D., took seats. On motion of Mr. D. Rudd the chair called upon the Most Rev. Archbishop for an address to the delegates. To this His Grace responded in his usual cheerful way, admonishing all present first as to their duty toward God and the Church, and secondly as to the objects and aims of their meeting. He sug-

gested very warmly the care of the colored children as one of the aims to be taken in view, also the formation of society organizations among the young colored men and women.

After his Grace followed the Right Rev. Bishop Watterson, who, in well-chosen words, called upon all to practise the tenets of faith, and by their example show themselves good Catholics and good citizens. His lordship further impressed upon his hearers the necessity of supporting and spreading Catholic literature among the colored brethren not of the Church, so as to enlighten them as to the beneficent advantages of the Catholic faith. His lordship was followed by Right Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, who, in a most spirited address, welcomed the delegates and congratulated them upon their success. His lordship further gave the interesting information that his Diocese contained about seventy-five thousand colored people. In the city of Lexington, he had not long since opened a free school for colored children, and he was happy to say it was doing well. An average of two hundred and eight scholars, of whom but three were Catholic, attended the same. Having once placed this school upon a good basis, others would follow in due course of time, and the spread of the faith among the race pushed. He entertained high hopes for the future of the race, represented, as it was, by such an intellectual body of freemen, who, by their example and influence among their unbelieving brethren, would effect much and lasting good.

Rev. Father Harrison, of St. Paul, Minn., then rose and made a few remarks upon the problem of social equality, and was followed by others.

The most entertaining part of the Congress was the reception tendered the delegates and their friends, by the colored Protestants of Cincinnati.

Greenwood Hall was filled by a very fine body of colored people. The presiding officer was a Mr. Harlan, who holds a substantial position in the Sub-Treasury of Cincinnati, and who has several times been a member of the State Senate of Ohio. He made a splendid impression, not only by his commanding presence, but also by his address. The regular welcome-speech was delivered by Mr. Bell, Vice-Principal of the High School. Both these are colored men. Then Archbishop Elder was introduced, and, true to his pastoral office, refreshed his audience with sound teaching. Bishop Watterson followed. Proud was he to say that in Columbus, Ohio, the Catholic institutions recognize no color line. In the hospitals, blacks are as welcome as whites; the orphanages receive both races indiscriminately and in Catholic schools, blacks and whites sit at the same desks. Father Harrison also spoke. He is rector of the Cathedral in St. Paul, to which is attached the colored Catholic Church. In his speech, he *out-Irelanded* Archbishop Ireland himself. String the human race along a meridian from the Equator to the North Pole, putting the blackest men at the Equator and the whitest at the North Pole and it would be impossible to show the dividing line in color. The Catholic Church was color-blind. Father Mackey, rector of the Cathedral, among his remarks, declared that the pews of St. Peter's Cathedral were opened to the blacks on the same conditions as the whites, and that, if the colored were unable to pay, the pews were opened to them anyhow. There is no negro loft in Cincinnati Cathedral. Mr. Dan A. Rudd, of Ohio, closed the evening's addresses. The Archbishop, Bishop, visiting clergy, and delegates then received the substantial side of the reception, and after refreshing the inner man, the large assembly dispersed, with the greatest satisfaction, that kind Providence had thrown together so many leading colored Catholics and Protestants. On Thursday morning, the resolutions were read and adopted with the privilege granted to the committee to perfect and arrange and publish them.

The following were made an Industrial Committee, whose duty it will be to make an effort to obtain an appropriation, in Congress, for the establishment of an Industrial School for colored Catholics in Washington: C. H. Butler, of Washington; J. A. Spencer, South Carolina; D. S. Mahoney, Philadelphia; Dr. W. S. Lofton, Washington; R. S. Ruffin, Minnesota; and N. H. Velan, of Missouri. The Young Men's Industrial League, of New York, established for the advancement of the colored

race, by means of the press and the pulpit, and represented by Robert N. Wood, of New York, was indorsed by the Council.

A request was made by Mr. Wood, that each member of this Congress establish a like society in his respective city. A set of resolutions gotten up by a special committee, as the result of the past few days' work, was then read. In substance they were an invocation to the Church to do all in its power to allow all Catholics, irrespective of color or race, to have the full privilege of a good religious education, if necessary, by the establishment of night schools, and to advise the authorities of cities to look to the moral as well as to the civil rights of every citizen, non-exclusive of race. They also asked the Trades Unions to allow colored members of the trades admission to their conferences, and an enjoyment of their advantages.

Storekeepers are requested to hire colored clerks, in order to advance the business chances of goodly disposed and well-regulated young men and young women. They ask an abolition of the African Slave Trade, and a helping hand for the otherwise helpless colored orphans. They promise the Catholic Church filial obedience, and an effort to obtain men and women for the brotherhood and sisterhood, who may further advance the interests of their race in the faith. The resolutions terminated with a recommendation of the members of the St. Vincent De Paul, and an undying profession of gratitude to Archbishop Ireland, whom they term the champion of the race.

The American Catholic Tribune was the object of much discussion. The delegates severely criticised its make-up, matter, poor paper, etc. Dan. A. Rudd, its proprietor, promised henceforth to make it worthy of the cause it espouses. This we hope he will be better able to do when located in Philadelphia, whither he will probably remove it on Jan. 1. 1891. Aided by the talent and energy of Rev. Patrick McDermott, C. H. G., the Catholic Tribune should become a source of incalculable good to the negro race. On Friday, Father Mackey escorted the delegates to the Zoological Gardens and entertained them at a choice banquet, after which they scattered to their homes. The veil of time has fallen upon the second gathering of negro Catholics. They met in a city far remote from the places in which they dwell: of the priests specially devoted to them only two or three were present, yet the dignified bearing and manly tone of the Congress could not but impress the on-lookers. Surely to see a body of serious men thus meeting and pleading for their race is a patent proof of their latent possibilities. While Philadelphia has been selected for the next Congress, it seems a great pity that Chicago, during the Centennial of Columbus, was not chosen. Then the representative negro Catholics would meet their white brethren in the faith to the advantage of both. No one, however, thought of Chicago in connection with the convention.

The following delegates were present:

Ohio — Charles A. Hubbard, J. R. Rudd, Lambert Ewing, Robert Blackstone, J. Marten, James Taylor, Wm. L. Ervin, Daniel A. Rudd, S. Douglass, Rev. J. Mackey, Ph. D.

District of Columbia — W. H. Smith, J. C. Dorsey, M. West, V. Marshall, A. Heathman, Willis J. Smith, Charles H. Butler, Dr. W. S. Loftin, Thomas W. Short, S. Brown, J. F. Jackson, L. B. Brown, Rev. W. Walsh.

Maryland — Rev. J. Slattery, F. M. Hall, J. B. Kelly, J. Blay, Rev. M. Leeson.

Pennsylvania — D. S. Mahoney, J. T. Maxwell, O. A. Moore, George L. Washington, Rev. P. M. Whelan, Rev. P. A. McDermott, Rev. E. Griffin, Brother Albert (colored), O. S. B.

New York — R. M. Wood, W. Parker.

Missouri — L. Valle, R. Lewis, L. P. Clemorgan, D. L. McLeod, N. H. Velar.

Massachusetts — S. S. Gayner.

Kansas — Rev. H. Eummelen.

Kentucky — Rev. J. P. White, A. J. Bell, E. Spaulding, J. Thompson, W. R. Rudd, W. Rapier.

Minnesota — Rev. J. T. Harrison, J. E. Talbert, S. Hardy.

Louisiana — H. L. Jones.

Georgia — A. E. Robinson, by proxy, Dr. W. S. Loftin.

South Carolina — J. E. Spencer, by proxy, C. H. Butler.

Rev. J. R. Slattery.

Religion in Foreign Public Schools.

In his address before the National Educational Convention, at St. Paul, Archbishop Ireland pointed out the necessity of religion in the school, and advocated two solutions — first, the Poughkeepsie plan, in which the regular state curriculum is taught during school hours, and religious instruction given outside those hours; and, secondly, the denominational plan, in which schools could be established by any religious body, their doctrines freely taught therein, and the state would only examine into them and pay by results, according to its own secular standards. To most of those who heard him,— representatives and friends of the public system,— his ideas seemed absolutely novel. They were obstinately set in the blind idolatry of their system. They knew that a great conflict was agitating the land, in regard to the settlement of our muddled educational question. But they never dreamed that there could be reason or arguments on the side of the Catholics and serious-minded Protestants, and, either avowedly or secretly, they, doubtless, cherished the stubborn and bigoted notion, that the whole outcry was a Jesuit conspiracy against American institutions. Archbishop Ireland's address, which held them by its masterful power, furnished them with new and unexpected food for thought, and is bound to bear fruit through the medium of the thousands who have already gone back to their homes in every part of the Republic.

Yet there was absolutely nothing new in the propositions of Archbishop Ireland. What is known as the Poughkeepsie plan was in operation in Holland thirty-three years ago. The enactment of that year provided: "Primary instruction, while it imparts the information necessary, is to tend to develop the reason of the young, and to train them to the exercise of all Christian and social virtues. The teacher shall abstain from teaching, doing, or permitting anything contrary to the respect due to Dissenters (from the established Protestant religion). Religious instruction is left to the different religious communions. The school-room may be put at their disposal for that purpose, for the benefit of the children attending school, out of school hours." This is essentially the Poughkeepsie plan. It began to fail at once, and last year it completely collapsed.

It was obviously open to the defect, that a majority could take advantage of a minority, and it was precisely on this point that the Catholics began their attack. They maintained that, though the system was professedly neutral, it was really Protestant; and they were certainly right. The school-masters were enjoined to comply more strictly with the law, and thereupon there began among the Orthodox Protestant bodies a violent agitation against the law — a movement for connecting every public school with some religious communion. This would have suited Catholics to a nicety, provided they were given their rightful share; but as the Orthodox Protestants were obstinately bent on making all the schools absolutely Protestant, and

compelling Catholic children to attend them, our brethren of Holland were forced to act with the other Protestant wing, the secularists, in securing at least the colorlessness of the schools.

This genesis of the school question, in Holland, is intensely interesting to American Catholics, because it is a picture of the same fight through which we are going here, and the conclusion has been reached there, though not here. Fossilized Protestant bigots hold on to the public schools in some parts of America; but, in most places, the secularists have triumphed because Protestants would agree to no compromise, and forced us to act against them and in alliance with the secularists. So was it in Holland. But at that time, as now among us, both the Catholics and the high Protestants were displeased with the monster which their enmity had produced. However bigoted they may have been — and bigotry with Protestants is often the equivalent of Catholic zeal — the Dutch Protestants were just as determined as the Catholics to avoid the godless schools, and they immediately began to construct private parochial schools. They cheerfully paid the double taxes for years, until, at length, both sides woke to the fact that a common enemy menaced them with destruction. They came together like sensible men, agreed upon terms, and formed a Conservative party. Their one battle-cry was the school question. They wanted denominational schools. They were tired of paying taxes for what they could not use. But the so-called Liberals, who, on the European continent, are liberal only in dispensing with truth and justice, were entrenched in power, and determined to hold it by every shift and trick. Although palpably in the minority, as might be clearly seen by their empty public-school houses, which might be taken as the rightful measure of their strength, they were not overthrown until last year, when they left power never to return, so long as the Catholics and Protestants are wise enough to hold together in the Conservative party, by one side refraining from seeking to obtain the advantage over the other. We cannot speak of the exact nature of the arrangement, which, in fact, has not yet been completed; but it is on the broadest denominational basis, the Catholics and high Protestants equally dividing the schools, and allowing the fullest liberty to others on the same basis wherever they can get together a sufficient number of pupils to form a school.

We trust that the same conclusion will be reached in the United States, and there are signs of a movement looking toward this end. To revert to the Poughkeepsie plan, or the Holland plan, of 1857, would be a distinct logical retreat, and lead to fighting over ground we have already passed, just as was the case in Holland.

Let us now turn to the system of Prussia, which approaches the perfection of the denominational ideal; nor let us be misled by the scheme of Minister Von Altenstein, which was taken by M. Cousin as the real system, and which is to this day quoted by writers as though it were. This mistake has created no little confusion, but in this paper we shall follow the lines of the genuine system as revealed in the White Books officially issued.

In Prussia, there is a minister of public worship and instruction;

but the officials who under him carry on the government of education are the officials of the department of the interior. At the head of the government in each province is a president; over each of the departments into which the province is divided there is a prefect (*bezirk*); each of these officers is assisted by a council, of which one section, called *Schulcollegium*, form a separate council for deliberating upon local school affairs. One member of the school council, called provincial school councillor, is associated with the president for administrative purposes; the prefect has attached to him two departmental school councillors, one Protestant, and one Catholic, to advise with him, and to administer the school affairs of their respective communions. There is practically a division of educational affairs between the officials of the province and those of the department. The provincial school councillor take scharge of secondary education within the province; the departmental school councillors take charge of the primary schools of the department. The "exterior" affairs of the schools of a parish belong to the board of managers. This board is usually composed of representatives (1) of the patrons, if any, of the school; (2) of the parochial clergy; (3) of the municipal body; (4) of the householders. In the large towns there are school delegacies appointed by the *Magistrat*, whose powers are more extensive, and are in practice the greater, because in large towns the pastors pay little attention to the schools. We should say, parenthetically, that there are few Catholics in the large towns of Prussia — very few in Berlin. The school delegacies have control over the higher as well as the primary schools which their constituents maintain; two paid members — school delegates — who must be members of the *Magistrat*, exercise the greater part of their authority. Under the delegacy, for every school there is a school board consisting of the clergyman and two lay members, whom the delegacy appoints.

Concerning religious instruction, the rule is that the primary school is denominational — public schools are set apart, that is, for children of each of the religious bodies; the clergyman who has charge of the school is the clergyman of the body to which it is appropriated. Besides the "Evangelical Establishment," in which the Lutherans and the Calvinists are combined, there are the Catholics and the Jews to be provided for; for, outside the "Evangelical Establishment," there are not ten thousand sectaries in all Prussia. The Lutherans and Calvinists are combined in the school as in the church. Dissenters are allowed to withdraw their children from the religious instruction, and have it given by their own pastor. Any commune may establish a mixed school, if it so desire, and if the authorities permit; but, in practice, mixed schools are found only where it would be inconvenient to establish a school for each body. In mixed schools, the teachers are chosen proportionally from each of the two great religious bodies; if there be only one teacher, it is, in some districts at least, customary that he should be alternately a Protestant and a Catholic. The experiment of mixed schools had a long trial in Prussia, and was unsatisfactory, leading to attempts, or

suspected attempts, at proselytism, and to parish squabbling. It has been abandoned, not so much from the wish of the government, as in deference to the feelings of the people and the demands of the Catholics. But the denominational system is more in accord with the part which the state wisely assigns to religion in the school — it being the first study in the appointed curriculum. The school, they say, should be the mutual organ of the parent, the Church, and the state, for training children to filial respect, Church membership, and citizenship; schools and churches are expected between them to form the child into a man contented with his position in life. Religious teaching must be given by the master for an hour every day.

There are seven universities in Prussia. In two of these — Breslau and Bonn — there is a Catholic as well as a Protestant institute of theology.

Of course, this system is not in all points adapted to the United States; and, of course, like all laws, it depends in some measure upon the good faith of officials in carrying it out. That good faith has been lacking in some portions of Prussia, but the system itself was not at fault; and, on the whole, it has worked to the satisfaction of the people. The same cannot be said of the school system of the United States. It is unjust and unfair toward a large minority of the people who actively strive to remedy it; it is outrageous in one of its fundamental assumptions — atheism — to the sentiments of the vast majority.

THOMAS GEDDINGS.

Questions Answered by One Who Knows.

IN a recent interview, Cardinal Manning was asked:— "Do you expect England will ever again be Catholic, your Eminence?"

"I know no example in Christian history in which a whole people having once been robbed of faith have ever returned to it as a whole."

The return of Arian nations, as Lombardy and Spain, to Catholic unity is no example. But I have an unchangeable hope that Christianity and the Catholic faith, which is its perfection, will continue to spread indefinitely among the English; because they never rejected the faith, but were robbed of it and have been born innocently into a state of privation. "One more question, your Eminence, and I will liberate you, with a thousand thanks for your kind courtesy. I have been told that there is a difference between the old Catholics and the converts.

"May I ask is that your experience? Is there not some lingering vestige of the old Protestant spirit?"

His Eminence smiled slowly and thoughtfully as he looked at me, and replied, "Do you know that is a very burning question with me. I will answer it generally. In matters of faith there is not one jot or title of difference, for we are all disciples of the same Divine Master, whose voice has never varied from the day of Pentecost until now. In matters of opinion outside the faith there is perfect liberty among us, which never trouble us."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Morning and Evening.

I SEND him away in the morning
When the sun is low in the east,
And he does not mind our parting,
Does not mind it in the least.
For in the school-room I tell him
Is the place for a boy to be,
So we say good-by, with many a smile,
And he throws back a kiss to me.

But, oh! at last in the evening,
When the sun is low in the west,
I see him coming home to me,
My dearest and my best!
I forget what I say in the morning,
And I think we both agree
That in mother's lap by the fireside
Is the place for a boy to be.

The Home in Kennel Court.

CHAPTER I.

MY dear little readers, have you ever been in that large, bustling city, Newcastle-on-Tyne? If you were born in the North, or accustomed to live there, perhaps you would not notice the things that would strike some one new to the place as very curious.

Going from the South, you would be struck by the quaint towers of the old churches, the blackness of the soil in the surrounding country, the perpetual shrieks from engines on the railway and the pit-lines, the grimness of the dark-gray houses, the blackness of the old part of the town, and you would wonder how it could ever be called by its well-known sobriquet, "canny Newcastle."

If you had ever started from Newcastle to go to Edinburgh, on the line nearest the entrance of the station, you would have looked down on narrow streets, and into crowded houses of such dirt and squalor, that you would have most likely thought, as so many do, that if you had to live in those houses, in those streets, you would find it impossible, with so much evil around you, to keep yourself "unspotted from the world;" you would find it hard for your soul ever to pass through the misery and dirt, to thoughts of the God of purity and His undefiled religion.

In one of these wretched dens, the worst of all, perhaps, a tumble-down house in a court called Kennel court, there lived in one room, seven feet square, a man, his wife, and daughter, and five children of the latter. The man worked, when he chose, on the line; the women

gossiped, quarrelled, and idled in the yard all day, except when they were in the public-house; and the children went to school when there was any money to pay for them, which was not very often, and spent the rest of their time in the gutters with other children as poor and ragged as themselves.

The woman, now a slip-shod and ill-clad old beggar, with her gray, matted hair half tied up, half floating in the wind, had once been a pretty, neat housemaid in a country house. William Carter had wooed her when he was under-gardener, and when he was advanced to be head-gardener had married her. Soon after their marriage he had taken to drink — he had been more than half suspected before — his master had dismissed him without a character, and he came to the town with his wife and daughter. For a time he worked steadily on the line, but his old temptation, encouraged by some of his fellow-workmen, overcame him, and gradually he fell from bad to worse. His daughter married, but in fifteen years she was left a widow with five children. She worked in a large factory, as did her mother, and they all strengthened each other in the bad habit of drinking, till at last they could afford no better home than a room in Kennel court, which they shared with the rats, who had by far the best of it; for they had their private apartments, which were too small for the human beings to enter, while the latter were never free of the rats, who ran about the room during the daytime, and disturbed them in their slumbers at night.

The three elder children, at the time this story begins, worked in a factory — the eldest being fifteen, the next two (twins) fourteen years old. The two little ones, Rob and Johnnie, were eight and seven. They ought all to have been Catholics; their father had died in the faith, but their mother troubled very little about their immortal souls. When the father was alive, he had always taken them to Mass on Sundays, and made them go to the Sunday-school of the Dominican Fathers. When he died, the three elder children had grown careless, and chose rather to spend Sunday in the court with the other idle boys and girls than to "shut themselves up in church or school to be preached at," as they elegantly expressed it. Rob and Johnnie, however, remained faithful. At first they went to Mass because their father had always sent them, then they went to stay out of the noise and excitement of the yard on Sundays, and at last they began to understand what they were taught in school, and to love to be present at Holy Mass.

In the north, where the spirit of Protestantism has not infected every one, the poor children, if they have no shoes and stockings — and they have not as a rule — go to Mass without. The girls go without hats, too, if they have not any. Rob and Johnnie had neither shoes, stockings, nor hats, but they had heard the Dominican Father, who had charge of the schools, say many a time that the child in rags, who loved our Blessed Lord with all his heart, was a far more welcome visitor to our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar than the child in grand clothes, who looked about the church, comparing his clothes with others, and paid little attention to his prayers; and

they thought only of Jesus, when in His presence, and forgot their bare feet and torn clothes.

Their great ambition was to serve on the altar. They used to spend hours in talking of the time, which they hoped would come soon, when they should have shoes and stockings and tidy clothes. They used to go out singing in the streets, and people, seeing their thin, wan faces and bare, blue feet, took compassion on them and gave them coppers. Once a young gentleman, who asked them to take care of his tricycle while he went into a shop, gave them a whole shilling between them. How many times the grateful little fellows said a Hail Mary for him. How often they wondered who he was, and why he gave them so much money.

One day they waited outside the school-door for Father Bernard.

"Well, Robby," he said kindly, seeing they wanted to speak to him.

"Please, Father Bernard, will you tell us how much money we want to get some new claes?" asked Robby.

Newcastle children, as a rule, are not shy, but Rob blushed crimson at the thought of having to ask Father Bernard to advise him about things his mother should have seen to for him.

"Well, I hardly know, my boy. I'll ask Mrs. Gillespey, who cleans the church; she will know the cheapest places. How much have you, already?"

"Three-and-furpence, Father," answered Robby.

"I am afraid that won't do," said Father Bernard. "But why are you so anxious about them?"

"Father Paul said, if we were good in school, by-and-by we could walk with the boys in procession at High Mass and Benediction," answered Johnnie, at a nudge from Rob, which signified that he had done his share of talking. "And we know we couldn't in these claes, and no shoes and stockings."

"Well, well, we'll see what can be done about it," said Father Bernard. "Will you earn some money, if I can get you some work? You will have to be in earnest, mind, and not do it by fits and starts."

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried both boys at once. "Indeed, we'll work hard."

Father Bernard told them, a few days afterwards, that a lady at Jesmond wanted them to clean knives and boots every morning.

"It is a very long way for you to walk," he added, "and you must be there by seven, so as to have finished your work and be here by school-time. I shouldn't let you do it, only I think the good breakfast you will have given you will do you more good than the work will harm."

Rob and Johnnie almost screamed at the word breakfast. They had never known what it was to have more than one meal a day, and that only a hunk of dry bread, except, on the rare occasions, when grandfather was in work, and sober for two or three weeks, and then they had had bacon or kippered herrings, or at the school treats, when they had delicious feasts of bread and butter and cake, the chief charm of all being that they could eat as much as they liked.

They promised to be punctual, and to work hard while they were there, and to do their utmost to please. Poor children! they were only too delighted at the idea of adding to their little hoard.

The next morning they were up early and off to their work. They were overawed by the grandeur of the house in Jesmond; it seemed like a palace to them after the house in Kennel court. They stood outside, not daring to ring for a few moments, and almost running away when they heard the noise the bell made, when, at last, they summoned up courage to pull the bell.

They were somewhat reassured by the kind smile of the good-natured cook, who opened the door.

"Are you the two little boys Father Bernard told us about?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," said Rob. "Leastways, he told us we was to coom here and clean boots and knives every morning."

The cook took them into the scullery, and gave them their work. At half-past seven she called them into the kitchen. Rob and Johnnie could restrain themselves no longer. "Oh, Rob!" "Oh, Johnnie!" they screamed simultaneously.

There was a big table in the middle of the room for the servants' breakfast, and a little table which the kind-hearted cook had put in front of the fire for the two little boys. And oh! what a breakfast for two children, who had eaten nothing since the last Christmas party, which the Dominican Fathers give to their poor friends every year, but dry bread. There was bread and butter and coffee, and a covered dish, which, when the cook uncovered it, displayed the most delicious bacon and fried bread.

"There," said cook, "You have earned your breakfast. I never saw such good little lads for work before — if you only continue so."

They did not need to be told a second time to begin their breakfast, but fell to in good earnest. They did a little work after breakfast, before starting to school. At twenty minutes to nine the cook came out into the scullery with a paper parcel in her hand.

"Mistress said you were to have a meat sandwich each to take to school," said she. "You musn't loiter on the way, you have only just time to get there by nine, and Father Bernard said you were to be sure and not to be late."

"Poor little boys!" she said, going from the damp drizzling air, as she shut the door after them, into the warm kitchen. "Never a shoe to their feet, and they have run off as merry as crickets."

"Father Bernard told Mrs. Gordon that they were some of the poorest children in his school," said the housemaid. "She wanted to give them some clothes right out; but he thought they had better work for them, as their father and mother are idle, it would teach these two to work for all they have."

"He's right, too," said the cook. "I hope they will keep steady and good; but you never can tell, when they've been so badly brought up."

Meanwhile, Rob and Johnnie were running along the wet, cold

streets, not heeding their bare feet or damp clothes. For they had had a good breakfast, and need not go home at dinner-time, for they had a good dinner with them.

"I can tell they're pretty thick," said Johnnie.

"Let me feel," said Rob, pinching the paper parcel. "Oh! yes, they are. We'll just bide in the school-hoos and eat them, and not gang down home. Come, John, lad, we won't be late."

Father Bernard met them at the door of the school.

"Ah! boys, I see by your faces that you like the work I have found you. Remember what I told you about keeping steady. You must tell me about it afterwards, it's time to go in now."

CHAPTER II.

The little boys did their best, as they had promised Father Bernard to keep steady, and do their work well. Father Bernard told them they were getting quite fat, the breakfasts and the meat-sandwich dinners were doing them so much good. Mrs. Gordon was very pleased with them, too, for they were quiet and well-behaved, and very quick with their work. The servants were inclined to spoil them by flattery, they thought so much of their good behavior; and the cook was never tired of telling how, on the first Friday they were at work, when she gave them their dinner, they held a whispered consultation outside the door, and, coming back, Rob, very nervous, and red in the face, thrust the parcel into her hand, saying:

"Please, mum, we can't eat meat on Friday."

Whereupon she explained, "that it was not meat, but bread and cheese."

The little boys were surprised that their mother had not said anything about their not coming home for their slice of bread at dinner-time. Their brothers and sisters had asked them about it, but they had (I am afraid I must own it) told a story, which they had invented for the occasion, of a friend of Father Bernard treating all the poor children to a dinner. If they had said it was only themselves who received the bounty, their brothers and sister would, they knew, have found out all about it, and perhaps deprived them of it. You must not blame them overmuch; they were bred in the midst of such sin and God-forgetfulness, that it is no wonder they fell sometimes. Let us take care that we, with our numerous advantages, do nothing worse.

After two or three weeks' work, Mrs. Gordon had them brought up into the dining-room one day, and told them that they had earned enough money to buy two complete suits of clothes — complete to them, that is to say — for I doubt if many boys would be satisfied with boots, trousers, coats, and hats as their only protection against the cold of a Northumberland winter. They were to come on Saturday for the money, and take it to Mrs. Gillespey, who kept a second-hand clothes' shop at the bottom of Pilgrim street, and who had two suits that she thought would just fit them.

On Saturday morning the boys were in a state of great excitement. When Mrs. Gordon gave them their money in a little purse, they

almost danced in their glee. They started off, running and skipping joyfully along the streets. At the top of Pilgrim street they saw their mother.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "And where are you going?"

The boys were petrified. Both stood staring at her with their mouths open, not uttering a word.

"Give me that," she said, snatching the purse from Rob's hand, and opening it. "Where did you get that? You've been stealing, have you?"

"No," said Rob; "we've worked for it every day. And it's to buy our new claes, to wa'ak wi' the boys at High Mass."

"Wa'ak wi' the boys at High Mass!" she said scornfully. "Tricking yoursel's oot, when your mother is half starved. I'll tak care you'll no ha' new claes for that silliness."

So saying, she walked off with the purse, leaving the two children standing on the pavement, speechless and stony at this unexpected end to their happiness.

"Move out of the way, can't you!" said a gentleman gruffly to them, at the same time giving them a not very gentle push. This broke the spell, and the boys walked on as in a dream, unconsciously going towards Kennel court. When at last they found themselves alone in their miserable home, they burst forth into loud and bitter weeping.

They remained crowded in a corner all day, too utterly crushed to speak or move, sobbing in each other's arms, till as twilight fell, their brothers and sisters came in, bringing a feast, and coal and wood to light the fire. It was not until the room was alight with the fire that they noticed Rob and Johnnie, and began to tease them, and jeer at them for their selfishness in wanting to spend all their money on themselves, adding that as they didn't offer the rest of their family anything, they should have none of the bread and butter and cake which they had brought home for tea. Rob and Johnnie cared little about the bread and butter and cake, they were too unhappy to eat; but they did care very much about the hard names, and the harder blows, which their brothers and sisters dealt unsparingly. Later on in the evening their mother and grandmother staggered in; they had been drinking deeply with the money that Rob and Johnnie had worked for every morning for three weeks.

They threw themselves down on a bundle of rags which lay in one corner of the room and were soon fast asleep, while the two little boys lay on the bare, cold floor, shivering in the cold wind that blew in at the almost paneless window, watching the stars, and wishing they were far away, up in the sky there, too. At last they fell asleep, to dream of the new clothes, only to wake and find themselves numb and stiff with the cold.

When their mother awoke, they were just going out to warm themselves by running in the streets. She started up, dragged them back into the room, saying they should not go to tell tales about her to the priest.

"If ye do, a'll beat ye till ye can no stand," she said, boxing their ears, locking the door, and putting the key into her pocket. All that Sunday they were kept locked up in the room; when the others were gone out, the mother followed them and locked the door on the outside.

"Rob," said Johnnie, after a long and painful fit of coughing, "a' wish a' were dead."

"Ye must no say that, Johnnie, answered the elder little boy. "Did ye no hear that Father Bernard told us in school, a few Sundays since, aboot being poor and cold?"

"Yes, but mother's so unkind, a' hate her, don't you, Rob?"

"A' don't like her varry much, and a' can't help it," answered Rob. "A' think grandmother's better nor mother."

"What will Father Bernard think?" was Johnnie's next question.

"That we've gone off wi' the money, that's the worst of it," said Rob; "and we shan't go to work any more, nor have any of the breakfasts or dinners, and Father Bernard will never think but what we'er bad and wicked."

They sobbed afresh at this unhappy view of things.

"If we get oot of here to-morrow, suggested Rob, "we'll just run awa', where noone shall find us."

Johnnie agreed with all his heart, and they were both somewhat comforted by their new plan, though there was no actual hope of carrying it out, for they did not know how long their mother would keep them shut up in their room.

About noon their brothers and sisters came in. It was beginning to snow, and as they had some of their stores left from the day before, they decided to spend the afternoon over the fire, instead of rioting in the yard with similar companions, or going out in the streets and airing their wit on the passers by — their usual Sunday occupations. They were sorry for their little brothers, who were shaking with cold; and when they heard that they had nothing to eat all day, they gave them the largest share of the dinner, and abused their mother shamefully.

After dinner they sat round the fire, reading out loud by turns a "penny dreadful," the life of a well-known thief, till it began to get dusk.

Towards evening the voices in the room down stairs grew very loud.

"Mother's down there," said Annie.

"And grandmother, I corn hear her voice," said the eldest boy.

"Are they quarrelling just?" said Annie, after listening a moment or two. "They're fighting, too. Come on, boys; let us go and see it. We have not had a fight in the court since Christmas Day."

Out they rushed, the three older ones leaving the door open in their excitement, though their mother had told them to be sure to keep it shut.

"Coom, Johnnie," said Rob, "we'll no get a better chance, than noo."

They crept quietly downstairs, trembling lest they should be discovered. The people in the room, where the fight was going on, were making too much noise, however, for the little pattering footsteps to be heard, and they were soon out in the yard. It was snowing fast, and had been for some time apparently, for the snow was beginning to lie on the ground.

They went as fast as they could through the streets. The bells were ringing for evening service, and those few who dared brave the bitter weather were wrapped up to the eyes, and hurrying along the streets.

The little boys wished they could have gone to Benediction, but they thought that church would be the first place, where their mother would seek them. Besides, if Father Bernard saw them in their old ragged clothes what would he think?

So they went on and on through the town, through Jesmond, and along the road leading to Long Benton. They hoped when they got out into the country, to find some barn or shed where they could creep in and stay for the night. It was getting very dark, and they were blinded with the snow, their clothes and their hair were ringing wet, the water was running in streamlets between their clothes and their skin.

"Oh, Rob," said Johnnie, "can we no ask at one of the houses to help us?—a' cannot go much farther, a' is so tired."

Rob tried to carry his little brother, saying that he would ask at the farm-house, which he knew they were very near now, if they might sleep in the cow-shed for the night. As he was speaking, he heard a carriage coming along the road. He tried to get out of the way quickly, for it was close upon them; but Johnnie, though so thin and light, was a heavy burden in the arms of nine-year-old Rob. He stumbled and fell. A half-stifled cry broke from Johnnie, who did not know the carriage was so near, and only thought of Rob, who had been carrying him. The coachman pulled up, he hoped in time, and called to his master, who was a doctor, for he dared not leave the reins on such a night. The doctor got out and searched in the snow. He found the two little boys clasped in each other's arms. He raised them and laid them in the carriage, then bade the coachman drive on to the farm. When the boys were taken out of the carriage the doctor found that Rob was dead.

"He must have died instantaneously," he said; "there is the mark on the temple. The other little fellow is quite unhurt; he has only fainted."

The doctor made arrangements with the farmer's wife to take care of Johnnie for the night, and, promising to call the next day, drove away to the patient who was awaiting him.

The next morning when he came, he found Johnnie sitting in the kitchen, chatting away gayly to the farmer's wife.

"He doesn't know about his brother, sir, I hadn't the heart to tell him," she said.

The doctor found out from Johnnie where he lived, and why he

had run away; he was so kind, and promised that no one should know, so Johnnie told him the whole story. He was very much moved; the farmer's wife was in tears.

"If his mother will consent, my husband and I would adopt him, sir," she said. "We can't bear to think of his going back to that wretched Kennel court."

"Nor can I," said the doctor. "But I doubt her giving him up: and then, you see, another difficulty is that you are so near Newcastle, she would always be over here, the whole crew as well most likely. Still it would be a great blessing for the boy. I'll take him into the priest, and see what he says about it."

The doctor drove Johnnie into the town, Johnnie trembling violently as they came into the streets.

Father Bernard was surprised, when he came out of the school, to see the doctor with little Johnnie. Telling the boy to go aside for a few minutes, the doctor told him the whole story of the running away, and the accident, concluding with the offer of the farmer's wife to adopt him.

"Still, if you think of anything better, I am willing to give anything to get him away," he said.

Father Bernard said he had been thinking for a long time of getting both Rob and Johnnie away south, to a lady who took boys from him occasionally, and kept them under her own gardener until they were able to take places as gardeners, themselves.

"You must have noticed, if you have been with him for any time, what a dreadful cough that poor fellow has," he said, looking at Johnnie. "I think he is consumptive, and that is why I advise his going to my friend in the country, instead of your subscribing to a Boys' Home for him, as I should otherwise. I don't think he will ever grow up."

Poor little Johnnie, he looked very fragile, and his cough was so distressing.

"Can I do nothing for him, then?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! yes. If you will keep him for a week or so, until I have had time to make the necessary arrangements, it will be a great thing, I assure you. I should be glad, too, if you would give him some clothes to go with. I should be ashamed for him to go in rags, and if you will send some one with him part of the way, and pay the travelling expenses."

The doctor gladly agreed to do all that Father Bernard asked. He was only sorry and disappointed that he could not do more. They decided not to tell the boy of his brother's death until he was going away, when the excitement and change of scene would help to assuage his grief.

They had some difficulty in persuading Johnnie's mother to give him up, but Father Bernard and the doctor went down to Kennel court, and talked in a very threatening manner about law and ill-use of children, and at last she gave in.

Johnnie only lived two years in the country, though he was so

well taken care of. Rob's death had great effect on him. He was very grateful for the kindness shown to him, but he never seemed really happy. He was very quiet, and never laughed or cared to run about and play like other boys. The second winter his cough was very troublesome; about Christmastide, he was too weak and ill to get up. He died on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, passing away in his sleep.

AMY FOWLER (SISTER GERTRUDE.)

Do Not Be Discouraged.

ON a certain occasion Marie Antoinette asked her prime minister whether or not a project which she contemplated could be accomplished, and his reply was, "Madame, if possible, it shall be done."

Of course, the impossible cannot be achieved; but impossibility would not seem to have had any place in the vocabulary of those who have attained the highest distinction. "Experience is the best of teachers," and we learn — from the experience of others, if we have as yet not learned from our own experience — that tireless exertion and steadfastness of purpose will remove whatever obstacles bar one's way to the proudest eminence.

Andersen, the popular Danish author, was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked "on the bench" most industriously, doing his first literary work on scraps of paper kept beside him, in the moments when he rested from his regular duties.

Asaces, who founded the Parthian empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain, was a mechanic of obscure origin.

Beranger, the celebrated French poet, wandered about Paris, in a state of pitiable destitution until he obtained a situation as pot-boy — that is, to carry pots of beer in public-houses and restaurants.

Burns was the son of a small farmer, and at an early age displayed an appetite for learning which he had few opportunities for gratifying as is shown in the most brilliant of his poems.

Carrera, beginning life as a drummer boy and driver of cattle, rose to the presidency of the republic of Guatemala.

Catherine, empress of Russia, in some respects one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, was a peasant girl of Livonia and a camp grisette.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator and "prince of eloquence", was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect articulation, and awkwardness that he withdrew from the speakers' platform amidst the hooting and laughter of his hearers.

Giotto, noted as a painter, sculptor, architect worker in mosaic, and really the founder of modern Italian art, was a shepherd boy whom Ciambue discovered drawing sheep on the sand with a pointed stone, with an accuracy that indicated a natural artistic ability, and so he took him as a student.

Handel was nearly fifty years of age when he published the first of those musical compositions which have immortalized his name.

Sir Isaac Newton while attending school was considered by his teachers but little better than an idiot; and Sheridan, the celebrated playwriter, was presented by his mother to a tutor as a "blockhead."

The foregoing examples prove conclusively that an humble origin, poverty, natural defects, age, or physical ailments, need not prevent the attainment of distinction, and they should be encouraging especially to the young.

St. Nicholas and the Children.

WHILE Nicholas was the Bishop of Myra, a terrible famine afflicted the country. During this famine, the holy bishop, full of compassion for his people, not only obtained a miraculous supply of bread for the crowds immediately before his eyes, but made visitations to every part of his vast diocese, that he might acquaint himself with the condition of all his people. On one of these visitations he lodged in the house of a man into whom Satan seemed to have entered; for when lawful meat failed for his table, he supplied it with the flesh of little children whom he stole, murdered in cold blood, and served up, as meat from the shambles, to the travellers who were his guests. It was this horrible repast, disguised with his best skill, that this wicked man dared to set before the bishop and his companions. But no sooner had the man of God set his eyes upon the sumptuous table prepared for him, and upon the meat made savory to the nostrils of others, than he understood the horrible fraud. Commanding the host to be called into his presence, he charged him, then and there, with his abominable crime. Trembling in every limb, the guilty man confessed his sin, for how could he hope to hide it from such eyes? Then Nicholas told him to lead the way to the place where the remains of his victims had been hidden. They found them salted down in a tub, to the horror of all the beholders. But Nicholas, clothed with all the majesty of a bishop of God, and endowed with that power which the Almighty One gives to His saints, no sooner made over them the sign of the cross than life returned to these limbs and bodies, and three little children rose up on their knees in the tub, their hands joined in an act of thanksgiving to God for their deliverance, and their faces beaming with celestial joy! The holy bishop ordered these children to be restored to their mother, a poor widow, and thus the curse of God was removed from the house, and from the country where such crimes had been committed.

WE want to see every school-child taught "the principles and practice of right living," because when every child will be taught those things, it will be on the way of being a good citizen; but religion alone can give these principles and that practice, and for that reason we want to see it introduced into every school in the land.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

RATIONAL RELIGION, by Rev. John Conway, editor of the North Western Chronicle, is emphatically a book for the times. It discusses important religious subjects, not in a technical, recondite manner, but in a plain common-sense style, which is, at the same time, attractive and convincing. The author is one of our ablest Catholic editors, and his experience as a journalist has evidently taught him the best way of presenting live topics in the most effective manner. Quite a number of the clergy have manifested their appreciation of the work by ordering some one hundred, some forty or fifty copies. A second edition has been called for. Price 50cts. in paper, $1 in cloth. Hoffman Brothers, Milwaukee, publishers.

WE are indebted to the Dublin Freeman's Journal for the portraits of Mr. O'Brien and his wife and the accompanying remarks, together with the music.

Amusement Seekers.

How many of the young people, who go down to the sea on Sundays, go to early Mass (six or seven o'clock) at our various churches? Observe the accidents and casualties that occur. Are such persons prepared to meet their God should accidents befall them? Reflect! If you hear Mass devoutly, recreation is harmless during the Sunday.

A Good Letter.

EVAN HALL STORE, MCCALL POST OFFICE, ASCENSION PARISH, LA.
July 10, 1890.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ., *Dear Sir:*—Last year I had the privilege of arranging for Sister Clotilda's subscription to your MAGAZINE. I then resolved that I would annually do myself a repetition of the pleasure. Pursuant to this resolution, I am now sending you $2, in continuation of subscription of Sister Clotilda, the Convent, Donaldsonville, La.

I am much pleased with the MAGAZINE, and have relished very much the articles on Newfoundland, by my namesake, and also the trenchant "Reviews" of the ex-nun of Kenmare, by Mr. McCorry. What a sad fate! I once visited her in her convent home in Kenmare, and little thought there was such degradation in store for her.

I am duly grateful for your promptitude in the matter of my recent little remittances to Ireland and London.

My employer, here, Mr. Henry McCall, often speaks of your "boy" Pat, whom he knew at school. I am book-keeper and paymaster on the plantation, admittedly the finest property in the sugar belt, and for a greenhorn, only eight years away from the Shamrocks, the position is considered very desirable. I have now held it five years. Praying "God save Ireland," and prosperity to the MAGAZINE, I remain yours respectfully. J. M. RYAN.

CARDINAL MANNING is extremely anxious to have his successor appointed in his life-time, and a meeting of the Chapter of the Archdiocese of Westminster will be held at the Archbishop's house, Westminster, at an early date, to elect a Coadjutor Archbishop *cum jure successionis*. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford; Monsignor Gilbert, rector of St. Mary's, Moorfields, and Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Westminster, and Father Lockart, rector of St. Ethelreda, Ely place, Holborn, are all mentioned as probable favorites.

THE Diocese of Burlington has presented Bishop De Goesbriand with ten thousand dollars in gold, in honor of his golden jubilee.

Plenty of Room.

THERE is nothing like being hopeful. Here is the Homestead admitting that the census returns tell anew and with renewed distinctness, the story of the depopulation of country districts for the swelling of city hordes, but at the same time finding cause for congratulation. Thus the hopeful Homestead: "Yet what a glorious amount of room remains on New England's broad meadows and hillsides for all who love the pure air and the independent life of the country." Now there is philosophy for you, the philosophy that teaches that there is no loss without some gain. New England is gaining in roominess and fresh air as an offset to her loss in population. There is a good deal of truth in this, we admit, but somehow it is a good deal like Bob Ingersoll's substitute for the consolations of religion — it is not very satisfying.

A SWEDISH lady of high position and of great wealth and influence, named Lala de Rappe, has given up Lutheranism, and been received into the church in Rome, by Monsignor Sallua, titular bishop of Chalcedon. She took in baptism the names Mary Bridget.

MOST REV. MICHAEL LOGUE, the present archbishop of Armagh, and primate of all Ireland, is the 11th successor of St. Patrick, apostle of the Irish.

CARDINAL MANNING, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, stands side by side with Gladstone in leadership of the English people in all democratic and moral movements.

A Disappointed Shopkeeper.

A SHORT time ago, an amusing incident occurred at Freiburg, in Germany. Two ladies were standing in front of a shop window examining the wares, when the owner of the establishment, impatient at their not entering his premises, told them sharply that they had been there long enough, and requested them to move on. The ladies walked away without a word. Half an hour later a footman in court livery called and asked the ill-mannered tradesman, on behalf of the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Baden, how much she owed him for having looked in at his shop window. The man's feelings can be more easily imagined than described.

Decrease of Marriage in France.

SUCH a measure, as that passed by the Quebec Legislature for the reward of those blessed with numerous children, would be of little use in France. Just as at present, the Paris Academy of Medicine has been occupying itself with a threatening problem that confronts the country, namely, its depopulation. A learned member of the Academy, Dr. Lageneau, has lately published what is rather a startling communication on the subject. He holds that the present decrease of marriages in France is ominous of ill. He points out that the number of marriages is continually falling, and the age at which they are contracted is gradually becoming later in life. To a thousand men the annual proportion of marriages throughout the whole of France is six hundred and seven. In the large cities the figure is much lower than amongst the rural population. Only five hundred and seventy men out of every thousand marry in Paris. Taking an average, the age at which Frenchmen marry is twenty-nine years nine months, whilst in England the age is twenty-eight years three months. Births are, of course, also becoming less and less numerous in France. The percentage of births to the population of France is only 29.09 for every thousand. From such a state of things national enfeeblement, if not obliteration, must be expected, and the Academy is raising its voice in warning. What has happened among the older American States will surely happen in France.

A DESTRUCTIVE cyclone struck South Lawrence, Mass., on the 26th, destroying several houses and killing eight persons. Five others were seriously and seventy slightly injured.

A CABLEGRAM from London contains the intelligence that "there is a curious condition of affairs at Skibbereen, Ireland, where a large number of members of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Hopely, a Protestant clergyman, have renounced their faith and joined the Roman Catholic Church. They appear to have been prompted to the change by the fact that Father Crowley was recently convicted of intimidation on the testimony of Mr. Hopely, who is unfavorable to the Irish National cause. Father Crowley exercises great influence over the inhabitants."

The Bishop of Louisville.

"WE care not," writes the Bishop of Louisville, "how thorough may be the teaching, how severe and careful the mental training, how conscientious the supervision of those who manage the non-Catholic schools, be they public or private, the Catholic youth can never receive in them that training and knowledge which is his birthright; a right which not even his parents are justified in depriving him of."

To Remove Thirst.

PAINT the tongues of your fever patients with glycerine, says a physician; it will remove the sensation of thirst and discomfort felt when the organ is dry and foul.

"HAVE a care that none lead you astray by a false philosophy," says St. Paul, for philosophy without religion is a vain thing.

ST. PATRICK'S new and beautiful church, South Lawrence, the Rev. M. T. McManus rector, suffered severely in the cyclone of July 26, the roof being torn off and the stained glass windows demolished. The church, however, was crowded at all the Masses on Sunday, and the following day it was the scene of two double funerals of victims of the disaster—namely, Mrs. John Collins and child, and Mrs. Jeremiah O'Connell, and Miss Mamie O'Connell. Father McManus has contributed one hundred and fifty dollars to the relief fund, and his assistant, the Rev. J. G. Cronley, twenty dollars.

Infrequency of Deaths by Lightning

IT is probably idle to tell people that there is a thousand times the danger in the sewer pipes that there is in the thunder clouds, but it is true all the same. The deaths by lightning are few indeed. Who of the readers of this paragraph, says the Hartford Courant, ever lost a friend that way? Who of them hasn't lost a score of friends by the less brilliant and less noisy destruction that comes up out of the drains? The trouble with the lightning, or the trouble that it gives the people, is in its indescribable suddenness and its absolute uncertainty. You know neither when it is coming nor where it is going, all you feel certain about is that some storms leave a number of catastrophes to mark their course. The caprice of the lightning defies the explanations of science, and there is no predicting beyond a few generalities. This much it does seem safe to repeat, even in a lively lightning season, that the increased use of electricity with a multiplicity of wires, has tended to fewer fatal strokes of lightning in cities.

THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY of the Carmelites occurs Oct. 11, 1890, which will be fittingly celebrated in Baltimore and New Orleans. Cardinal Gibbons, who takes great interest in the affair, has asked the Apostolic Benediction, indulgences, etc., for the three convents in the United States.

THE wife and four young children of James O'Connor, a member of the editorial staff of the United Ireland, have been fatally poisoned at Sea Point watering place, in the county of Dublin, by eating pickled mussels. Another child and servant, who also ate of the mussels, were prostrated but are now out of danger.

THE best representatives of Protestant thought of the time believe that Catholics are Christians, but more money is wasted by Protestant missionary societies to pervert Catholics from their faith than is expended on the missions to pagan lands, and Protestantism is consistent in nothing in particular except in hatred of the Catholic Church. Where is the sense of it? asks the Catholic Sentinel.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal says that O'Donovan Rossa's period of outlawry will expire next winter, and that he will visit Cork in January.

THE boys of the House of the Angel Guardian thank His Honor, Mayor Hart, for the present of three hundred tickets, entitling them to a free ride to Franklin Park on the West End cars.

THE College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., under the direction of Fathers of the Society of Jesus, opens on the first Wednesday of September. Terms, per annum, payable half-yearly in advance two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Modern languages, music, etc., at professors' rates. Rev. M. A. O'Kane, S. J., President.

LUTHERANS, though separated from us, are found, occasionally, to have very sound views on points in which the Catholic Church is concerned. In Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana, for instance, they stand shoulder to shoulder with Catholics, for the principle that the state has no right to interfere with the manner in which parochial schools shall be conducted. Witness also, the liberal sentiments expressed some time back by the Lutheran Journal, when it was so candid as to admit: "If we look at the Catholic Church of the present day, it appears to us as a much more uniform, systematic, and majestic fabric than the Protestant Church, with its hundreds of sects, which, in order to keep itself together, has to truckle to Rationalism and hold a candle to freethinkers and atheists. These are ugly facts which are well calculated to take all the conceit out of us Protestants."

Nothing Impossible for a Boston Girl.

THIS is the short cut taken by Eliza Henzler, the daughter of a poor Boston tailor, to marry a king. She was an opera-singer with many personal attractions. Dom Fernando, the consort of Queen Maria Della Gloria, of Portugal, took her under his protection. Soon after the death of his Queen, he created the Boston girl Countess of Edia and afterwards married her. Her husband being originally a prince of the House of Coburg, the Boston girl became sister-in-law to Queen Victoria, aunt of the Prince of Wales, and the present King of the Belgians, and mother-in-law of the reigning King of Portugal. By this it will be seen that there is nothing impossible with a Boston girl.

THE 12th of July, says the Saturday Evening Gazette, was the anniversary of the Battle of Boyne—a day on which some ignorant men are wont to kill each other for the love of God, because James the Second ran away from his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange. The kind of heaven these people expect to go to must be worse than the old-fashioned orthodox Sheol, with its lake of brimstone and absence of cooling beverages.

ORANGEMEN AND OUR FLAG. Hamilton, Ont., July 7. On Friday last, at Mount Hope, Undertaker Joel Smith hoisted the stars and stripes over his residence in honor of the "Fourth." A deputation of neighboring farmers requested its removal, but Smith declined, whereupon the flag was riddled with bullets and divided among the crowd. A second flag raised by Smith met a similar fate.

MILLIONNAIRE MACKAY has offered a reward of two hundred pounds, for information that will lead to the discovery of the scandal-mongers, who originated the report that Mrs. Mackay was once a washerwoman. But where is the disgrace if she were? There is nothing disreputable in gaining an honest livelihood by taking in washing. If everybody were as sensitive as Mr. Mackay, it would be a perilous thing to look into the origin of most of our millionnaires. Moreover, Mr. Mackay has the consolation to know that his wife is not a washerwoman now, says the Boston Daily Globe.

BISHOP KEANE, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, and the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, will be the chief orators at the annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union in Washington, on Oct. 7th and 8th.

THE superintendent of the census estimates the population of the United States to be sixty-four million five hundred thousand, which is a gain of almost fifteen millions, in the last ten years. When the first census was taken, in 1790, the population was a little over three millions, or one-fifth of the increase of the last ten years. If the same progress is made in the next decade that was made in the one just closed, the opening year of the twentieth century will see us a nation of eighty millions.

FATHER JOHN HICKEY, pastor of St. Mary's Church, at Marysville, O., though young, is quite a missionary. He is, perhaps, the only priest in the state who has two colored boys for altar servers. They reside in Mechanicsburg, one of his missions. Singularly enough, their names are Wallace and Joseph O'Hare. Through the deep interest taken in them by Father Hickey, their poverty does not stand in the way of his giving them a splendid education. His proteges are modest, pious, and exemplary, and their conduct at Mass is a source of great edification to the congregation.

SAYS the oracle of the New York Sun's correspondents' column: "Priests of the Armenian rite, which is recognized by the Roman Catholic Church, are allowed to have wives under certain restrictions." Why not be exact? A large body of the scattered and remarkable Armenian people recently desired to reunite with the Church. They accepted all the terms proposed by Rome, but stipulated that such of their priests who had wives at the time of admission should not be obliged to put them away. This humane arrangement was agreed to in Rome. Hereafter, however, those Armenian priests unmarried at the time of admission, and those consecrated since, are devoted to celibacy, like the rest of the Catholic clergy.

IN some families the rosary is said in common every evening. This custom of praying together brings a special blessing, for our Lord said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them."

THE press is a Catholic institution. A Catholic invented it. Catholics first printed books, both in Europe and America. Catholics printed the first daily paper. Printing in its infancy, was fostered by Church and people, both Catholic. Seventeen years before the revolt of Luther, over two hundred European cities had printing-presses. At a council of the Church, Pope Leo X. declared printing "invented for the glory of God, for the propagation of our Holy Faith, and for the advancement of knowledge."

The Cholera.

THE French papers appeal to the medical faculties to make preparations for the cholera, which has begun to show itself "at the gate of France," in Spain. *Les Annales Catholiques* says that the lesson taught by the carelessness with which the news of the breaking out of *la grippe* was received should be taken to heart. The French authorities on the Spanish frontier have made efforts to prevent the spread of the plague.

Grand Parade.

THE Father Mathew societies of the diocese of Springfield, Mass., which includes the five Western counties of the State, will hold a grand field day in Pittsfield, Sept. 1, at which it is expected twenty-five societies in uniform will parade with kindred societies and friends, making a gathering that will be one of the most important of recent years in Western Massachusetts. Pittsfield is taking great interest in the event, and will decorate from centre to circumference in honor of the thousands of guests she will that day entertain. The possibility of the attendance of so many distinguished gentlemen has added fresh inspiration, and a number of gentlemen, among them Senator Dawes, Congressman Rockwell, Wm. R. Plunkett, Esq., Col. Walter Cutting, Hon. J. C. Crosby, and others have consented to act on the reception committee. Senator Dawes writing to the committee: "I am very willing to lend my name and aid to anything contributing to the pleasure and prosperity of those who have done so much good as the Father Mathew societies of Western Massachusetts."

THERE is a rumor in Roman Catholic circles abroad, that Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is likely to be appointed by the Holy See to the Archbishopric of Bombay. Should such appointment be made, Father Vaughan will be the sixth member of his family raised to the purple, for Cardinal Weld was his great-uncle, the late Archbishop of Sydney was his brother, the Bishop of Plymouth is his uncle, the Bishop of Clifton is his cousin, and the Bishop of Salford is his brother.

CARDINAL MANNING and the bishops of England have sent a series of temperance resolutions to every Catholic Church in Great Britain, for the purpose of being read from the altar on the first Sunday of every month. These resolutions, which may be adopted by any member of the congregation, are framed to suit persons in all conditions of life. Thus, one declares in favor of total abstinence, another in favor of partial abstinence, a third against taking drink in any public-house, and so on. The resolutions are accompanied by a strong exhortation from the Cardinal and bishops, calling upon the Catholics of Great Britain to shun the debasing vice of intemperance.

THE 12th of July was honored by a parade of the few Orangemen left in Boston. They honored DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE by waving the stars and stripes as they passed through Boylston street.

League of the Cross.

THE nineteenth annual convention of the Catholic T. A. Union, of Ohio, met lately at Mt. Vernon, O. Most Rev. W. H. Elder, of Cincinnati, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, were in attendance. Both prelates delivered short addresses of welcome and encouragement to the delegates, and talked at length upon the excellence of their work. Among the resolutions adopted was one indorsing the recommendation of Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, that the League of the Cross as conducted by Cardinal Manning for the repression of intemperance be introduced among the societies.

THE New York Independent ruthlessly unveils the hypocrisy of the Baptist Publication Committee. It says: "It is really provoking to hear the American Baptist Publication Committee still claiming that when it withdrew its invitation to three colored Southern Baptists to write for the Baptist Teacher and asked them write instead pink tracts for circulation among the negroes, they were "offered a more difficult and useful service." Fiddlesticks! They were simply driven out of the body of the church and put in the "nigger" gallery, says the Catholic Mirror.

THE Father Mathew Memorial Committee still require about six hundred pounds to carry out the proposed memorial.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, on his recent visit to Boston, said to a reporter regarding the school question: "I would much rather not say much on this important subject. At the present time there is considerable unfair criticism heaped upon the Catholics, and I hope people of all denominations will look at it in a calm, dispassionate way. You can say that all we desire is to educate our children in a good, Christian way, and, at the same time, make them patriotic American citizens."

THE Catholic Mirror: We learn from our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Record, of London, Ont., that "the Montreal Methodist Conference has passed a resolution declining to accept any share of the Jesuits' Estates Fund." This would seem to indicate that the Montreal Methodists are honest at any rate. They were entitled to no such compensation as the provisions of the Jesuits' Estates Act allowed them, and in declining to accept any share of the fund they only did about the right thing. Nevertheless, their example is worthy of special commendation.

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complection." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

The Andersonville Prison.

THOSE of our readers who have been "through the war," or who have ever seen the inside of a military prison in war times, will appreciate the following unprejudiced testimony from a writer in the *Century* for July, Dr. T. H. Mann, describing the condition of things at Andersonville: "The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the thirty thousand men in the prison pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs."

MR. WILLIAM F. SULLIVAN, a student of Boston College, left his home in Rockland, Mass., to enter the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md. Mr. Sullivan is a young man who possesses many winning qualities of character, an accomplished musician, and a general favorite among a large circle of friends. This is the third member of the family consecrated to God in religion, the others being Sister M. Devota, of the Order of the Holy Cross, who died in South Bend, Ind., and the Rev. John P. Sullivan, at present assistant at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro, Mass.

THE CHURCH AND JOAN OF ARC.--A fierce storm was created by the Dean of the Faculty of Letters of Nancy at the unveiling of the statue of Joan of Arc in that city. He attributed to the Church the cruel sufferings to which Joan was subjected. The bishop of Nancy, Monsignor Turinaz, rose to reply, but the Mayor refused him permission to speak. There was really no necessity for a defence of the Church by the bishop, as he had already vindicated its action in a panegyric of the heroine of Domremy. His words are remarkable for their boldness. "The bishop and the prevaricating priests who condemned Joan, were," said he, "Frenchmen like those who betrayed and sold her to England. None of them represent France or the Church. Catholics have always reproved the sacrilegious judges of the tribunal of Rouen. God struck them with the bolts of His anger; and, to-day, once more, with greater indignation than the adversaries of our Faith, we curse their crime and abhor their memory." As a matter of fact, the Holy See has formally and solemnly cancelled the sentence of Joan's judges; and the Catholics of France are inspired by the hope that in time to come she will be crowned by the Church with the aureole of the saints.

Cost of the New Aqueduct.

THE new Croton Water Works for New York City have so far cost a little over twenty-three and a half millions of dollars. It is expected the water will be let on within a few days. The total length of the new aqueduct is thirty-three and one-eighth miles, of which thirty and three-fourths miles is in the form of a tunnel, mostly through solid rock, eighteen feet diameter, lined with brick sixteen to eighteen inches thick, filling of concrete, interior diameter for the most part of fourteen feet. The delivering capacity is three hundred and ten millions of gallons per day. The work of excavating the tunnel was begun March 7, 1885, and finished July 7, 1888. This may be regarded as excellent progress, and shows the practical advantages of using the best and most improved tools.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

There are 2,217 priests belonging to the Religious Orders in the United States.

WILLIAM L. GILBERT, aged eighty-four, of West Winsted, Conn., died recently near Toronto, Can., whither he went several weeks since on business. He had been fifty years president of the Gilbert Clock Company, of Winsted, very prominently identified with many large factory interests in Winsted, and with railroad interests of Connecticut, as well as banking interests of the state. His fortune is estimated at three million dollars. He built and endowed the Gilbert Home, of Winsted, a few years since, at the expense of five hundred thousand dollars. He was also the promoter of a project to tunnel the mountain so as to connect the waters of Crystal Lake with Mad River, with a view of giving increased power to about twenty Winsted factories. His promised donation to that project was fifty thousand dollars, and it is thought some provision has been made in his will so that the project can be consummated. Mr. Gilbert was extensively known from Maine to California.

THE POTATO CROP is a failure in some parts of Ireland.

Puritan Stronghold.

VERY few persons who have any knowledge of the anti-Catholic character of the original inhabitants of that Puritan stronghold, — Salem, Mass., — could be induced to believe that this celebrated town would become a nursery for Catholic priests and female religious. Yet such is the fact. Among the Priesthood of Dioceses in the Eastern and Middle states there are twenty-six priests (all with Irish names) who were born in Salem. Thirty-five Catholic young ladies, who also claim Salem as the place of their nativity, have given their services to God in different Religious Orders. Providence thus changes Protestant strongholds into fruitful gardens for the glory of His Church. In good Old Colony times, an Irishwoman was hung in Salem for not being able to say the Lord's prayer in English. She could repeat it in Irish. She was taken for a witch.

AMONG the names of the members of the new Spanish Cabinet, says the New York Tribune, we find that of the Duke of Tetudu, son of the famous Marshall O'Donnell, whose prowess in the campaign against the Moors nobly sustained the military reputation of his race and gained for him the dukedom, the name of which is borne by the distinguished diplomat who now assumes charge of the foreign affairs of Spain. There is scarcely a country in Europe whose history is not illuminated by the records of Irish genius, both in peace and war. And those men, or their ancestors, were "rebels" in their own country, with a price set on their heads!

MISS LILLIAN BLANCHE FEARING, the only lady in this year's graduating class at the Union College of Law, Chicago, is entirely blind. During the course, her mother was her constant companion, and read from the books to her. Miss Fearing was one of four students whose records were so nearly equal that the committee appointed to award the scholarship prize of fifty dollars decided to divide it equally among the four. The blind student has already been admitted to the Illinois Bar of the Supreme Court at Springfield, and gives promise of making a brilliant mark in her profession.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B. — This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. — *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

THE largest parade of Catholic societies that ever occurred in Wilmington, Del., took place on Sunday, July 6, incidental to the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the first school for colored Catholics in the state. The procession from the pro-cathedral, at four o'clock, was composed of fifteen hundred men, and was led by Bishop Curtis and Vicar-General Lyons, of the diocese of Wilmington. There were delegations of colored Catholics present from Baltimore, Washington, Georgetown, D. C., and Philadelphia. Rev. A. B. Leeson, rector of St. Michael's, Baltimore, delivered the address.

HON. M. B. DALY was sworn in as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, in the legislative council chamber. The oath was administered by Chief Justice McDonald. Mr. Daly is the first Catholic appointed to the position, and at the conclusion of the ceremony he saluted Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, who was among those present.

LADY WILDE (Speranza), the widow of the late Sir William Wilde, and the mother of Oscar, has received a Civil List pension in recognition of her literary services.

The Hydrophobia Doctor.

PASTEUR might have been the richest man in the world if he had cared for the commercial value of his discoveries and protected them by patents. In addition to his discoveries in the prevention of hydrophobia, he discovered the cause of a mysterious disease among silkworms, which threatened to destroy the silkworm industry in France, and applied a remedy. The wine growers of France and Italy complained of their vines being slow to mature and the grapes to turn sour. Pasteur's investigations of the yeast germs taught the grower how these evils could be cured. He discovered the microbe which propagates disease in sheep, and suggested a remedy. These discoveries represent a gain to the community of many millions of dollars, but the great scientist has made no effort to profit personally from any of them.

A SECRET in his mouth is like a wild bird put into a cage, whose door no sooner opens, but it is out.

MACAULAY shrewdly remarked that as the ablest and most acute minds had in all times lovingly professed the Catholic faith, it was hard to see what it had to fear from the progress of so-called knowledge and enlightenment. The world is not likely to be adorned with more sublime genius in the future than in the past; and the noblest specimens of our race, morally and intellectually, have been, as Macaulay observes, devout Catholics.

A Handsome Gift from Bishop Wigger.

LAST week the Leo House, 6 State street, New York, for German Catholic immigrants, received $2,200 from Bishop Wigger, of Newark, the money being contributions and donations to the Bishop on the celebration of the anniversary of his silver jubilee as a priest. This money has been used for making alterations and improvements to the building. The debt on the property is now less than $12,000.

Bishop Wigger is one of the incorporators of the Leo House, and president of the St. Raphael Union, which has branches in Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Havre, London, Liverpool, and New York. The director is Rev. John Reutland.

ALDERMAN MEADE has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the year 1891.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

Archbishops in Council.

THE annual meeting of the archbishops of the United States was held in Boston the latter days of July, at the residence of Archbishop Williams. Cardinal Gibbons, as primate of the Church in the United States, presided. There were present: Archbishops Williams, of Boston; Kenrick, of St. Louis; Ryan, of Philadelphia; Feehan, of Chicago; Janssens, of New Orleans; Ireland, of St. Paul; Riordan, of San Francisco; Elder, of Cincinnati; and Salpointe, of Santa Fe.

Three of the thirteen metropolitan sees, Oregon City, New York, and Milwaukee, were unrepresented; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, being absent on important business in Europe, and the archdiocese of Milwaukee being vacant through the death of Archbishop Heiss, last spring, and Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, was unable to attend. Most Rev. Thomas L. Grace, D. D., former bishop of St. Paul, Minn., now titular archbishop of Siunia, was also absent.

The purpose of the Archbishops' meeting was to consider: 1. The general interests of religion throughout the country. 2. The special interests of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

Besides the Archbishops above named, there were present several bishops: Bishop Keane, rector of the American Catholic University; Bishop Foley, of Detroit, Mich.; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.; Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., and members of the Board of Directors of the University to attend the meeting of that board which followed the meeting of the archbishops.

Such a notable gathering of leading churchmen, as a matter of course, attracted the attention not only of Catholics but of the general public, to whom the opinion of such a body of representative men, actively interested in the great questions of the day, could not fail to be of interest. However, as the meeting was one for the discussion of purely religious questions, the proceedings were naturally private, the results to be announced by the prelates themselves when the time shall be ripe.

The board of directors of the Catholic University, consisting of Cardinal Gibbons, chancellor; Archbishop Williams, Boston; Archbishop Corrigan, New York; Archbishop Ryan, Philadelphia; Archbishop Ireland, St. Paul; Bishop Foley, Detroit; Bishop Maes, Covington; Bishop Flasch, La Crosse; Bishop Spalding, Peoria; Bishop Marty, Sioux Falls; Bishop Keane, rector; Rev. Dr. Garrigan, vice-rector; Monsignor Farley, New York; Rev. Dr. Chapelle, Washington; Rev. T. Lee, rector of the Baltimore cathedral; Messrs. Eugene Kelly, New York; Michael Jenkins, Baltimore; T. E. Waggaman, Washington, met after the session of the prelates, and transacted a large amount of routine business.

Conversions.

THE London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury states that the Rev. R. P. Cannon, M. A., attached to St. Agnes's, Kensington, and the Rev. T. E. C. Fownes, M. A., for some years connected with St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, have been received into the Catholic Church. It is rumored that the Church of England may be startled within the next few weeks by a much more remarkable conversion. The report refers to a member of the High Church party occupying a distinguished position in the English Church.

Send the Money Direct.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Parnell's letter relative to the Convention, advices have been received from the Irish leaders depicting the urgent necessity for the immediate transmission of all available funds in America to the home organization.

In view of this severe crisis, and in order that no true friend of Ireland can be excusable for neglect in rendering such assistance as his means will afford, all branches of the League, affiliating organizations and individuals in sympathy therewith, are hereby authorized to forward their funds direct to the office of the League in Dublin.

The address of the treasurer of the League in Ireland is Dr. Joseph E. Kenney, M. P., 43 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

The address is signed by President John Fitzgerald, Treasurer Charles O'Reilly, and Secretary John H. Sutton

Rev. Dr. Burtsell.

THE Rev. Dr. Burtsell, pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, New York City, who has been removed by the college of the Propaganda at Rome on account of his difference with Archbishop Corrigan, took farewell of his congregation at the various Masses which were held in the church Sunday, July 27th. At High Mass, which began at eleven o'clock, Dr. Burtsell spoke at some length. The Rev. Lanigan, his assistant, was the celebrant of the Mass. Dr. Burtsell at the interim, read the gospel of the day and gave a short sermon explanatory of it. Then he addressed the congregation on the subject of his leaving them. He said when he looked back he was sorry indeed to leave them. "I have always done my duty as a priest to you as far as it lay in my power," he said. "I never did aught which I knew to be wrong. Through human frivolities no doubt I erred sometimes, but never knowingly. I will continue in the same path. I will try to do my duty as a priest and as a Catholic, and I trust you will pray for me." During the delivery of Dr. Burtsell's remarks every woman in the church sobbed, and the men, too, were visibly affected.

Says the Western Watchman: Father Burtsell's farewell of his people is dignified and priestly. It was the best possible answer he could have made to any charge of insubordination that may have been alleged against him. Victory is with the man that obeys.

The Republic says: Dr. Burtsell is a good Catholic, and will, we trust, remain so until he dies. While he sympathized with Dr. McGlynn, he was not carried away with a vain notion that as an ex-priest he would set the world on fire and create a revolution. He will continue to be a priest, and will not join the motley crew of cranks, fanatics, "escaped" priests and nuns and others who are trying to eke out a precarious living by making faces at the Pope and lying about Catholic doctrines.

THE appointment of POET EDWARD FITZWILLIAM as United States Treasury Agent, at Boston, was a recognition long deferred, yet worthily bestowed. Mr. Fitzwilliam was born in Ireland, received a fine education, learned the weaving business, and was for a number of years Superintendent of the Ætna Mills at Watertown. Mass. We congratulate friend FitzW. on his good luck.

Father Mathew's Day.

A LARGELY attended meeting of representatives from local unions to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union was held Sunday afternoon at St. Stephen's Hall. Forty-three societies were represented. Mr. Christopher G. Fay, president of the union, presided. The object of the meeting was to prepare for the parade of the union, to take place Oct. 10, in honor of the birthday of Father Mathew. There was indicated the participation of from five thousand to eight thousand people in the procession. Mr. Fay was chosen chief marshal, and the route of the procession was determined as follows: Arlington street, Boylston, Dartmouth, Columbus avenue, Concord, Harrison avenue, Dover, Fourth, East Broadway, Dorchester avenue, Federal, Summer, High, Congress, State, Devonshire, Haymarket square, and countermarch through Washington, School, Beacon, and Arlington streets. The procession will be reviewed by Archbishop Williams on Harrison avenue, by Mayor Hart at City Hall and by Governor Brackett at the state house.

Marriage Bells.

THE daughter (May) of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Reade, of Woburn, Mass., was married at St. Charles Church, to Dr. Charles H. Winn, on the 5th of August. Mr. Reade is a brother of Capt. John Reade, of Charlestown. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE wishes health and happiness to the newly married couple.

MR. THOMAS BRENNAN, well known to Irishmen everywhere, by name at least, has become President of the Omaha Mortgage Company, which has opened an Eastern office at 153 Devonshire Street, Boston. The Directors are Gen. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, and E. L. Squire, of Omaha, with A. J. Love of Omaha, Secretary. This firm will have the good will of a very large section of the population to start with; and the high standing of its members will ensure it success. 12t

Interesting Notes From Abroad

EIGHTEEN priests of the African missions of Algiers have just left Lyons for the interior of the Dark Continent. Five Franciscan missionaries left Marseilles for the Vicariate of Chan-tong, China. The Pious Society of Missions, at Rome, has sent several missionaries to South America. Among the last were Father Alfred Meagher, and Brother Adam Gregg, for Chili, and Fathers Thomas Stanton and Augustin Gough, for the Argentine Republic.

A TELEGRAM announces the death of the Rev. Louis Claude Saleur, at Darjeeling. He went to Thibet as a missionary in 1884, and for the past six years had labored zealously there.

THE *Osservatore Romano* publishes the following note: "We are in a position to deny categorically the despatch incubated by the Italian official press regarding a very violent note against Italy, alleged to be sent by the Vatican to the Apostolic Nuncios. This system, well known to all by now, of piling falsehoods upon falsehoods derogatory to the Holy See, is but a part of a general plan, as foolish as it is aggressive, which has marked with celebrity the ecclesiastical policy of Signor Crispi."

IN a letter to the press, the head of the Benedictine Monastery, of Soubac, denies that his institution is in any way responsible for an *elixir dentifrice* and a perfume advertised by a M. Bijou, of Bordeaux, with their coat of arms, and alleged to be made by them. He says that the whole business is an indignity to the order.

PIERRE VEIULLOT, nephew of the great Louis, quotes from Jules Ferry's *Estafette*, a characteristic eulogy of the Godless public school system of France, in which it says: "Upon the school question the Clericals are not disarmed. What has occurred in Belgium, during the past few years, abundantly shows that." Whereupon Pierre Veiullot says: "This is a phrase which merits, it seems to us, to be memorized, and the example of Belgium, invoked by the *Estafette*, points to the path of safety. O Clericals of France, the journal of M. Jules Ferry shows you how to right yourselves. Your Belgium brothers, victims like yourselves of odious school laws, are not disarmed. Beaten in many efforts, they vigorously continued the struggle. We know the result. They have ended by conquering, they have reached power, they have restored to the communes, to the fathers of families, to pastors, the exercise of a portion of their rights. The country has found their work good, and has approved it; the last elections show this. Thanks, thanks, *Estafette*, for placing under our eyes this example, which gives us plentiful encouragement."

THE Propagation Society, of Lyons, has received the following letter from the bishops of Japan in Synod assembled:

"*Gentlemen:*—Assembled at Nagasaki in order to hold the first Synod of the group of Vicariates Apostolic of Japan and Corea, we seize with happiness this providential occasion, and address to you the expression of our respect and lively gratitude for the numberless benefactions that the work of the Propagation of the Faith has extended to each of our dear missions.

"Under God, it is due to the prayers and the alms of that eminently apostolical work that the cause of God and the salvation of souls have obtained results which, without reaching the height of our desires, are nevertheless encouraging and consoling, above all within the last thirty years.

"Through a zeal and devotion to which we are happy to render homage, you personify, gentlemen, that admirable work whose best eulogy, after our felicitations and blessings, has been made from the elevation of the Apostolic Chair.

"We have the honor to be your very humble and obedient servants in Our Lord.

†PIERRE MARIE OSOUF, V. A., of Northern Japan.
†J. A. COUSIN, V. A., of Eastern Japan.
†FELIX MIDON, V. A., of Central Japan.
CAMILLE EUGENE DOUCET, Del. Corean Mission."

EUROPEAN nations can take a good example from Japan. Forty-four members of that Empire House of Peers have just been elected, of whom twenty-two are farmers, fifteen merchants, and only one a noble.

JULES PONSARD.

REV. FATHER TRAINER, of St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died from effects of the heat, one of the recent hot days. He was overcome while on his way to a sick call.

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

No new books this month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have received Hoffman's Catholic Directory for the quarter ending June, 1890. This valuable work is issued four times a year, and is indispensable to the clergy and others seeking information in regard to the Church and its prelates and priests.

MUSIC.

White, Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal:—"God Bless the Friends We Love," words by James Clark, music by Chas. Blamphin. "Evening Song," quartette, by Ambrose Davenport. "The Dream," quartette, by same author. "The Sailor's Dance," words and music by J. L. Molloy. "Come to Me," words by W. Borsey, music by L. Denza. "Hast Thou Not Known," anthem by Carl Pflueger. "Benedic Anima Mea," by Rev. Wm. L. Daland. "Some One," words by May Mark Lemon, music by Henri Grotère. "The Kingdom of My Heart," words adopted by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. French. "Every Morn I Send Him Violets," English words by Ambrose Davenport, music by Eirk Meyer-Helmund.

Instrumental:—"Jean et Jeanette," gavotte, by Gustav Lange. "Fantasie Impromptu," by F. Chopin. "The Hunter," by Carl Bohm. "Polka," by Fritz Spindler. "Ange d'Amour Waltzes," by Emile Waldteufel. "Charm of Spring," by George Regnald. "Rondo," by D. King. "Farewell to the Alps," by Carl Bohm. "Flowers of May Waltz," by Mrs. Geo. Faures. "The Little Drummer," by Carl Bohm. "Zither Sounds," by Gustav Lange. "Longing," by L. Zeise. "Mountain Idyl," by C. Bohm. "Only a Dream," by Herbert L. Eddy. "Rondoletto," by Heinrich Cramer. "Very Happy," by Franz Behr. "Ivy Branch," by same author. "Baltimore Light Infantry Battalion March," by Charles P. Burton. "In Thine Eyes Waltzes," by E. Waldteufel. "Cooing and Wooing Waltzes," by Johann Strauss, "Entr'Acte Gavotte," by Enos Gillet. "Neu Auren Polka," by Johann Strauss. "Over All Is Magic Love," ballet music by Edouard Lassen. "Aragonaise," by J. Masseret. "With Chic Polka," by Edouard Strauss. "Landeskinder Waltzes," by same author. "In the Valley Polka," by J. Pabel. "Gavotte," by E. Silas. "Gavotte," by August Dupont. "Prayer in Silent Night," by L. Zeise. "Etude," by A. Henselt. "I Think of Thee" Etude, by J. R. Doppler. "In the Wood Mill," by Franz Behr. "Morning Song," by same author. "If I Were King," overture, by Adolphe Adam. "Bourrée," by Moritz Moszkowski. "Editorial Columns Polka," by Edouard Strauss. "Shepherds' Dance," by Moritz Moszkowski.

A Book Given Away.

The Parnell Movement: By P. T. O'Connor, M. P. We offer this book (300 pages of close print) to any one sending us a new subscriber and $2 for a year's subscription to Donahoe's Magazine. The book will be sent to any part of the country free of postage. tf.

Coming to the States.

It has been decided definitely that John Dillon and William O'Brien will visit the United States during the autumn. No better representatives of the Irish party could be selected. They will receive a welcome here commensurate with their splendid service and signal ability, and Mrs. William O'Brien will share the honors to be showered upon her distinguished husband.

A Venerable Archbishop.

Church Progress, of St. Louis, publishes a list of one hundred and fifty-two subscribers to the fund for the erection of an archiepiscopal residence in that city. Of this list forty-two donors have given $1,000 each; fifty, $500 each; and sixty, $250 each. The spirit of generosity exhibited by the contribution of $82,000 in so short a space of time cannot be too highly commended, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to the venerable prelate to know that his people hold him in such high esteem.

The Potato Rot.

According to present information Castlehaven and the neighboring parishes, all in the diocese of Ross, are the places where the failure is most apparent. Castlehaven is near Skibbereen, and on the south-western coast of the county of Cork. They are poor enough at the best of times, these sea-coast parishes of the south-west. What they will be if famine comes, no one can imagine who has not with his own eyes beheld the foodless, fireless, Irish cabin.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. JOHN J. BEIL, C.SS.R., died at the residence of the Redemptorists, Roxbury, Mass., on the morning of the 22d of July. The deceased was a man of accomplished and winning manners, a pleasing and eloquent speaker, and an energetic and zealous missionary. He was born in Baltimore, in October, 1855, of German ancestry. He received his education at the Redemptorist College of St. James, Baltimore, and later at Illchester, Md. During his brief but laborious career, he worked successfully in the missions in New Brunswick, the New England States and New York. At the Mission Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help his usefulness could not be overrated. The success of the late fair, held in aid of the parochial school, was almost entirely due to his efforts. The funeral obsequies took place from the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and was attended by a large body of the clergy. Rev. Joseph Hennig, C.SS.R. celebrant of the Mass ; Rev. E. F. Schauer, ex-provincial, deacon ; Rev. P. H. Barrett, sub-deacon ; Rev. A. Lutz, master of ceremonies. The eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Father Licking, the only living class-mate of Dr. Beil. A large number of the visiting clergy followed the remains to their last resting-place, Mount Calvary, where the final ceremonies took place.

REV. JAMES MAGINN, pastor of St. Francis' Church, Twenty-Fifth and Hamilton streets, Philadelphia, died of pneumonia at the parochial residence, on the 23d of July. Father Maginn was born in Tyrone County, Ireland, in 1825, and began his studies at Armagh College. Here he finished his preliminary and classical course, and when at the age of twenty-six, he came across the sea, he entered the seminary then at Eighteenth and Race streets. Four years of study at the seminary, and he was ready for ordination. It was in 1855, he assumed the duties and responsibilities of the priesthood.

THE death, which took place at St. Mary's Priory, Cork, on the 10th of July, of the Very Rev. B. T. Russell, O. P., will be learned with profound regret by all who knew him, and they are to be found not only in every part of Ireland, but far beyond it. Indeed, wherever the order of St. Dominick has been established his deep-seated piety and his untiring energy, as well for the temporal as for the spiritual welfare of the people, are matters of notoriety. Born so far back as March, 1799, he at an early age evinced a desire to embrace the religious life. Three-quarters of a century have now almost elapsed since he assumed the white habit of St. Dominick, and it would be difficult to enumerate the many meritorious works which he performed during all these long years. In the city where he breathed his last St. Mary's beautiful church and priory stand enduring monuments of the great zeal and indefatigable energy of the venerable deceased.

BROTHER.

BROTHER VINCENT, one of the builders of the University of Notre Dame, died at the age of almost one hundred years, at South Bend, Indiana. He had been blind for some time. He travelled to Notre Dame with the Very Reverend Father Sorin in 1843, being one of the latter's four companions on the eventful journey. Brother Lawrence and Brother Justin are dead, while the third, Brother Xavier, is the undertaker at Notre Dame, and is very old.

SISTER.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH HICKEY, Superior of St. Michael's Convent of Presentation Nuns, died at the Convent Residence, on West Thirty-First street, New York, on Sunday, June 15. Mother Joseph was identified with the female department of St. Michael's school from its foundation, sixteen years ago. Born in Dublin in 1823, she entered the Order of the Presentation at Richmond in her nineteenth year. She made her solemn religious profession in 1844. After serving for a number of years at Rich-

mond she went to St. Michael's parish in New York. She was the pioneer of the Presentation Order of Nuns in that section of the United States.

THE Sisters of the Presentation Convent, Caherciveen, County Kerry, Ireland, and, indeed, the female youth of the entire district, have sustained a great loss in the death of Mother Mary Alphonsus Dwyer, which sad event took place March 3, 1890. The deceased lady was born at Clonoulty, County Tipperary, on the 10th of March, 1838. She entered the convent at Caherciveen in February, 1870, and was professed on the 25th of July, 1872. Her exalted piety, her great zeal, her lovable nature, and her business habits, made her the *beau ideal* of the wise and judicious ruler of a religious house, and accordingly she was more than once selected by her community, as a superioress of their convent, and indeed held that responsible position when seized by the long illness which terminated in death. The lamented deceased was, as we have said, a native of Tipperary, and possessed in an eminent degree all that large-hearted kindness and whole-souled generosity which characterizes the people of that gallant county ; and, indeed, no one who ever approached her will readily forget her genial presence, and that joyous countenance which so well reflected the unaffected warmth of her true Irish heart. The poor and the afflicted always found in her a generous friend and a compassionate and sympathetic consoler. To the educational interests of the locality she was a benefactor of priceless value, and it is mainly owing to her exertions that the Caherciveen Convent schools to-day afford gratuitously to the female youth of the locality of every grade an education not inferior to that supplied by many expensive and much lauded establishments. It was only a few months ago that splendid schools, erected at a cost of over thirteen hundred pounds, without a single appeal to the people they were to benefit, were opened to replace the Convent Schools, and, needless to say, that in their inception and execution Mother Alphonsus was a bright and guiding spirit. Mr. John M. Ryan of McCall, La., was a relative of the deceased.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE regret to record the death of Mrs. Wm. H. Hughes, wife of the editor of the Michigan Catholic, and an earnest and prominent worker in charitable undertakings, on the 24th of July, at the family residence, No. 307 East Congress street, Detroit, leaving a husband and three children. We deeply sympathize with Mr. Hughes in his sad bereavement.

THE death of MR. WILLIAM KEATING, the veteran Pilot agent and canvasser, occurred at his home, 16 East Canton street, on Friday, July 18th, aged eighty years. For upwards of forty-five years Mr. Keating was employed as agent for the Pilot, in the south end part of Boston, where he was well and favorably known, always faithful and punctual in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Keating leaves a wife, two sons, and a daughter. May he rest in peace !

AT Weller, Iowa, MR. PATRICK SHEEDY, who during a residence of many years in this country had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends. For over forty years Mr. Sheedy was a regular subscriber to the Pilot, the prayers of whose readers are requested for the repose of his soul.

An Old Cathedral.

THE city of Ulm, in the Kingdom of Wurtemburg, one of the famous independent cities of the old Roman-German Empire, is at present celebrating the completion of its cathedral of world-wide renown, the foundation of which was laid in 1377. For centuries the cathedral, the finest specimen of Gothic art in Germany, had been incomplete when with the resurrection of the German Empire, in 1870, there manifested itself the wish to finish this gem of architecture as symbol of the newly founded unity and grandeur of the Fatherland. The tower of the cathedral measures 536⅔ feet, or 3½ feet more than the famous dome of Cologne, and it is the highest edifice on the face of the globe.

THE Rev. D. W. Murphy, of Dover, N. H., has recently placed an imposing tower on his church, and added a fine chime of bells.

OZONE, for drinking and inhaling. Headquarters, 128 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. Try it.

THE Canton Knitted Mattress is the finest mattress in use, and should be in every public hospital in the United States.

THE New Weekly Democrat is gaining rapidly in circulation.

READ the Boston Daily and Sunday Globe.

THE book of the century is Gately's Universal Educator.

SLEEPERS' EYE CIGAR is now the leading cigar of this country.

HURRAH for Col. Hanley. We hope he will get the sword.

THE Putnam Horse Shoe Nail is the only safe nail to drive. Ask your dealer for it.

THE T. & B. Tobacco still holds the leading place in the estimation of all smokers.

HYGEIA LITHIA WATER is a sure cure for rheumatism or kidney complaint.

LAMSON & HUBBARD has the largest hat store in Boston. Manufactory cor. Chauncy and Essex sts., Boston, Mass., U. S.

WE recommend all our friends in want of furniture to call on Mr. John Curtin at his new store on Washington st., near Haymarket Square, Boston.

ANY one troubled with salt rheum we advise to call on Doctor A. M. Dam, 405 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., if you want to get cured.

BARBOUR'S IRISH LINEN THREAD was established in 1784 and has stood the test ever since. This truth is worthy of notice to those interested.

KELLY & Co.'s art, stained, and cut glass manufactory is at 118½ Milk st., Boston, where everything in their line can be obtained at short notice.

THOSE afflicted with any kind of sickness peculiar to the hot season should read the advertisement of the Renovia Medical Co. in our MAGAZINE this month, headed Renovia Specifics.

EMERSON'S Pianos are ahead of all. Warerooms 174 Tremont st., Boston, Mass., and 92 Fifth ave., New York. Prices moderate and their terms reasonable. Fifty thousand of them now in use all over the world.

TOOLS of every description for mechanics, carpenters, stone masons, etc.; contractors' supplies, chains, blocks, bars, picks, and farming implements can be procured cheaper at James Milligan's, 229 Federal st., than at any other store in Boston.

MR. THOS. BRENNAN, well-known to Irishmen everywhere, has become president of the Omaha Mortgage Company, and has opened an office for the transaction of a general business in his line at 153 Devonshire st., Boston, Mass., where he will be pleased to see his friends.

Ice-Water.—Doctors Disagree.

A CELEBRATED physician says "All ice-water drinking is bad," also that "a severe blow upon the body just over the solar plexus" (which in good United States language means an important portion of the nervous system located just back of the stomach), "will cause almost instant death," and he further says, "the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice-water into the stomach has exactly the same effect upon the solar plexus as the blow, and may cause instant death by its action upon it and through that on the heart." Another equally celebrated physician says, "Any diction which unqualifiedly says that cold drinks are bad and hot drinks are good must be absurd;" and, further, "cold water stimulates gastric secretion; therefore do not smile at your friend because he thinks a half-glass of ice-water before eating gives him an appetite and helps his digestion." In continuation we will say, drinking ice-water in copious draughts when overheated is injurious, if not dangerous; that is undeniable. But that the free drinking of water, in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is deniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be resupplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly but surely laid. Do not drink ice-cold water, out pure cool water; a little lemon-juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent in hot weather. If from drinking too much ice-water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged" as it is called, or are attacked with cholera morbus, summer complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice-water. In fact a little pamphlet sent free to any one by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating those summer troubles with that good old household remedy.

Catholic Congress.

AT the Congress of the Catholic laity held at Baltimore last November, a committee on future congresses was appointed. In view of the fact that the archbishops of this country were to assemble in Boston, it was deemed advisable that the committee should also meet here. The national committee is composed of the following gentlemen, all of whom are prominent citizens in their respective localities, and many of whom hold high positions: Daniel Dougherty, New York; James H. Dormer, Buffalo; Judge Edward F. Dunne, San Antonio; Patrick Farrelly, General Manager of the American News Association, New York; M. D. Fansler, Fort Wayne; M. J. Harson, Providence; John D. Keily, Jr., Brooklyn; William L. Kelly, St. Paul; M. W. O'Brien, banker, Detroit; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, judge of the New York Supreme Court; William J. Onahan, city comptroller of Chicago; John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston; Thomas J. Semmes, New Orleans; H. J. Spaunhorst, St. Louis. The meeting was held at the Parker House, and was called to order at 10.30 A. M. by Mr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, in the absence of ex-Governor Carroll, of Baltimore. After a few introductory remarks, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York, was called on to preside, and James H. Dormer, of Buffalo, was chosen secretary. Mr. T. B. Fitz, president of the Catholic Union of Boston, was present by invitation of the committee, and the following dignitaries of the Church attended: Archbishops Ireland, St. Paul; Riordan, San Francisco; Janssens, New Orleans; Elder, Cincinnati, and Bishops Foley, Maes, and Spalding, together with Rev. George Montgomery, of California. The committee decided that the convention would be held at Chicago in 1893. The discussions were carried on in an informal manner, and the arrangements for the next convention were left to a committee of five to be appointed by Judge O'Brien. Hon. W. J. Onahan, Judge O'Brien, and Mr. Kelly, of New York, and Mr. O'Brien, of Detroit, were appointed a committee to wait upon the Cardinal and the Archbishop of Boston, and pay their respects in behalf of the Congress. They performed their duty and reported that the prelates extended their best wishes to the Congress, and hoped that they would accomplish great good in their work.

The Parker House, on the night of the 25th ult., was the scene of a banquet tendered to the committee of the Catholic Congress by about a dozen Catholic laymen of Boston. Five o'clock was the hour set for the guests to assemble, and shortly after that time the march to the dining hall began. Hon. P. A. Collins presided, having on his right Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and on his left Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco. Opposite sat Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and Father Montgomery, of San Francisco. Other guests were Hon. W. J. Onahan, Chicago; Patrick Farrelly, New York; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge of the Supreme Court, New York; Mr. M. W. O'Brien, President People's Bank, Detroit; Judge E. F. Dunne, of Florida; Mr. M. J. Harson, Providence; Mr. James H. Dormer, Buffalo; Hon. John D. Keily, Brooklyn; Very Rev. Dr. William Byrne, vicar-general of the Archdiocese of Boston. The Boston gentlemen present were: Mr. Thomas B. Fitz, President of Catholic Union; Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, Hon. Edward J. Flynn, John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. James S. Murphy, Judge Joseph D. Fallon, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Dr. Michael F. Gavin, Dr. William A. Dunn, and James J. Grace.

No speeches were made, except a brief one of graceful welcome by Mr. Collins. The dinner was an exceptionally enjoyable one, and the strangers left Boston on late trains, delighted with their brief visit.

Cardinal Newman.

CARDINAL NEWMAN attended a special Pontifical High Mass at the Birmingham Oratory recently. His Eminence was so weak that he had to be carried to the altar on a chair, where he remained during the whole of the service. It is stated at the Oratory that, though still excessively feeble, the Cardinal's general health is tolerably good. His Eminence is in his ninetieth year.

The Gallant Ninth.

THE *esprit du corps* of the popular Ninth Infantry M. V. M., was well sustained by the officers and men of that regiment at the recent camp of the Second Brigade at Framingham. For soldierly bearing, discipline, military courtesy, and good deportment, the Ninth was second to none. At a social gathering of military gentlemen, Friday evening, at which Adjutant-General Dalton was present, the merits of the several organizations were discussed and their passage in review before His Excellency, council, and military staff was commented on. Adjutant-General Dalton said he never witnessed in his life and never expected to witness a grander review. The Ninth was more than in it, and went clean out of sight. Their marching and aliguments, together with their soldierly bearing, was unsurpassed by any regiment on the field. This speaks well for the successors of that regiment which won renown on the Peninsula, under McClellan and Fitz John Porter with Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant.

The Holy Father and Freemasonry.

M. PAUL ROSEN, author of the work entitled "Satan et Cie," which was devoted to an exposure of the evils of Continental Masonry, has just produced another on the same subject, entitled "l'Ennemie Sociale," which the Holy Father has allowed to be dedicated to him. The Pope has likewise addressed a warm letter of commendation to M. Rosen.

BOSTON College and Church of the Immaculate Conception. The Rev. Wm. F. Gregory, S. J., is transferred to the Church of the Gèsu, Philadelphia ; the Rev. John M. Colgan, S. J., goes to Frederick, Md., for the third probation ; the Rev. Michael C. Dolan, S. J., to Gonzaga College, Washington ; the Rev. David C. Daly, S. J., to Georgetown College. There are no changes among the scholastics or brothers, except the addition to the College staff of two new scholastics, Mr. Cryan, S. J., late of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and Mr. McDonough, S. J., late of Loyola College, Baltimore.

Priests appointed for the Church of the Immaculate Conception : The Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., superior of the Jesuit Missionaries at their Home, Keyser Island, South Norwalk, Conn.; the Rev. Augustus Langcake, S. J., late of Keyser Island, South Norwalk, Conn., and the Rev. M. J. Doonan, S. J., late of Detroit College, Detroit, Mich., and for many years President of Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

JULY 31 was the feast of St. Ignatius and was celebrated on Sunday, August 3, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. The celebrant of the Solemn High Mass was the Rev. James F. Talbot, D. D., of the Cathedral, with the Rev. P. B. Murphy, of Natick, deacon; and Mr. Ulrich, S. J., sub-deacon. The sermon was by the Rev. Thomas I. Coghlan, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge. It was an eloquent summary of the life, work, and distinguishing virtues of the great Loyola, and a testimony from the pages of history of the services rendered to the Church and the world by his spiritual sons. St. Ignatius, judged even by secular standards, was one of the world's great men. He founded a school of sanctity and knowledge pre-eminently fitted to produce, and most fruitful in producing, saints and scholars. After an enumeration of the lights of the Society, Father Coghlan named some of the statesmen, scientists, etc., who had been pupils of the Jesuits. He refuted the vulgar calumnies with which this order has been assailed; and showed the pioneer Jesuit of Maryland, Father White, if not himself the framer of the clause of religious toleration in the Constitution of Maryland, at least the inspirer and adviser of the Calverts and Carrolls. In conclusion he bade parents remember that the lustre of the Jesuits' reputation as educators but brightened with time, and that they could commit their sons to no better guidance.

REV. FATHER LINEHAN, formerly of Portland, Me., now pastor of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford, was recently called on by thirty of his former parishioners and presented with a check for twelve hundred dollars.

GREAT ENTERPRISE!

Terminal City.

EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE SHORT ROUTE TO EUROPE.

Terminal City Company (Limited) was chartered by the Parliament of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of founding and fostering the growth of a large commercial, manufacturing, and fishing centre near the eastern terminus of the Strait of Canso.

The Property of the Company consists of **3046 Acres** of land on the Nova Scotia side of the Strait of Canso, with a water frontage of six miles.

1522 Acres of land on the island of Cape Breton, with a wide water frontage on Caribou Cove.

Coal Mines, covering a coal area of eight square miles, at Caribou Cove, in Richmond County, Cape Breton Island, with seams of coal varying in width from three to eleven feet, and running direct to the water's edge.

The Terminal City Railroad Co. (Limited), a line chartered and surveyed to run from Mulgrave, N. S., to Terminal City, a distance of five and one-half miles, and also a line running from Wright's Cove, Cape Breton Island, to connect with the government railroad of Cape Breton, a distance of five miles.

250,000 SHARES OF TREASURY STOCK

To be sold to develop the property.

The company has no debts. The stock is non-assessable.

IMPORTANT POINTS.

Terminal City is the natural outlet of the products of the great Northwest and the Dominion of Canada, being the nearest available shipping point to Europe, and is destined to be to the Eastern Coast what Vancouver is to the Western.

It possesses a harbor that has no superior, the entrance being twelve miles wide, without island, bar, or shoal, open the year round and free from fog. At a point where the average rise and fall of the tide is but five feet.

Its charter is the most liberal ever granted by the Nova Scotia Parliament.

Beside its magnificent future as a railway terminus and port of entry, it is in the midst of one of the richest and most beautiful sections to be found on the whole continent of North America.

CAPITAL STOCK, 500,000 SHARES, $5,000,000.

(PAR VALUE, $10.)

THE SECOND EXCURSION

WILL COME OFF ON OR ABOUT.

THE 18th OF AUGUST.

Stock now selling at $4 per share.

Further particulars at the office of the company, 31 Milk street, Room 9, Boston, Mass., or to

PATRICK M. DONAHOE, 21 Boylston St., Boston, and 181 Hyde Park Avenue, Hyde Park, Mass.

GEORGE B. NICHOLS, PRESIDENT,
HIRAM M. PEARL, GEN'L MANAGER,
ORLANDO P. SHANNON, TREASURER.

Cataract on the Eye.

On the 10th of August, a statue will be dedicated to the famous Dr. Daviel, at Evereux, France, where he was born in 1691. The name of Daviel will be forever associated with one of the most delicate operations in the history of surgery — for it was he, who, at Paris in 1746, first extracted a cataract from the human eye. This novel, yet hazardous operation, was attended with complete success. Louis XV., then king, honored him with the title of court oculist. His fame spread everywhere, and he was called to all parts of Europe and invited to almost every sovereign of importance. Some estimate of his success may be made from the fact that during one month alone, he operated on two hundred and six patients for cataract — one hundred and eighty of which were successfully treated. The occasion of the dedication already referred to will be honored by the presence of the Minister of Public Instruction whilst the academy of medicine will send a distinguished delegation. A successful operation for cataract was recently performed on Mrs. Patrick Donahoe, by Dr. G. Hay, of Boston. She had not seen from the eye for some years. Now she can see to read and with every prospect of the eye being as good as ever.

Religious Profession and Veiling.

On July 10th at the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelite Nuns, New Orleans, La., four young ladies made their religious profession, viz: Sr. Aloysia of the Blessed Trinity, in the world (Miss Victoria Weich, of Brooklyn, N. Y.); Sr. Mary Elias of the Precious Blood (Miss Annie C. Orr, San Francisco, Cal.); Sr. Alberta of the Holy Angels (Miss M. Elizabeth Ries, New Orleans, La.); Sr. Joanna of the Cross (Miss Mary Harrison, Detroit, Mich.); three choir religious and one out-Sr. At 8.30 A. M. on same date, Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan, S. J., gave the Black Veil to Sisters Aloysia, Mary Elias, and Alberta, cloistered choir Nuns of the Monastery. Rev. Father O'Callaghan, S. J., was celebrant of the Mass, and at its close before performing the solemn ceremony, delivered an impressive discourse on a Carmelite's vocation in the church, the efficacy of her life of sacrifice and prayer, particularly, in the present age of the world running riot with love of pleasure, and its concomitant evils. Rev. J. Gerlach, S. J., gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the close of the ceremony. Among the Reverend clergy present who assisted the Reverend officiant were, Rev. Fathers Dumas, Coughlan, Morin, and Simon Barber, O. S. B. The music was under the able direction of the Misses Maureau, assisted by Misses S. Michel and L'Hoste, etc.

Minister of Capetown.

The life of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has been appointed Prime Minister of the Cape, is quite a romance in its way. Mr. Rhodes originally went to Capetown without the proverbial shilling. He prospered, and his prosperity was directed to one aim — that of some day taking a degree at Oxford. Eventually he returned to England, went to Oxford, and took his degree. Then he returned to South Africa as Secretary of the De Beers Mines, and he owes his Premiership to his popularity in the Cape Parliament. Mr. Rhodes, who has made his pile in diamonds, is worth a couple of millions sterling, and is still a young man. We need scarcely remind our readers that the new Premier of the Cape is the gentleman who not long since placed in Mr. Parnell's hands a check for the princely sum of £10,000. Mr. Rhodes presented that sum as a mark of his personal esteem of the Irish Leader, and as a testimony of his cordial good wishes for the success of the Irish National movement.

The Pope and the Slave Trade.

The Holy Father has addressed a letter to Cardinal Lavigerie, in which the Holy Father encourages his Eminence to prosecute his crusade for the extinction of slavery, and exhorts the faithful to sustain the missionaries and others who are engaged in combating the evil.

Irish Boys in England.

The Tablet publishes a list of the pupils of English Catholic schools and colleges who were successful at the recent matriculation examinations of the London University. These number fifty in all. Of this total twenty-two are Irish.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1890. No. 5.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum;

OR,

IRELAND'S ANCIENT SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.*

I.

JEWELLERS and lapidaries tell us that one of the most precious of all gems is a flawless emerald.

This great book by the learned Bishop Healy is like an emerald without a flaw. It is a precious literary gem; and those who will possess it and study it will press it to their bosoms with a hearty *Deo Gratias*, and give it a CEAD MILLE FAILTHE as the best of its kind that has been given to us in later years.

Not since the days when the ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS came forth, emblazoned with the light of learning, has anything appeared to equal this monumental volume by the Coadjutor of Clonfert, the successor of St. Brendan, who founded his great monastery in that ancient See in A. D. 557. "*Brendinus ecclesiam in Cluain-fertha fundavit*" — (Annals of Ulster).

The volume contains 638 pp. royal octavo, superfine thick paper.

The first copy sent to this country came to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for review; and it is the purpose of the writer of this article to give to the readers of the MAGAZINE as clear a view as possible of the merits of the work, in the hope that in the near future as many as possible of those who value a great book will possess it and treasure it as they would possess and treasure that richest of all gems in the physical world, a flawless emerald.

The book is dedicated to the learned and saintly Bishop of Elphin.

* By Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL. D., M. R. I. A.; Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros.

Here is the dedication: It is brief.

TO THE

MOST REV. LAURENCE GILLOOLY, D.D.,

BISHOP OF ELPHIN,

The Founder and Patron of Many Schools,
This Record of Ireland's Ancient
Sanctity and Learning,

Is Respectfully and Gratefully Dedicated
By the Author.

In the preface we are told of the author's purpose: It is to give a full and accurate account of the schools and scholars of ancient Ireland. The history of those schools and scholars is traced from the time of St. Patrick down to the Anglo-Norman Invasion of Ireland. The first three centuries of that period was a time of comparative peace and security, during which the religious communities scattered over Ireland "presented a more beautiful spectacle before men and angels than anything seen in Christendom either before or since."

These are the words of the author himself, and they are based on a correct knowledge of the state of Ireland at the period of which he writes.

Hear those consoling words again: — "Presented a more beautiful spectacle before men and angels than anything seen in Christendom either before or since."

There is a basaltic-rock effect in this declaration by the author, and it forms the foundation for much of his work. There was nothing, therefore, in Christendom, from the foundation of Christianity until now to equal those three centuries of religious life in Ireland, after the advent of St. Patrick in that country. It is a glorious and mighty pæan of praise, this canticle of an Irish Bishop, who, of all others in that brilliant hierarchy to which he belongs, knows so well whereof he speaks.

Does the world, even now, recognize the full value and meaning of these words by Bishop Healy? Does the Catholic world realize them? Alas, no! Not even the Catholic world will bear testimony to such terms of praise when Ireland is the subject of them. Here in America, where our Great Catholic Centennial was made a possibility by the descendants of those same Irish people, it is almost heresy to name Ireland. We may whisper the word with bated breath, but it will not do to shout it as of yore, nor repeat it, nor appear to cling with tender love to the name of that country of which so many of us are justly proud, and so many of us unjustly ashamed.

Ashamed!

Yes: With a point-blank deliberateness, as coolly, and as radically spoken as it is possible for words to come from a pen, we say, Ashamed!

To ignore the source of our American Catholicity is to be ashamed of it, or, worse. While data and other facts are not here given to sustain this proposition, it is not because they are difficult

to find, but because they have not assumed that concrete form which instantly challenges attention and compels reproof. But the cloaked spirit of anti-Irishism is abroad, even in circles where it should never have appeared, and the sooner this spirit is laid the better it will be.

Let us forget the Ireland that "presented a more beautiful spectacle before men and angels than anything seen in Christendom either before or since," and that instant indifference to religion is seen to rear its foul head amongst us, and the natural pride of Irishmen in Ireland as a Catholic country will wane and die out, never to reappear in this country again.

There is a world of thought in these things; thoughts that spring from the heart and brain to find expression, but the time to speak them freely has not yet come. To hang out the danger signal is a work of necessity, and should be enough for all concerned.

This work, then, of Bishop Healy, comes to us at a most opportune time. It must be spoken of and considered; and its consideration will uplift the minds and hearts of Irishmen to that high level which was the purpose of our author to make his countrymen attain.

These are some of the immortal works consulted and quoted by our most reverend author:

THE SENCHUS MOR,
BOOK OF RIGHTS,
PSALTER OF CASHEL.
TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK,
BOOK OF ARMAGH,
ANNALS OF ULSTER,
ANTIPHONARY OF BANGOR,
MARTYROLOGY OF DONEGAL,
THE BOOK OF GLENDALOCH,
LIBER HYMNORUM,
BOOK OF KELLS,
BOOK OF KILDARE,
SALTAIR OF TARA,
BOOK OF LEINSTER,
BOOK OF THE MONKS (or,
THE BOOK OF CUANA).
BOOK OF AICILL,
ANTIQUITIES OF TARA.

Necessarily our author speaks of the Druids and of their learning before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Druidism was a philosophy rather than a religion, although such a statement is against the express testimony of Cæsar. The Druids were the especial enemies of St. Patrick. He overthrew them at Tara although some of them were to be found in Ireland centuries later, and to this day traces of ancient Druidism are to be found in the superstitions of the people. The frolicsome observances of May Eve, gathering of May flowers, and sticking them in the thatched roofs of the houses in the country districts to protect the dwellings from the evil influences of bad fairies, are, doubtless, some of the practices referred to. The "religious" services of the Druids were held in groves and high places under the shade of the spreading oaks, from which fact some writers derive the name, *derw*, being the Celtic name for oak.

The Druids frequently attempted to take St. Patrick's life by violence or poison. They were worshippers of the sun and the same idolatrous practice was prevalent amongst our pagan forefathers. St. Patrick in his confession thus refers to this sun-worship. "That

sun," he says, "which at His bidding we see rising daily for our sake, will never reign, and its splendor will not last forever; but those who adore it will perish miserably for all eternity."

Patrick in slavery meant Patrick's desire to ransom the whole Irish people from spiritual slavery. During his years of fervent contemplation among the solitudes of Slemish (Slieve Mish), in the County Antrim, his inspirations to this end came through love of the Irish people. He was then but a youth, and "very ignorant," but, doubtless, very innocent, and possessed of that sweet, internal humility that foreshadowed the future saint and apostle. Our great St. Brigid was born in slavery, at least by best accounts her mother was a slave. Here, then, was the Apostle of Ireland, captured and sold into slavery, and Brigid, the sweet virgin and patroness of Ireland, born of a slave mother, — Patrick and Brigid destined by God to lead the men and women of Erin into a glorious emancipation from the slavery of spiritual death, having first tasted the bitterness of bondage in their youth.

Bishop Healy, after quoting many authorities, places the birthplace of Patrick at Dumbarton, in Scotland. The Romans had penetrated thus far into Britain, but their outlying lines were constantly changing. There are upwards of sixty biographies of the saint, yet we are unable to assign him either a Welsh, a Scottish, or a Gaulish birthplace with anything approaching certainty. It matters little other than to afford a subject for discussion among learned philologists and historians. Probably the weight of evidence goes to show that Patrick was born near the present Boulogne-sur-mer, in France.

When Patrick came to Ireland, commissioned by St. Celestine, he found the statesmen of the country divided into three great classes: the Druids, Bards, and Brehons. The first was to be abolished, the second to be newly ordered, and the third to be completely reformed. This latter was one of the important works of Patrick's early career as an ecclesiastic in Ireland.

The Brehon Laws were embodied in the compilation known as THE SENCHUS MOR; OR, GREAT ANTIQUITY. This work was in use down to the year 1600. All laws relating to the land question in Ireland were regulated and enforced by a jury of twelve men centuries before jury trial was known in England. Indeed, it was from Ireland that England got the first idea of her MAGNA CHARTA.

The reform of the Brehon Laws required a commission of nine men representing the various classes and interests of the entire nation. "The commission of nine," says our author, "from whom the SENCHUS MOR was called the *Nofis*, or knowledge of nine, consisted of three kings, three bishops, and three men of science. The kings were Laeghaire, Corc, and Daire; the bishops, Patrick, Benignus, and Cairnech; the men of science, or antiquaries, as they are called by the Four Masters, were Dubhtach, chief poet and Brehon of all Erin; Rossa, a doctor of the Berla Feini, and Fergus, a poet." The nine were the real authors of the SENCHUS MOR which still furnishes the most abundant and authentic materials for the study of Irish national history. The work is "certainly the greatest monument of the ancient Gaedhlic race in Erin."

The name SEDULIUS is ever welcome to the Irish heart. According to Colgan, an eminent authority, there were no fewer than eight distinguished Irishmen who bore the family name of Siadhal, or Shiel. Of the poet Sedulius (Shiel), the Christian Virgil, Usher maintains that he was a native of Hibernia. At any rate, the poet Sedulius is to be distinguished from Sedulius the younger, who flourished in the first quarter of the ninth century (recently mentioned by the writer, in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE), and who wrote a commentary on St. Paul's epistles.

Among the writings of the poet SEDULIUS his *Carmen Paschale* stands head. A council of seventy bishops, assembled at Rome during the Pontificate of Gelasius, said, "We think highly of the Paschale work written in heroic verse by the venerable SEDULIUS." Moore says of him: "A far loftier flight of sacred song was at the same time (fifth century), ventured by an Irish writer abroad, the poet Sheil in Irish Seidhuil, Latinized SEDULIUS. Among other writings of acknowledged merit, he was the author of a spirited poem in iambics upon the life of Christ. From this poem the Catholic Church has selected some of her most beautiful hymns."

Our breviary of hymns is enriched by the writings of SEDULIUS. "A solis ortus cardine," and "Hostis Herodes impie," the first at the feast of the Nativity, and the last at the feast of the Epiphany, with the "Salve Sancta parens enixa puerpera Regem," used at the Introit of the Masses of the Blessed Virgin, are taken from the great work, Carmen Paschale, of Sedulius. Speaking of this work, Bishop Healy says: "It is divided into five books: the first treats of the creation and fall of man, as well as of the principal miracles recorded in the Old Testament; the second gives a beautiful account of the Incarnation and birth of our Lord, and the wonders of the Holy Childhood; the third and fourth deal with the miracles and noteworthy events of our Saviour's public mission; whilst the fifth details the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ." No less than forty-one editions of the works of Sedulius have been published at various times and places during the last four hundred years, and we cannot help, says the Bishop, endorsing the indignant exclamation of a German critic: It is a shame that the Christian poets should be so much neglected, *that the youth of our schools* should know nothing even of the name of a writer like Sedulius, who, with equal piety and learning, transferred from profane to sacred subjects, the style and sweetness of the Mantuan Bard."

This is a wonderful confirmation of the statements recently put forward by the writer in a series of papers in this MAGAZINE, entitled "Irish History and Literature in our Catholic School-Books."

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, there is a large and beautiful painting of St. Patrick preaching to the pagan Irish. Slightly retiring behind the saint is the figure of what must have been intended to represent St. Benignus. The face is singularly sweet and placid, while the bloom of innocence and youth overspreads the countenance with a soft and delicate tint. The painting is by Gardiali, and is one of four by the same master presented to the Cathedral by the late John Kelly.

Benignus was about sixteen years old when St. Patrick after a long journey laid himself down on the green sward and fell asleep. Then the boy gathered sweet-smelling flowers and herbs, and tenderly laid them on the saint's bosom as he slept. Patrick awoke, blessed the beautiful boy, and foretold that he was to be the heir of his kingdom; then he baptized him, and from that time forward he followed the saint who appointed him his Coadjutor Bishop in the See of Armagh so early as A. D. 450. In consequence of his sweet voice and skill in music, Benignus was known as "Patrick's Psalm Singer."

King Daire, of whom mention has been made, granted Armagh to Patrick as a site for his Cathedral. Erenait, the daughter of King Daire, was one of the first who took the veil from the hands of St. Patrick. Before the taking of the veil she had fallen in love with Benignus as we learn from Aubrey de Vere's poetical legends of St. Patrick.

"The best and fairest,
King Daire's daughter, Erenait by name,
Had loved Benignus in her pagan years.
He knew it not; full sweet to her his voice
Chanting in choir. One day through grief of love
The maiden lay as dead; Benignus shook
Dews from the font above her, and she woke
With heart emancipate that out-soared the lark
Lost in the blue heavens. She loved the Spouse of Souls."

St. Patrick's idea of training a native ministry for the Irish people was manifested soon after his appearance at Tara. Benignus was the first to follow him. When the saint was on the point of starting on a journey from the house of the father of Benignus, he had one foot on the ground and the other in the chariot when the boy rushed up and caught hold of Patrick's foot with his two hands, crying out: "Oh let me go with Patrick, my father."

Benignus never after left Patrick. He accompanied him on his missionary journeys; he conducted the musical services of the Church for Patrick, and died Coadjutor Bishop of Armagh, A. D. 468, eighteen years after he was baptized, probably about the age of thirty-three years, long before St. Patrick himself went to his rest. Nevertheless, it must not be inferred that Patrick came alone to Ireland to convert that nation. "We are told," says our author, "by a very ancient authority (Tirechan's Collections: Book of Armagh, Fol. 9), that the saint was accompanied to Ireland by a great number of holy bishops and priests, and deacons and youths in Minor Orders, whom he had himself ordained for the Irish Mission." Some of these were his own blood relations, like Secundinus, his nephew. Others, like Auxilius and Iserninus, are said to have been sent by Germanus, of Auxerre, under whom St. Patrick had studied for many years.

The first ecclesiastical synod held in Ireland was called the Synod of Patrick, Auxilius, and Iserninus. These Bishops enjoyed a certain kind of co-ordinate jurisdiction with Patrick, but still in subjection to his primacy. The most celebrated of the canons of this synod formally recognized the supremacy of the Holy See as the Supreme Judge of

Controversies —Si quae quæstiones (difficiles) in hac insula oriantur ad Sedem Apostolicam referantur. (See Wasserschleben, p. 61, lib. XX. c. 5; Haddan & Stubbs, vol. II., part ii., p. 332.)

Another canon to the same purport is contained in the Book of Armagh, and is there expressly recorded as the decree of Auxilius, Patrick, Secundinus, and Benignus. After stating that if any difficulty arose it was to be referred to the See of Patrick, but if the cause could not be decided it was to be transmitted "to the Apostolic See, that is, to the See of the Apostle Peter, which has authority over the city of Rome."

There is a class of long-coated, long-haired gentlemen prepared to "prove" that the early Irish Church had no connection or communication whatsoever with the See of Rome. They will find in Bishop Healy's book some rocky ground to travel before they reach their "proof."

PETER MCCORRY.

A New Australian Journal.

FROM Sydney comes to us the first number of a new Catholic contemporary, the Southern Cross. To its proprietors Cardinal Moran writes as follows: "There are several leading questions at the present day which will offer a wide field for the ability and patriotism of your writers. Whilst advocating those measures which you may consider best calculated to promote the welfare and best interests of this colony, you will, I am sure, show due consideration for the views of others, and I am confident that nothing shall be admitted to your columns that would be inappropriate in an enlightened Christian journal. I would ask you to promote the cause of temperance, and to wage war against the betting and gambling evil, which, like a cancer, is eating its way into every grade and condition of society around us. Intemperance and gambling are every day bringing ruin, moral and material, to countless families in this fair land."

Frequent Confession.

ONCE upon a time there was a monk who had a great dislike to confession, and the devil put it into his head that it was no use of his going every week, because he had the same sins to tell, and grew no better. He told St. Bernard, who was his abbot, of his temptation, and the saint desired him to take a large pitcher that stood in the refectory and fill it with water, and leave it at the gate of the monastery a week; he made him repeat this process for several weeks, and then, one day, he bade him empty the pitcher and bring it to him. The monk did as he was told, and St. Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher and tell him what he saw there. "I see nothing, Father Abbot." "Are there no slugs, or insects, or dirt of any kind?" asked St. Bernard. "No, it is perfectly clean; the water has washed it and prevented any sticking to the bottom," said the monk. "That is just what your weekly confession does to you, my son," replied the abbot; "it washes your soul and keeps it pure, and prevents sin and imperfections cleaving to it!"

A Chaplet at Coventry.

A. D. 1040.

THE gentle child of a noble house,
Lady Godiva was fair to see;
The dove-eyed dame of a cruel spouse,
She dwelt with her lord at Coventry.

What time the weight of the nuptial cross
Pressed on her spirit heavily,
She knelt in the minster, wreathed with moss,
And told the beads of her Rosary.

Jewels were they, on a chain of gold, —
Diamonds, rubies, and pearls — all three;
Amethysts, opals, and garnets old,
Emeralds green as the sunlit sea.

They slipped through her fingers, day by day;
And oft, in the nights, when her tears flowed free,
They calmed and cheered in a heav'nly way,
The care-crowned Lady of Coventry!

Till, prone, one noon, in her nun-like cell
(White and cold as the snow on the lea),
They found the lady they loved so well,
Clasping her priceless Rosary!

Sorrow was over, and tears, and pain;
The suff'ring spirit, at last, set free;
They loosed from her fingers the shining chain,
And bore it away right tenderly, —

Bore it unto the house of prayer,
To the shrine of Our Lady of Purity,
Around the neck of her image fair,
Entwined the jewels reverently.

And there they glow to this very day, —
The holy Chaplet of Coventry;
"Praise to our Queen!" the pilgrims pray,
And, "Lady Godiva, peace to thee!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A soul which possesses true liberty will leave his prayer, and with an amiable countenance and gracious manner greet the importunate person who disturbs him. For it is the same to him whether he serve God in meditation or by bearing with his neighbor; they are both the will of God.

Home.

WHAT a hallowed name! how full of enchantment, and how dear to the heart! home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the careworn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and inquietudes of life.

A well-conducted Christian home is, on earth, the truest type of heaven, and its end is to model us for heaven because heaven is the real home for whose acquisition we must strive. At best we are only strangers and pilgrims here. Heaven is our true home, death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all its land there will not be a single grave. Aged parents rejoice very much when at Christmas or Easter they have their children home. But, oh, how our heavenly Father will rejoice when on that great day of Christ, the great Easter of the general resurrection, He shall have all His children with Him in glory! And, how glad fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters will be to meet after so long a separation. Once they looked through a glass darkly. Now face to face corruption, incorruption — mortality, immortality.

Where now are all their sorrows, temptations, and trials? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death. Gates of jasper, and gate-posts of amethysts, thrones of dominion do not so much affect the soul as the thought and love of Home.

Once there let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! What matters it that empires and thrones of earth have perished, that the world has died in earthquake struggles and is buried with processions of planets and dirge spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in endless succession; yes, Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. Home! sweet Home! beautiful Home! glorious Home with each other! Home with the angels! Home with God! Home through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Why the Blessed Virgin is Praised.

A WRITER of the fifteenth century tells us why Our Lady should be praised at the Seven Hours of the day.

At the time of Matins, which ends before sunrise, we are reminded of her by the morning star which then appears, because she is the star that guides us upon the troublous sea of life.

At Prime, the first morning hour, a star heralds the sun, as she came before Our Lord.

At the hour of Tierce laborers have their food, and Our Lady brought to us Him that is the Bread of Life.

At Sext the sun waxeth hot, as by means of Our Lady the everlasting Sun hath showed the fervor of His love to man.

At None the sun is highest, and the highest grace and mercy were brought by means of Our Lady.

At evening time the day faileth; as when all human succor faileth, Our Lady's intercession helpeth.

Complin is the end of day, and in the end of life we need Our Lady most.

Napoleon's Question.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt and Syria, he was seated one night upon the deck of the vessel under the great canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his generals. The conversation had taken a skeptical turn, and some of the party had combatted the doctrine of the Divine Existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, apparently taking no interest in the discussion, when, suddenly raising his hand and pointing to the crystalline firmament crowded with blazing planets and glittering stars, he broke out in those startling tones that had so often electrified a million men: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" The atheistic generals were silenced.

Elevator Sickness.

The elevator in modern big buildings has only one drawback — the sickness it causes when the car is suddenly stopped. To people of a delicate constitution this sickness is often such a serious matter that to them the elevator is a dangerous blessing. This sickness, says a contemporary, can be avoided by observing simple physical laws. Elevator sickness is caused by the same law that throws a person to the ground when he gets off a moving car in the wrong way. The stoppage of the elevator car brings a dizziness to the head and sometimes a nausea at the stomach. The internal organs seem to want to rise into the throat. All this comes from the fact that all parts of the body are not stopped at the same moment of time. The feet being next to the car floor stop with the car, while other portions of the body continue moving. If the body as a whole can be arrested at the same time with the feet, there will be no sickness. This can be done by placing the head and shoulders against the car frame. Then there will be no sickness, and, according to the Scientific Press, is a sure preventive.

A Waterproof Whitewash.

Resenschek, of Munich, mixes together the powder from three parts of silicious rock (quartz), three parts of broken marble and sandstone, also two parts of burned porcelain clay, with two parts of freshly slaked lime, still warm. In this way a wash is made which forms a silicate if often wetted, and becomes, after a time, almost like stone. The four constituents, mixed together, give the ground color, to which any pigment that can be used with lime is added. It is applied quite thickly to the wall or other surface, let dry one day, and the next day frequently covered with water, which makes it waterproof. This wash can be cleansed with water without loosing any of its color; on the contrary, each time it gets harder, so that it can even be brushed, while its porosity makes it look soft. The wash, or calcimine, can be used for ordinary purposes, as well as for the finest painting. A so-called fresco surface can be prepared with it in the dry way.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER IX — KNITTING, SPINNING, WEAVING, EMBROIDERY.

A Private Enterprise. — The Fort of the Stranger. — A Pathetic Beauty. — Gweedore. — Heroic Endurance. — The Donegal Sheep. — Knitting and Home Spuns. — Plan of Operations. — Mrs. Hart's Report. — £15,000,000 annually sent out of Ireland. — Crochet and Sprigging Embroidery. — The Kells Art Work. — Ancient Designs. — Royal Patronage. — Want of Faith. — Prohibitive Charges.

THE revival of certain old industries has been mainly brought about by a private individual, Mrs. Ernest Hart, who is fired with a noble ambition to ameliorate the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry. Her painstaking efforts, after much opposition and indifference, have been attended by considerable success. Donegal, a corner of the north-west of Ulster, was selected as the basis of her industrial operations, though the work is not rigidly confined to this country. Donegal, meaning the "Fort of the Stranger," is unsurpassed in beauty of mountain, lake, and glen. Here you have concentrated, vast uncultivated tracts, wild heath-clad mountains, broad lakes gemmed with islands, and numerous rivers teeming with fish. Donegal possesses interest for the antiquary, the geologist, and botanist. The Blue Stack Mountains, Slieve Snaght, and Errigal — the latter looks down on the sea from an altitude of 2,463 feet — would compare favorably with the Swiss Alps. There is nothing in England or Scotland to compare to the noble estuary of Gweebarra, running some seven miles into the heart of the hills, shadowed by the Glendowan Mountains and the towering peaks of Slieve Snaght. Near the Errigal Mountains there is a bed of white marble, so fine-grained as to be adapted to the most delicate operations of the chisel; it closely resembles Parian marble. Besides this, there are other beautiful marbles — black, dove, and rose-colored. Here are also to be found the most useful clay beds — pipe clay, potters' clay, and porcelain clay; iron and copper pyrites and lead ore in great abundance. But there is no use digging marble in Ireland till there are tradesmen to dress it and railways to transport it. At present there is not demand enough to keep the Irish quarries open. The mountain regions are interspersed with fertile valleys, which would be the delight of the tourist and painter, if the country were opened up and supplied with ordinary accommodation. Lough Swilly forms a beautiful sea lake, flanked on one side by a splendid range of mountains of great magnificence. A number of small lakes, utterly unknown to the world, doze under their shadow with a pathetic beauty. For miles of this mountain region no human habitation brightens the landscape. The Steepes of Russia are not more desolate. Into these mountain fastnesses the "mere Irish" were driven when King James founded his Ulster plantation, bestowing the lands of the O'Neills and O'Donnells on his Scotch and English followers. The only marks of civilization that remain, after eight hundred years of conquest, are a martello tower, a ruined village, and a police barrack. The district of Gweedore, the headquarters of Mrs. Ernest Hart's operations, extends for miles along the north-west coast. Here the white-bearded Atlantic thunders along the shore in all its magnificence, and

the harsh scream of the sea-fowl is its continual and suitable accompaniment. The coast is studded with islands, and the ocean may be seen striking against the opposing headlands or precipitous cliffs with great force, the waves forming into a column of foam which is driven to an immense height, and remaining visible for many seconds, until the feathered spray becomes gradually and gracefully dispersed :

> "It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
> Or like a cradled creature lies."

There are about 200,000 inhabitants in this county — a fine, stalwart race of peasantry, whose courtesy is uniform, simple, and charming, and whose unquestioning trust in the goodness of God is a matter of wonder when their condition is known. This condition may be gathered from the fact that the average rental does not exceed £2, and that, in the whole district of Gweedore, there are only six persons who pay more than £4 a year for their holdings. The proportion of unreclaimed waste to arable land in this district is as seven to three. A more unpromising spot in which to establish an enterprise could not have been selected. No wonder Mrs. Ernest Hart's scheme was regarded as a chimera, and cold water flung on her efforts. There was, however, something sublime as well as pitiable in the patience of this people, who stood, year after year, face to face with famine, cut off from civilization by forty miles of bog on one side and the pitiless Atlantic on the other. For generations back, the peasantry used to spin and knit home-spun socks and stockings of the soft wool of the Donegal mountain sheep. The system of inclosing the lands, and stocking them with Scotch black-faced sheep, changed the character of the Donegal hosiery. The wool of this animal is coarse and inferior to that of the native sheep. In consequence of this change, the Lancashire firms ceased to send buyers to Ireland, and the native industry had, in consequence, declined; the skill, however, remained, and it is now admitted that the Donegal women are the best knitters in the United Kingdom. Samples of knitting and home-spun tweeds were taken and presented to some of the London houses, but failed to procure purchasers, in consequence of the coarseness and inferiority of the work. Agencies were next started in the different villages for the purpose of instruction. Samples and yarn were sent to the workers, and better workmanship followed. The Donegal people can now produce hosiery which competes in price with that made by machinery, and beats it in quality and durability. The plan of operation is simplicity itself; but no one except the founder can imagine the patience, toil, and indomitable perseverence which it entailed. Materials are sent direct to the different districts by the London committee; these are made up into various goods, according to instruction and under direction of local agents, who inspect the operations, collect and pay for all the work executed, and then forward the goods to London. The various articles are then sold by the committee direct to retail shops and stores, at prices calculated on the lowest possible scale. Any profits made over and above the working expenses and what may

be required to consolidate the business, will be returned to workers in the form of bonuses. A woman can earn from 4s. to 5s. a week by knitting, without seriously interfering with her household duties. Fine socks are paid for at the rate of 9s. a dozen. Writing in July, 1885, Mrs. Hart says: "During the past twelve months I have paid my workers over £1,042, having made that year 12,300 pairs of stockings and 4,954 yards of tweed, and a considerable quantity of fancy articles. There is now no difficulty in getting orders from the best West End firms and the co-operative stores, for the work produced will stand competition with that done in Scotland or any other place." However, notwithstanding this success, a quarter of a million sterling goes every year to Germany and Scotland for the stockings worn by the Irish people, and, taking fabrics of every kind, it is estimated that fifteen millions annually is spent abroad by the Irish upon materials they might as well make themselves.

Tweed-making is the next industry undertaken. This is valuable work, for it gives employment to men as well as women; besides, the people are taught to find native dyes from bracken or lichens, found in their native bogs, and, as they already know how to card, spin, and weave, their knowledge of these subjects has been enlarged and improved. The founder now confidently announces that she has succeeded in producing tweeds, serges, and friezes which have attained a high reputation.

For years past, Irish girls had been in the habit of doing crochet and sprigging embroidery, the demand for which has lately fallen off, in consequence of the introduction of Madeira competition and Swiss machine work. Finding that it failed, Mrs. Hart originated something that would take its place, employ the ancient skill of women, and satisfy the modern demand for embroidered articles of domestic use. The result has been the Kells art embroidery. In seeking designs for this new industry, Mrs. Ernest Hart had recourse to the old letter designs, drawn from illuminated books and manuscripts of the sixth and seventh centuries — the Durrow Bible ,the Lindisfarne Gospels, and the Book of Kells, already referred to. The novelty and attraction of this work is that both designs and material are entirely Irish. Polished flax threads are worked on flax, not silk, producing a most tasteful result. The Kells embroidery is inexpensive, effective, and washable; it is used for all kinds of domestic and decorative purposes, such as curtains, table-linen, chair-backs, and dresses. The Queen and the Princess of Wales have patronized it; and the demand for this ornamental work is now unlimited. Already, orders are being received from the colonies and other parts of the world. This trade is capable of indefinite extension, and gives employment to over 7,000 women. To teach this work, no less than fourteen different classes were started in the different mountain homes. Peasant girls, used to the old white embroidery, quickly imitated the patterns set before them, and now can easily earn from 10s. to 15s. a week.

Owing to the low price of labor, hand-knitted, hand-woven, and hand-embroidered articles find a ready sale; and the London com-

mittee expect to produce goods of the highest quality, at the price now paid for inferior machine-made articles. What the founder now wants is financial assistance to carry out the work on a larger scale, and to employ travellers to put the work before the public. No one, not even the Dublin traders, had faith in the enterprise. Perhaps the greatest existing difficulty arises from the heavy railway charges in conveying goods to the English markets.

Chapter X., Afforesting, in our next.

Mrs. Gladstone and Her Husband.

THE devotion of Mrs. Gladstone to her husband has often been spoken of. A recent visitor to Hawarden writes: "I think the most affecting thing we saw that afternoon was the absolute devotion with which Mrs. Gladstone regarded her famous husband. She seemed to have an intense pride in him; to be capable of sharing his every motion. Whatever stirred him appeared to affect her; she was his other self; and it was easy to see that she must have had a tremendous influence over him, and have helped in no inconsiderable manner to mould his life. I carried away with me the impression that I had never seen two people who so thoroughly fulfilled the old definition of perfect marital happiness — that husband and wife should be like two suns, the one reflecting and warming the other."

Symbols of the Saints.

PAINTERS at an early period adopted symbols by which saints whom they depicted might be recognized. Some of these are in a manner fixed, and are not used with other saints, so that a person with a little knowledge can easily tell what saint is intended.

In the case of martyrs, where the instrument of their death could be easily used in art, it was introduced with the figure of the saint. St. Paul was beheaded with a sword, hence he is represented with one; St. Catherine torn on a wheel is shown with it.

Other saints have emblems derived from some fact or incident. The four evangelists are believed to be typified by the four animals seen in the chariot of the Prophet Ezechiel, and one is applied to each. St. Matthew is shown with an angel or man standing near him; St. Mark with a lion; St. Luke with the ox, and St. John the Evangelist with an eagle.

St. Michael the Archangel, who overcame Satan, is represented as in armor with a flaming sword; St. Raphael, accompanied by a boy holding a fish, alluding to young Tobias and the fish which he captured by the angel's order. St. Augustine, from his great love of God is represented as holding a flaming heart; St. Patrick, who expelled idolatory from Ireland, as the bishop driving off a serpent with his crozier. St. Nicholas is represented with three children in a tub, the legend being that he restored three children to life who had been brutally murdered, their bodies cut up and hid in a tub. St. Francis of Assisi is represented with the stigmata in his hands.

1840—Golden Jubilee of the Little Sisters of the Poor.—1890.

THE same rule seems to run all the way through human affairs — that from small beginnings great things grow. Take it as you will — in the domain of science or the marvels of religious triumphs — the maxim is ever the *law* of our growth. The readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are this month asked to go back with us to an event, small though it appeared in the beginning, which has had an influence upon the history of the religious world hardly to be calculated. Upon the religious world? Yes! Upon the whole world, from one end to the other; in every clime and country under the sun!

Few there are who do not know and love these "Little Sisters" of humanity. But few there are who know how, fifty years ago, two young girls, one eighteen, and the other hardly sixteen years of age, under the guidance and encouragement of only one poor priest, became the first Little Sisters of the Poor. The advent of the Feast of St. Theresa (for it was upon that day, in the year 1840, that these two noble young girls began in earnest their life work, which has spread to such unlimited proportions), recalls these facts to my mind.

At St. Servan, a little town on the coast of Brittany, opposite to St. Malo, the Little Sisters of the Poor founded their noble order, and in an attic they established their first institution. The first poor creature to rise up and call them blessed was an old blind woman, of eighty years, to whom they devoted themselves for months; and it was on the Feast of St. Theresa that these two noble children, for they could be called little else, brought home tenderly in their arms this forsaken invalid. But truly did the blessing of God come with her to the newly formed household. Jeanne Jugan, an old servant, whose name is now well known and cherished throughout France, aiding the two young sisters, Marie Thérèse and Marie Augustine, shared her humble attic home with them for this purpose. The first step being thus taken, room was found for another old woman. Thus was the house established. Jeanne employed herself at spinning, while Marie Thérèse and Marie Augustine worked at their sewing or washing; for not only did they care for these poor old people, but it was necessary for them to support them as well. And they were as devoted as pious daughters to their tenderly loved mothers, solacing their sufferings, enlightening their faith, animating, strengthening, and inflaming their piety. Praying, fasting, watching, working, they waited the help of God. Well might they have said:

> "Like a blind spinner in the sun,
> I tread my days.
> I know that all the threads will run
> Appointed ways;
> I know each day will bring its task,
> And, being blind, no more I ask."

The poor priest, whom they now called their founder and father,

helped the little community to the uttermost of his power, and by the grace of God there was enough for all. But their aim in life was not to take care of themselves alone. They wished to enlarge their sphere of usefulness. A fourth sister was soon added to the three first. Being ill, and at the point of death, she wished to die consecrated to God, and she embraced the institute of the Little Sisters. She was carried to their attic, where she was tenderly nursed back to life. Giving up to God the life which He had restored, she devoted herself to the sick and aged. As the number of their poor increased, the Sisters were compelled to stoop to the humiliation of begging from door to door, in order to obtain food; and in those days they were not met with the loving kindness with which they are received to-day. Insults were heaped upon them from all sides, and Marie Augustine's youngest sister, afterwards superioress of their house at Rennes, would say, when she met her in the street with her basket, in quest of food: "Get along with you. Don't speak to me. I am ashamed of you and your basket." Other noble women, willing to share the hardships and ignominy heaped upon the founders, joined the order, but the number of the poor increased much more rapidly, and they were compelled to take a basement floor. But still their charges kept multiplying, and in 1842 they bought a large house, formerly occupied by a religious community. Not that they had the means to pay for it; Rev. Le Pailleur sold his gold watch and the silver furniture of his altar, besides other things, and they had contrived to save a little; still, they had hardly enough to defray the necessary expenses of the contract. But they put their trust in Providence, and by the end of the year the house, which had cost $22,000, was all paid for. It was about this time that they adopted the sweet and humble title of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." Besides the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they took also the vow of hospitality, by which, then, as now, the Little Sisters fed their aged poor before themselves. They divided all they had amongst their poor and fed themselves upon the fragments that were left; and although the pensioners had sufficient and often abundant fare, the Sisters had often scarce enough to eat. But it is when the tide is at its lowest that it turns, and the "darkest hour" is truly just "before the dawn"; and when help was the least expected was the time it came most abundantly. The new house was now full to overflowing, and the Sisters had long since taken up their abode in the garret. There was no more room, yet there were still poor people to be sheltered and fed. One of the Sisters had a piece of barren ground, and there was ten cents in the treasury; but they must have a new house. Placing the solitary little coin under the feet of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, they began boldly, and with prayer. These noble women cleared the ground with their own hands, and dug the foundation, and tried to collect the materials for the building. The workmen of St. Servan, moved by the sight of the devotion and intrepidity of the Sisters, which nothing could dismay, came forward, offering their help in labor so holy, and alms were given abundantly. A prize for virtue, which was awarded to Jeanne Jugan, by the academy (three

thousand francs), was joyfully given to the new building. And then an inhabitant of Jersey died, and bequeathed a legacy of seven thousand francs to Father Le Pailleur, which also fell in opportunely to carry on the good work.

Before the completion of the new house, the number of Sisters began to increase. The constancy of the founders was at last recompensed by God, and Marie Augustine, taking with her four brave Sisters, started for Rennes, to begin again the terrible battle of founding another community there. To tell of the hardships and struggles and deprivations at Rennes, were to tell of them at St. Servan over again; as, indeed, each house which was founded was not easier than the first. But these noble women accounted it a joy to serve "God's lowly poor" as they would serve Himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto Me," means not only the little ones, but all God's children, as we are to Him. House by house they were founded, till, in 1853, when the noble mother, Marie Augustine, as she became in 1846, died, there were no less than thirty houses in France, Germany, and England. Rapidly enough did the houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor spread after that; at the rate of four or five a year they were founded in France, Germany, England, Scotland, Spain, Italy, and in 1868 the first house was established in America. There were 108 houses then, and the new one was founded in Brooklyn, N. Y., and still remains the mother-house of the order in America. The zealous Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, made all the necessary arrangements for the reception of the seven brave, generous sisters, who were to leave home, country, and everything to establish a house in America, where they could devote their lives to the aged poor, and soothe their declining days, and give them the consolation of a home, where they could not only have all that the poor old bodies needed for this world, but to help them to find that "peace which the world cannot give," to receive the Blessed Sacrament, and, finally, to attain life everlasting.

Brooklyn was chosen for the mother-house of America, because it would be a pleasant and convenient resting-place for the Sisters who would be sent in the future to establish more American houses. The work is carried on here just as it is in Europe. Every day two begging sisters, of whom the noble Jeanne Jugan was the first, so many years ago, go forth and call at the various hotels, restaurants, and private houses, where they are allowed to apply, collecting cold victuals, and even tea and coffee grounds, old clothing, or anything, however small, that can be turned to the use of their old people; butcher shops, groceries, bakeries, are all visited, and contribute largely to the homes. In Brooklyn, not long since, two sweet-faced Sisters entered a butcher shop on their humble mission, and requested a donation of meat, however small. The butcher, feeling ill natured, flung a large bone at the feet of one of them. With a meek and lowly grace born of the grace of God, this sweet Sister stooped, and, picking it up, said: "Thank you, sir; it will make very good soup for our old people," turned to leave the store. In shame for his hasty action, the really good-hearted

butcher called them back, and never a more generous supply was given than he gave, and now he is a regular and hearty contributor to the old people of St. Mary's Home. Verily, "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

The most sanguine hopes of the friends of the Little Sisters have been realized in almost every large city in the United States. Houses have been opened to which the aged poor flock in crowds, seeking admission. When the mother-provincial, who had visited all the houses in the United States, returned in 1872 to give an account of her visit to the superiors in France, she could candidly say that the thirteen houses already established in America compared very favorably with the older houses in Europe. By the statistics of 1882 there were twenty-eight houses in the United States, with a sisterhood of three hundred and thirty members, ministering to the wants of thirty-five hundred poor old men and women, without distinction as to creed, color, or nationality. By the same statistics there were two hundred and twelve houses, of which ninety-seven are in France, twelve in Belgium, seventeen in England, three in Scotland, three in Ireland, forty in Spain, twenty-eight in America, three in Africa, six in Italy, three in Sicily, one in the island of Malta, and one in India (Asia).

When the Little Sisters who first gave their sweet young lives to God look down from heaven upon the gigantic work which sprung from their weak but willing hands, truly must their hearts leap with joy at the sight. The thousands of sinners made partakers of the kingdom of God through their ministry, and the thousands yet to turn from their wickedness and live! Ah, dear God, how wonderful are Thy ways! Well may we believe that the first words the Little Sisters of the Poor will hear our dear Lord say will be: "I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; naked, and ye covered me. Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." MARY GREY.

Cardinal Manning on Unbelievers.

AMONG the people of Israel an atheist would have been shunned as insane or stoned as a blasphemer. Is it not, then, a sign of these last days that in the full revelation of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, in the light and the glory of God in unity and trinity, there should not only be those who deny the Lord that bought them, but those also who will not trouble themselves so far as to believe or disbelieve His existence? The passive unbelief of the ignorant or the gross-minded is as abnormal as the privation of sight or speech; but the supercilious indifference of those who will not make up their mind whether there is a God or no, or who affect to doubt the evidence which has convinced the human race, is not enough for their scientific precision. This state is not passive and indifferent; it is a positive and active mental habit. It is also always intolerant and sarcastic. None are so excited against those who believe in God as those who profess to be neither cold nor hot — believers nor unbelievers. It was better to be cold or hot. "He that is not with Me is against Me."

Aunt Catherine's Story.

Fog and rain had kept us within doors that March afternoon, and the whole party of us, inmates for the time of the most delightful of Irish country houses, had gathered around the open fireplace in the big hall. Some one suggested that we should have recourse to the old device of story-telling to kill the time which stretched between us and dinner. The suggestion being received with as much applause as if the expedient had been an entirely original one, we persuaded Aunt Catherine, as the oldest of the circle, to make a beginning. Aunt Catherine was the sister of our host, a widow, and of an age which gave her an extensive outlook backwards over half a century and more. But in fact, I grow confused as to dates, for it is fully twenty-five odd years since I heard Aunt Catherine tell her story.

"I was quite young at the time this little episode occurred," began she, "not more than nineteen or twenty, of a highly romantic temperament, and not without a little spice of superstition. In our immediate neighborhood stood an old mill, in a half ruinous condition, which was shunned by the entire peasantry of the vicinity, and known to them by the uncanny appelation of the 'Fairy Mill.' Many was the tale I had heard from childhood upwards concerning the terrors of this spot, and the power exercised there by 'the good people' ever since they had spirited away a former proprietress. It was, moreover, whispered that beings belonging to another world than that of fairyland frequented the mill, and that on dark nights it was seen to be illuminated, and that forms were visible moving about within the walls.

"The place had, nevertheless, a peculiar fascination for me. The natural situation was exquisite, embowered in foliage, the mill stream taking its course through the most remote and delightful of glens, the tall trees dipping downwards into the water, and the coolest of shade obtainable there even on the hottest days of summer. I need not tell you that my partiality was observed and commented upon by my humble neighbors. Friendly warnings were not wanting, nor I believe prophecies, that this fancy of mine could bring us luck, and that every one hoped and prayed I was not marked out for misfortune.

"One afternoon I had gone thither with my brother and a friend who was visiting us at the time. As I felt tired and oppressed with the heat, I begged them, if so disposed, to continue their ramble, and leave me to rest in the mill. To this they agreed, and I passing through the mill proper, with its great, untenanted space, entered a little room beyond and placed my camp-stool near a dismantled window to sketch. While thus occupied, I fancied once or twice that I heard a noise, but convinced myself each time that I was mistaken. Still I listened, and gradually my mind wandered into contrasting the present silence with the life and bustle once reigning here, the power and energy of the great wheel, the frothing of the water below. My reverie was rudely interrupted; I saw distinctly a shadow fall upon the brightness of the sunlit outer room. I tried to persuade myself that it

was only the bough of a tree casting its waving branches on the floor. In another instant I caught sight of a man, who stood upon the last step of the ruined stairway, having apparently descended from above. He was so muffled in a coarse frieze coat, like those worn by the peasantry, that I could not see his face, but his attention seemed concentrated upon the outer door, as if he feared or hoped to see some one advancing.

"My blood literally ran cold with fright, and my only hope was that he might pass out without having discovered me. But no. He began to pace up and down past the room where I sat, precisely in the manner of one who kept guard over a prisoner. Conjectures, one more frightful than the other, came and went in my terror-quickened mind. A robber, a forger, a gipsy, an outlaw; who could this man be? If my brother would only come. Yet, even if he did, this man might be armed, and my brother's life endangered. Could I escape by the window? The mill-stream was below. Escape was impossible. Meanwhile the stranger walked slowly up and down, his head bent as if in deep, perhaps painful thought. Superstition began to assert itself. How I had mocked at my humble friends and neighbors, but what if their insight were after all deeper than mine? It was said that unholy shapes were seen here by night; why not in a daytime that was as silent and solitary as the deepest midnight? I covered my face with my hands in the agony of this new fear, and removing them again, I saw to my horror the figure of the stranger motionless in the doorway leading to the inner room. A pair of dark eyes, set off by a singularly pale face, were regarding me with keenest scrutiny. I barely suppressed a scream, and it seemed to my affrighted mind that a cold smile passed over the countenance of the apparition, for such I now believed it to be, still it made no movement to advance. The mental utterance of the pronoun *it* seemed to increase my terror a hundred-fold. I half rose from my seat, and mechanically I raised my hand to bless myself.

"That phase of my affright was instantly dispelled, for the stranger spoke in a most musical voice, which had in it an accent of mockery, 'I crave your pardon, madam, for having so unintentionally caused you alarm.'

"'Sir,'" I said, facing him with a courage born of the thought that he was at least of mortal mould, and perceiving with quick intuition that he was no peasant, 'Sir, who are you?'

"He smiled, again, less coldly:

"'I regret that I must refuse to answer what, under other circumstances, would have been so pleasing an inquiry.'

"Evidently he was amusing himself with my fears.

"'If you could but know,' I said resentfully, 'the actual terror you have caused me.'

"'My apology must be, that this ill-stared ruin was the last place wherein I should have feared to intrude upon a lady.'

"I silently admitted both the apology and the implied reproach.

"'My brother and a friend have merely extended their walk to a short distance,' I said, in an explanatory tone.

"I fancied he looked momentarily grave at this intelligence, but I continued:

"'It is far from being my first visit to this ruin, so that I had no hesitation in entering it to take a sketch.'

"'Then you do not share the popular belief which attaches hereabouts to this spot,' he said, adding with a visible amusement, which annoyed me: 'I had fancied that a movement of yours on catching sight of me, seemed to point in that direction.'

"I colored with vexation. I resented as an impertinence this touch of mockery. But already the look of humor, so truly Irish, had passed from his face:

"'Happy for me, perhaps, had this restless spirit, indeed, quitted the clay it inhabits,' he observed, in a tone of so great dejection, and with so overclouded a countenance, that my vexation vanished and I regarded him with interest. He was evidently a gentleman, as both manners and address proclaimed, and his garments — now that with a touch of involuntary vanity he had thrown partially aside the frieze surtout, — were of unquestionable make and material.

"'To dispel all such illusions,' he continued more cheerfully, 'I shall tell you at once and plainly, I am an outlaw.'

"I started. The word was ominous.

"'An outlaw,' he continued, 'who has neither slain, nor pilfered, nor forged, who has disobeyed no just law, as he conceives. One, in fact, to whom country has been all, and the rest nothing.'

"His face so lighted up, his eyes glowed with so deep a feeling, that my romantic fancy was haunted for many a day, with the appearance of the stranger as he then looked.

"'Madam,' he continued, 'I have intruded this much of my personal history upon you to account for my presence here, and as an assurance that your safety is rather increased than endangered by the circumstance.'

"'My alarm was most childish,' I answered courteously.

"'But most natural,' replied he, adding more gravely: 'I need not ask you to respect the secret I have confided to you. It concerns my personal safety, perhaps that of others.'

"'I shall hold it sacred,' answered I warmly, feeling quite elated by the trust.

"'And now, madam, I will no longer disturb you by my presence. I shall retire whence I came.'

"'When keeping a grateful remembrance of your courtesy,' I said, with youthful indiscretion, for my curiosity was at fever heat, 'I should like to know to whom I am indebted.'

"'It is I who am indebted,' he said, bowing low, 'and if you are, indeed, good enough to remember me, let it be as one of that band of patriots for whom the world about has nothing but opprobrium.'

"He withdrew, bowing again, with the grace of a courtier, and I was left saddened and wondering. I do not mind admitting, though I kept it a profound secret at the time, what a deep impression this handsome stranger made upon my girlish mind."

Aunt Catherine looked into the fire, pensively, as she concluded, and one of the most adventurous of us youngsters asked her:

"Did you ever see or hear anything of the mysterious stranger again?"

"I was about to tell you," answered Aunt Kate. "From that time forward I began to take a much more lively interest in politics than I had ever done before, and to watch all the newspapers for the doings of the patriots. Many months afterwards I saw recorded the imprisonment, trial, and finally the death of some of the chief conspirators in that ill-fated but heroic struggle of 1798. The description of one of these caught my attention. The dark hair, glossy and profuse, the dark eyes, the pale face, the stature, the build, the voice, the warmth and earnestness of manner, I recognized every detail. My people, to whom I had before this recounted my strange adventure, tried to reason me out of my impression, saying that the patriot in question, the prominent member of the United Irishmen, had but lately returned from France and had been arrested soon after. I still clung to my conviction that he had come to our part of the country on some political business, and that the mill was used as a meeting-place for those interested in the cause. I held my acquaintance of the mill to be the same of whom it was recorded, that visiting the Petit Trianon on one occasion, his ardent and poetic nature was so excited by the beauty of the place, and the image of her whose taste and imagination had designed it, that falling upon his knees, he swore that he should plunge a dagger into the heart of any Frenchman who injured a hair of Marie Antoinette's head. In short, I believed that I had spent that romantic though uncomfortable half-hour with the brave but ill-fated John Sheares."

None of us had time to give our impressions of the story, nor to discuss the probable correctness of Aunt Catherine's surmise. The dressing-bell roused us all from the silence in which the story had ended. We realized then that the room had grown dark and that only the cheerful firelight had enabled us to see each other's faces. We dispersed, with the resolution loudly expressed, to devote each rainy afternoon, and they are neither few nor far between in Ireland, to story-telling, declaring at the same time, with one voice, that we considered this a most delicate way to express our appreciation of "Aunt Catherine's Story." ANNA T. SADLIER.

Franklin and Ireland.

IN 1770, six years before the Declaration of American Independence, the great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, then the agent and representative of the American colonies, visited Dublin. He was received with the highest honors by the Irish Parliament. In writing of this occurrence he says: "I found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them. Our growing weight may in time be thrown into their scale, and, by joining our interests with theirs, more equitable treatment from the British Government may be obtained for them as well as for us."

"The Loyal Women."

WE have received several documents from the "National Association of the Loyal Women of American Liberty," whose headquarters are at Room 10, Tremont Temple, Boston. We hardly know whether to be annoyed with the silly things, or to laugh. But it is sad to think that thousands of people will read the unmitigated trash, and will have their hearts filled with malice and all uncharitableness toward their Catholic fellow-citizens by the perusal of the bitter and malign falsehoods. To give a specimen of their style and methods, we quote from pages 6 and 7 of "An Open Letter to the Loyal Citizens of Boston."

"We would now submit the following extracts from the text-books used to-day in the various parochial schools in our land, and let every fair-minded citizen of Boston decide whether Protestants are not justified in claiming that the statements in these text-books are false and slanderous. In the Catechism of Perseverance, on page 97 :

"'*Ques.*—Now do you think God, the Father, will admit into heaven those who thus make liars of His Son, Jesus Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and of the apostles?

"'*Ans.*—No ; He will let them have their portion with Lucifer in hell, who first rebelled against Christ, and who is the father of liars.

"'*Ques.* — Have Protestants any faith in Christ?

"'*Ans.* — They never had.

"'*Ques.* — Why not?

"'*Ans.*—Because there never lived such a Christ as they imagine and believe in.

"'*Ques.* — In what kind of a Christ do they believe?

"'*Ans.* — In such a one of whom they can make a liar, etc.

"'*Ques.* — Will such a faith in such a Christ save Protestants?

"'*Ans.* — No sensible man will assert such an absurdity.

"'*Ques.* — What will Christ say to them on the day of judgment?

"'*Ans.* — I know you not, — because you never knew me.'

"Again page, 104 :—

"'*Ques.* — Are Protestants willing to confess their sins to a Catholic bishop or priest, who alone has power from Christ to forgive sins? Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.

"'*Ans.* — No, for they generally have an utter aversion to confession, and, therefore, their sins will not be forgiven throughout all eternity.

"'*Ques.* — What follows from this?

"'*Ans.* — That they die in their sins and are damned.'

"Here is a specimen of the instruction imparted by Roman Catholic teachers in their so-called Christian schools, and with the approbation of the Archbishop of Baltimore, who in Church dignity stands next to the American Cardinal."

There are no Catholic text-books of any kind couched in such language, any more than there are two persons, one known as the Archbishop of Baltimore, the other as the American Cardinal. It is a complete forgery, and a very clumsy one at that. Can anything more monstrous be imagined than the spectacle of these moral assassins, whose evil intent is robbed of its sting by their ignorance, deliberately concocting these slimy *canards?* In the "Voice of Warning," the same reckless invention of authorities and wresting of texts which may be fairly quoted, are used in order to draw the following conclusions :

I.

"Now, if Roman Catholics should not tolerate a heretic king, the same rules applies, of course, to a heretic president, or to any heretic government whatever, and they are in duty, conscience, and allegiance bound to abate such governments whenever it is in their power to do so, by all sorts of means and expedients not excepting perjury, treason,

Or even Murder."

II.

"Thus the Boston Pilot, the editor of which is a thorough hater of everything American, except the liberty which America affords him to vilify her best men and her noblest institutions, in 1862, uttered the following declaration in connection with the presidental election, then just at hand :

"'Show the Catholic that his Church is likely to suffer by the election of a certain candidate, and you can easily divine whither his vote will go.'

"In other words, make the Roman Catholic *believe* there is an issue between his Church, and the interests of the country, and

He Will Vote on the Side of His Church

— the latter claiming and receiving his superior allegiance."

So, it follows, if a Catholic votes against any candidate, for reasons of his own, he is siding against the country. A strange idea, to say the least.

III.

"I want now to show that, at the present day, the oath of allegiance to the government is regarded by the officers of the Church as

Absolutely Void in Fact.

The public authority which I find sustaining this view, is a statement made by the Harrisburg Herald of Pennsylvania, in the month of November, 1855. The statement is in the following words :

"'It is related of Dr. DeBarth, the Jesuit priest and vicar-general of Pennsylvania, that when told by a brother that he could not take the oath of naturalization to America without violating the oath of ordination to the Roman Pontiff, he pronounced it a mistake, and promptly remarked that any part of the oath of allegiance to this country which may be incompatible with the first and greater allegiance to the Pontiff, is of no obligation.'

"As this statement has never been contradicted, the public are justified in entertaining the opinion that it is truly made."

We may remark that there never was a "vicar-general of Pennsylvania."

Now, we have nothing to say to or about Dr. Filthy Fulton, beyond the lines of "Hudibras."

"That petticoat about his shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's."

But as there are many who may be deceived by these ignorant nothings, and may really think that the Catholic believes he can "receive absolution from any oath" of allegiance to the country of his birth or his adoption, we shall take the trouble to quote here an authoritative and all-embracing statement to the contrary. It looks like killing flies with cannon balls to quote the Angel of Schools, but

there are a very large number to be slain. We need hardly say that St. Thomas is the highest acceptable theologian of the Church, and that the present Pope Leo XIII. has established his philosophy as the standard. He denies that even God Himself can overturn the order of His justice, which includes civil as well as religious government. Here is the passage:

"God would deny Himself if He did away with the order of His justice, since He is identical with His own justice, and therefore God cannot give a dispensation making it lawful for a man to neglect the due order of God, or exempting him from submission to the order of His justice *even in those things which concern the relations of men to one another.*" — *St. Thom. Indæ, qu. 100, a. 8.*

There are, therefore, no grounds for the charge that Catholics are not good citizens of the Republic, as they have proven in many a bloody battle on land and water. Their religion teaches them to be faithful to their country, and not only in the New World, but also in every land under the sun, they have testified their devotion by the red currents of the heart, while treacherous slanderers like Petticoated Fulton and his fellows, who slink like dogs behind a woman's gown, were in their accustomed hiding-places during the hour of danger. To call these persons, from John Jay down to Justin Fulton, "patriots," as they style themselves, is a defilement of a noble word, and reminds one of bluff old Sam Johnson's angry outburst: "Every 'patriot' is a rascal." There are knaves, fools, and bigots enough in various parts of the country to form a ramifying association, cropping up here and there under different names, with headquarters in Boston, New York, and Chicago. It is like Cerberus, the hell dog, whom Mrs. Malaprop called "a gentleman with three heads." Whichever head barks, be sure it is the same conspirators twisting the one tail. Hence the platform of the sham association named will do as well as any to show the purposes of the selfish league:

"1. We most emphatically declare our opposition to the union of Church and State.

"2. To the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes.

"3. Ecclesiastical interference with our free institutions or our government.

"4. The election of Papists to our National Congress, our Senate, House of Representatives, our Legislature, or to any position where they will have an opportunity of using their influence and position for the interests of their Church and against the State.

"5. We believe in a free press, and pledge ourselves as Loyal Women to support only such papers as will fearlessly oppose through their columns ecclesiastical interference with our free institutions and government, and will not allow their columns to be muzzled when our nation and flag are insulted by pope or priest.

"6. We pledge ourselves to support by our patronage and endorsement *only* business houses whose proprietors are not terrorized by Romish priests or others.

"7. We believe in one flag for America and Americans — the glorious Star Spangled Banner — and protest against the flag of any other people or nation being allowed to float over our public buildings.

"8. We are a Protestant patriotic association, organized to do political and religious work for the protection of our civil and religious iberties."

Here we find these conspirators declaring that they will do what

they falsely accuse Catholics of doing. If they can help it, no Catholic shall hold public office, simply because he is a Catholic. If they can do so, they will make all schools thoroughly Protestant, and compel Catholic children to attend them. More than that. They declare a boycott against every newspaper and every other business that will not join them in their warfare upon Catholics. If the Herald or Globe will not open its columns to the endless rot which these fanatical knaves are capable of grinding out every day, "Loyal" advertisements and subscriptions will be withdrawn. Even the grocer, the butcher, and the milkman, will be terrorized into swearing to vote against any Catholic put up for office, and to use their influence for the evangelical lambs of Justin's flock.

Such is the ambitious programme of the new Know-Nothingism, of which the "Loyal Women" is only one feature, and a mask. A small but active number of persons banded thus secretly together can do a good deal of harm, if they get the politicians scared. But we greatly mistake the temper of the American people if they do not laugh the fangless serpent off the public stage. And so for the present let us drop the curtain. THOMAS GEDDINGS.

Centre of Population.

IN 1790 the centre of population was twenty-two miles west of Baltimore; since that time it has moved westward at an average rate of about fifty-one miles in each decade, never deviating a degree north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel. The greatest progress was between 1850 and 1860, when it travelled eighty-one miles, from a point in Virginia to twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio. This, of course, was caused by the gold excitement and consequent settlement of the Pacific coast. In 1870 the centre of population was forty-eight miles north-east of Cincinnati, Ohio. The census of 1880 showed that it had advanced fifty-eight miles in the decade, and had deflected to the south, being near Taylorsville, Ky. It is anticipated that the present census will find it somewhere in Jennings County, Ind. If this westward movement continues at the present rate it will cross the Mississippi near St. Louis in the year 1950.

Slander.

THE pious Philip of Neri was once visited by a lady, who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went. The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

The Dream of Gerontius.

By the late Cardinal Newman.

JESU, Maria, — I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now,
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling never felt before
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!
That I am going, that I am no more,
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
(Lover of souls! Great God! I look to Thee!)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I came to be,
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom to fright me and to daunt
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death — O loving friends, your prayers — 'tis he!
As though my very being had given away,
As though I was no more a substance now
And could fall back on nought to be my stay
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou),
And turn no whither but must needs decay,
And drop from out the universal frame,
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came:
This it is that has come to pass in me;
Oh, horror! This it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

. . . . . .

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs and flaps
Its hideous wings
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help, pray for me, Mary, pray!

Deceased Bishops of the United States.

VI.

RIGHT REV. HENRY CONWELL, D. D., SECOND BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA, A. D. 1820.

I CANNOT locate the birthplace of Bishop Conwell, but I believe he was born in the province of Ulster. That he was an Irishman by birth is attested by all his biographers, and as many families of Norman lineage settled in the northern counties after "The Flight of the Earls," it is probable that the ancestors of the bishop were among them. We have many instances in Irish history of the Normans abrogating their names and adopting Irish ones, and of the Irish translating theirs into English. But whether of Norman or Milesian descent we find that he was ordained a priest in Ireland in the year of the American Revolution, 1776, and that for forty-four years he was on the mission in that country, and at the time of his appointment as bishop of Philadelphia, he was vicar-general of the diocese of Armagh — the old beloved city of St. Patrick.

For forty-four years this holy Irish priest had administered to the faithful in the only Protestant province of Ireland. The rigorous penal laws were in existence and were enforced with a venomous vigor only equalled by pagan Rome in its crusade against the early Christians. The Scotch and English settlers, followers of Cromwell and John Knox, occupied the land owned for thirteen centuries by the Catholic Irish. These foreign "planters," lorded over the Catholics Nero-like, backed up by the government, and endeavored to reduce them to the condition of slaves. But warm hearts beat in the bosoms of these Irish priests, and though banned by the government which enslaved them, and mercilessly run to death, they devoted their lives to the flocks to which they were assigned, and never feared to face death in defense of the principles which they believed in and espoused.

In the penal days the priest lived the life of a hunted outlaw. The acts passed in the reign of Queen Anne and the Georges were still in being when the second bishop of Philadelphia was born. He witnessed many of the cruelties and atrocities perpetrated by the dominant power against our holy Church and her adherents. The struggle for freedom made in 1798 passed before his eyes. He saw his countrymen struck down in cold blood, hanged, and shot, because they were Catholics. He saw the German Hessians and mercenary Scotch butcher his countrymen because they would not kneel down and lick the foot that spurned them. All the horrors of that stormy and bloody time were known to him. He had battled all his life against the enemies of the Church — and when, at the age of seventy-three, he was appointed to the diocese of Philadelphia, this true soldier of Christ responded as ardently to the call as if he was in his matured manhood. But great as his trials were in Ireland, he had to encounter many as great in Philadelphia.

"On the death of Bishop Egan, in 1814," says Dr. Clarke, "the

Very Rev. Louis de Barth was appointed administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia. In January, and again in July, 1815, Archbishop Carroll requested Rome to supply the vacancy, and Rev. Ambrose Maréchal was appointed bishop of Philadelphia, but declined the appointment. The Rev. John David, afterwards coadjutor of Louisville, was named for this unwelcome appointment, but he immediately wrote to Rome, requesting that his name should not be used in that connection. The Very Rev. Louis de Barth twice refused the appointment. That Bishop Conwell should have accepted a position which had been refused by so many others, younger and more robust than himself, at an age, too, when man's powers of endurance and capacity for usefulness have generally ceased or become impaired, and when most men are thinking of retiring from the active struggles and duties of life, argues well for his zeal for religion, and for his moral courage. This fact, together with his extreme age, should cause his administration of the difficult and trying office he accepted under such circumstances, to be viewed and judged with leniency and charity towards any errors of judgment he may have fallen into. The spirit of insubordination in Philadelphia commenced under Bishop Carroll, in 1802. The troubles of St. Mary's Church had baffled the efforts and shortened the days of a predecessor much younger than himself, and for many years acquainted with the country and the people of the diocese. The able administrations of the Very Rev. Louis de Barth, and of the Very Rev. William Matthews, successive administrators of the diocese, had not succeeded in eradicating or in assuaging the evil."

No sooner had this aged servant of God taken possession of his diocese than he made up his mind to visit all the districts appertaining to his jurisdiction. There were neither railroads nor steamboats in those days; horseback-riding was the swiftest locomotion known. This mode of travel the bishop, *per force*, adopted, and visited the log huts or cabins occupied by the scattered Catholics in his extensive diocese. He celebrated Mass, heard confessions, and administered the sacraments of baptism and confirmation to many who otherwise would have been lost to the Church.

During one of his visitations he met with a young deacon named John Hughes. He was so charmed with his manner, that he asked him to preach a sermon on the next Sunday. The young deacon did, and the parishioners, one and all, much to the gratification of the aged and eloquent Bishop, expressed their admiration in glowing terms of the genius displayed by the bishop's young protége, John Hughes.

We will let Dr. Clarke tell the story: "This was young Mr. Hughes, afterwards the distinguished archbishop of New York. The bishop made his young companion preach, which was accomplished with such success that his services as a preacher were frequently called into requisition. Young Hughes had but one sermon prepared, and, as it was impossible to prepare sermons on such a journey, he preached the same sermon six times, greatly to the amusement of the aged bishop, who used to say afterwards that he knew the "cuchkoo sermon" as well as its author. This young deacon was afterwards ordained by Bishop Conwell at St. Joseph's Church in Philadelphia."

"But the usefulness of Bishop Conwell was greatly marred by the unfortunate contest entailed upon him, and which he was compelled to encounter with the trustees and pastor of St. Mary's Church. This was the Cathedral Church of Philadelphia." Trouble arose between the bishop and Father Hogan, the pastor of St. Mary's. The latter's character was not above reproach, and the bishop suspended him. In spite of this he continued to exercise the ministry, and the bishop excommunicated him. Father Hogan had a host of friends who rallied to his support. Among these were the lay trustees, who, with Hogan at their head, dispossessed the bishop and his clergy in the summer of 1821, and again installed Hogan as their pastor.

Now, the proper way, after the lapse of years, to state this case is simply to state that the trustees wanted to lord it over the priests. The latter were intelligent, educated, and intellectual, the former were not. To show how ignorant and mean the Catholics of Philadelphia were, we will again quote from Dr. Clarke: "In order to remedy the want of support from the majority of the pew-holders remaining at St. Mary's, the schismatics resorted to the expedient of building a number of new pews in the church and filled them with one hundred and thirty creatures of their own, some of whom were open enemies of religion, not even professing to be Catholics. With these recruits, the next election of trustees, which took place on Easter-day, 1822, resulted in their favor by a bare majority. This election was attended by scenes most scandalous and shocking, disorder reigned, and proceeded to violence and bloodshed, even within the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, other prelates were brought into the contest, the principal of whom was the able and distinguished Dr. England, bishop of Charleston, whose mind, by misrepresentation and loud professions of zeal for religion, and desire for peace on the part of the malcontents, had been prejudiced against Dr. Conwell and his course. So much was this the case, that Bishop England, while stopping at Philadelphia, *en route* for New York, did not call on Bishop Conwell. From New York, however, he offered his mediation to Dr. Conwell, who clearly saw the deluded state of his mind on the subject, from the concluding words of his letter; viz., 'I pledge myself to you, and I would not do so thoughtlessly, that if you grant what I ask, you will uphold and preserve religion; but should you refuse it, you will be the cause of its destruction.' Bishop Conwell not approving of Dr. England's course, declined his mediation. But the latter was too good and just to listen to only one side of a case, and the former was only too anxious to avail himself of an impartial and enlightened mediation in the interests of peace. Bishop England, on his return from New York, visited Bishop Conwell, from whom he learned the true condition of the trouble, and whom he found quite ready and willing to follow his advise. It was arranged between the two prelates that Bishop Conwell should give authority to Bishop England to absolve Hogan on a proper submission, and that Bishop England should give him a mission in his own diocese. Hogan, on making the required submission and promises, was absolved by Bishop England, Oct. 18, 1821; but this misguided man, on the following day,

again threw himself into the arms of the trustees, retracted his submission, said Mass at St. Mary's, and took possession as its pastor. The implicit faith placed by Bishop England in Hogan was now gone, his plans for a settlement were defeated, and he was obliged, in turn, himself to excommunicate him."

After this Hogan published violent pamphlets against the two bishops. Leaving Philadelphia, he went south, married, re-married, became a custom house officer in Boston, and in 1856, joined the Know-Nothing movement. He died of the palsy in 1852, without being reconciled to the Church, which he had vilified and disgraced. To show the trouble borne by the aged bishop, we will quote at length from the eloquent pages of Dr. Clarke: "The trustees were determined to fill the place of Hogan with someone no better than himself; and with this view they applied to the notorious Angelo Inglési; but in this instance they overshot the mark. Even they recoiled at the open immoralities of their chosen pastor, and named in his place the Rev. Thaddeus O'Meally, of the diocese of Limerick. This person did not shrink from the work of Hogan. Bishop Conwell offered him terms of accommodation, but these were rejected by him, and he went to Rome, to lay before the pope the complaints of the trustees against the bishop, and to request his removal. At Rome the voice of conscience penetrated his soul; he made his submission July 25, 1825, and retired into a convent in order to lead a life of penance. The aged and persecuted bishop, worn out with the long conflict, and with the slanders and contempt of his enemies, at length, in order to secure peace for himself and his flock, and thinking that he at the same time maintained the rights of his office and of the Church, signed certain articles of agreement with the trustees." This was simply a compromise the bishop made with the trustees, and was not sanctioned by the clergymen of the diocese. Instead of promoting peace, it created further discord. So violent had the dispute between the bishop and the trustees grown, that the matter was submitted to the pope. Dr. Clarke says: "The copy of the 'articles' was received at Rome in due time, and so grave had this deplorable condition of the Church of Philadelphia become, that the whole matter was considered at the Propaganda; and at a general meeting of the cardinals held April 30, 1827, the articles of agreement of October 9, 1826, were declared null and void, as a subversion of the episcopal power, and of ecclesiastical discipline. Pope Leo XII. confirmed the decision, and the same was communicated to Bishop Conwell, in a letter from Cardinal Coppellari, the Prefect of the Propaganda, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI. Bishop Conwell at once submitted to this reversal of his proceedings, and announced the decision of Rome, not only verbally in St. Mary's Church, but also caused it to be published in the papers. His language in making the announcement was worthy of a bishop; he said: 'Being bound in conscience to obey this decision, I do most willingly submit, and engage to act on that full canonical power, claimed and exercised universally by bishops of every nation in the world, as well as by my

more immediate brethren, the bishops of the United States, whose favor and indulgence I crave on this occasion.'

"But," continues Dr. Clarke, "the trustees did not imitate the bishop's humility and obedience. The condition of things did not improve at St. Mary's; the trustees were ever in a state of insubordination. The Holy See determined to use active measures now to cure this disorder. In August, 1827, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda invited Dr. Conwell to repair to Rome, instructing him to transfer the administration of the diocese of Philadelphia to Dr. Maréchal, Archbishop of Baltimore. But the latter prelate was in too feeble and precarious a state of health to accept this additional charge; and Bishop Conwell deferred his departure till he should hear again from Rome."

In 1828, Bishop Conwell went to Rome. He remained ten weeks in the Eternal City, and afterwards visited Paris. Meantime Rev. William Matthews, of Washington City, was appointed administrator of the diocese. The bishop was admonished while in Rome not to return to Philadelphia, or at least to wait until all angry feelings had subsided against him in his diocese. But he returned. He never, however, recovered his episcopal jurisdiction. Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick filled this position. Dr. Conwell lived to the great age of ninety-four and died respected and honored by all creeds and classes in Philadelphia.

Another feature in the life of this holy bishop should be held in kindly remembrance; his patriotism towards his motherland and his adopted country knew no bounds. He was a friend and correspondent of O'Connell's, and also of the hero of New Orleans, President Jackson. While the bishop was in Rome the latter was elected President of the United States. On hearing the news the bishop wrote the following letter to Jackson:

From Bishop Conwell to President Jackson.

ROME, Jan. 1, 1829.

Most Honored Sir: — Hearing of your election to the Presidential Chair, as a citizen of the United States far away from home, I beg leave to indulge the satisfaction I thus feel in coming before you, in effigy, to express on paper the sentiments of a heart exulting with extreme joy on that propitious event.

I congratulate you and your friends, and especially Mrs. Jackson, on that occasion, and anticipating the happiest results from your administration, I congratulate the United States in general, wishing you health and every blessing for a long series of years, and heaven hereafter.

I have the honor to be, with sentiments of greatest respect,

Most Honored Sir,

Your faithful friend, and most obedient servant,

† HENRY CONWELL, *Bishop of Philadelphia.*

To his Excellency, General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, Washington City, D. C.

With this letter the bishop sent to Jackson an engraving of Pope Leo XII., and another of himself to Mrs. Jackson. How the grim descendant of a north of Ireland Presbyterian, now the President of the United States; the man who had fought in the Revolution when

only a boy; the man who had defeated Packenham on the Mississippi, and who, by his aggressive genius, rose to the highest dignity in the world, the presidency of the only great republic in the world, the United States, respected him may be inferred from his answer:

President Jackson to Bishop Conwell.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 25, 1829.

Dear Sir: — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st of January last, and to tender to you my thanks for the engraving of His Holiness, Pope Leo XII., and the impression of yourself, which last you had the goodness to send, with some congratulations, to Mrs. Jackson.

I feel a melancholy pleasure in accepting them, for we have accounts of the death of the Pope, and shortly before the date of your letter, Divine Providence took from me the dear companion of my bosom. So that within this brief period we have both been subjected to the heaviest calamities, and what you have designed as tokens of respect for the living, can only be accepted as memorials of their departed worth.

Allow me, sir, to express a hope that nothing will occur in the selection of a successor at Rome to detain you long from your country, to which I wish you a safe and prosperous return.

With the assurances of my greatest respect,

I am your most obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Right Rev. Bishop Conwell, Bishop of Philadelphia.

In the MAGAZINE we have already given a sketch of the life of Archbishop Hughes, of New York, but we did not state that one of the first to recognize his genius was Bishop Conwell. Hassard relates in his life of the archbishop, that Bishop Conwell met him at Chambersburg, when he was a young deacon. He early discovered the genius of the young man, raised him to the priesthood, and made him one of the priests of his household, and regarded him as a favorite. The following anecdotes are related by his biographer:

"Bishop Conwell was delighted with him. When he met any of the professors or students of Mount St. Mary's, he would accost them in his rough way: 'How are ye? How's Bruté? Ah! Hughes is the boy, isn't he? He takes all the wind out of our sails. We'll make him bishop some day!'" Dr. Conwell, with Mr. Hughes and two other priests, lived in the house attached to St. Joseph's, not having returned to St. Mary's when it was reopened. Mr. Hughes was only curate at this time. "The senior priest took it into his head one day that the revenues of the Church were not fairly divided; the three clergymen who composed the bishop's household drew as necessity required, from a common purse, 'whereby,' said he, 'the curates get as much as their elders.' So the bishop and the three priests came together, and Father —— exposed his grievances, proposing that the bishop should allot to each a fixed salary. 'To be sure I will,' cried Dr. Conwell, 'and I'll give Hughes as much as the rest of you. It's he that draws all the people. He's the only one of you that can preach decently!'" The question of fixed salaries was not mooted again and matters remained on their old footing.

Old age, with all its accompaniments, brought blindness to the

aged prelate. But as Hassard relates, regarding his last years, he never betrayed the slightest emotion of anger, or harbored resentment in his breast towards any human being. He was full of meekness and gentleness in his address, and dignified in deportment, while he evinced the guileless simplicity of a child in his manners and conversation. Though he had lost his eye-sight, he was never heard to lament the privation.

Here is how Dr. Clarke discourses on his death: "Bishop Conwell, after an illness of only a few days, died at his residence attached to St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, April 22, 1842. His death was that of an humble and devout Christian. Immense crowds of people turned out to pay reverence to his memory; the surviving bishop of the diocese, the clergy, the orphans, and a countless multitude followed his remains, making probably the most imposing funeral ever before witnessed in Philadelphia. The Right Rev. Dr. Kenrick delivered the funeral sermon, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the many virtues and exemplary life of the deceased prelate."

THE LATE WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Title-Hunting Mania.

OUR title-hunting heiresses might well take to heart the reply of the Princess Maria Anna, of Portugal, who is about to marry an untitled physician, and who, when asked by an intimate friend how she could marry a man of such low rank when so many princely suitors were at her disposal, answered: "I prefer to marry a man without a name, rather than a name without a man." In too many cases — in fact almost invariably — the American girl who has succeeded in catching her prince or lord or count finds out, when it is too late, that she has married "a name without a man" — nay, worse, a name that is associated with every form of vice and debauchery, a name that is bandied in every gilded haunt of sin from London to St. Petersburg and from Berlin to Monaco.

Notwithstanding, however, the many such examples of wedded misery in European "high life" (save the mark!) which the experiences of their sisters have afforded, weak-minded American girls, afflicted with the title-hunting mania, still rush to their destruction, like a butterfly to the flame. Perhaps, after all, this is not an unmixed evil as far as Americans of the other sex are concerned. The class of girls we refer to are not the kind calculated to make a home happy, and are unworthy to grace an American household, says the N. Y. Tablet.

PEOPLE in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly traps and fly papers can ever collect.

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

An admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connection with them. Pains have been taken to correct obvious blunders of the reporter and the printer ; also to add such notes as seemed needed in explanation. But no claim is made for such accuracy as belongs to the publication of reports made under the auspices of the speaker or of his representatives. These are merely newspaper gleanings ; but, even so, they will be welcome to many in a form handier than that of some twenty unwieldy volumes. Nor is any apology needed at such a time for reprinting what is part and parcel of the history of the Church in England during forty years. [From Merry England, a Catholic Magazine published in London.]

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ABOUT POETRY.

In a lecture delivered, in 1849, at St. Chad's Schools, Birmingham, "on the Characteristics of Poetry,"

DR. NEWMAN began by saying that to speak of so difficult and so large a subject as poetry was an effort of ambition; for when persons came to consider what poetry was, and what a poet was, there were so many different opinions that it was very difficult to decide between them. Again, it seemed as if some authority were wanting for speaking of poetry at all, for many persons now considered that poetry was a thing of a former, a bygone age, and thought that the useful arts ought now alone to be pursued. For those who have pursued the useful arts it would be absurd not to entertain the highest reverence. But the useful arts did not cultivate the mind. This was the province of literature, of poetry, and of criticism; these refined the mind by making it what it was not before, and thus obviated the distinction between the higher and the lower classes; for now any one might secure the advantages of intellectual attainments, which had been formerly confined to those who had had what was called a liberal education. After all, however, the useful arts were so necessary and profitable, that they still held sway; but when a man had mastered their elements, he put aside the books from which he gleaned the information, he might, indeed, even sell them. There was no inclination to repeat their tasks, unless for the sake of perfection; there was in them no attractive beauty; they were merely the teachers of the principles of his employment. Now poetry always delighted, for poetry was the science of the beautiful. A book of poetry was one they would never part with, for it might be read with pleasure again and again. It was, emphatically, the beautiful which refined and cultivated the mind, and by long contemplation of beauty, the mind itself, so to speak, became beautiful in the process. The question with the poet was not whether what he treated of was true or consistent, so far as reasoning went, but whether it was beautiful. The poet's province was to color objects; others colored objects, too, but the poet colored them with loveliness. Wordsworth had asserted that a child was the only true poet, and had pictured in one of his poems a child with all the poetry of childhood thrown around him, yet gradually losing these associations as he grew older, until when he arrived at manhood he became a mere ordinary mortal. The lecturer then proceeded to show how much poetry the active mind of the poet threw around common things; quoting, as illustrations, the description of the life of a good physician in one of Fouqué's works, and Goldsmith's beautiful and well-known description of an ale-house. The latter he powerfully contrasted with Wilkie's picture of the "Village Festival," in which the coarse, rough, yet true features of the scene were too faithfully rendered. This difference arose from the

fact that while Goldsmith described a common object in beautiful terms, Wilkie, who had nothing poetical in him, merely gave us a literal transcript of the object itself. Wilkie took things from the life, but there was no new life cast over them; all his works were true, but none of them were beautiful. This would be seen from his portraits, which were frequently so true as to appear mere caricatures. They were utterly destitute of that higher dignity which a great master, who was possessed of poetical feelings, imparted to his portraits. He was now about to speak of Milton. In his greatest work, the "Paradise Lost" (of which, though they might not remember its details, the magnificent framework yet remained present to their minds), he had, unfortunately, as was truly remarked by Dryden, made Satan not only his principal character, but actually his hero. The poetry of Milton's mind had made the evil spirits beautiful, and this was wrong, and even dangerous, as wherever evil was poetized it was a dangerous departure from truth, not only theological and religious, but even moral. This principle was exemplified in Byron's "Cain," where the character of the first murderer had been made an attractive one; and when Byron was censured for this, he defended himself by the example of Milton, who had made Satan poetical. Dr. Newman here read Milton's descriptions of Satan and Beelzebub, observing that so long as pride might be made seductive by the poet, so long also would there be poetry evil in its tendencies, in which the worst vices might be poetized. Still, this only proved his assertion that poetry was the perception, and the poetical art was the expression of the beautiful; for vice could be rendered attractive in poetry solely by enduing it with some of the attributes of beauty. Into the definition of beauty he would not then enter, but he would content himself with mentioning a few principal points which beauty must comprise. The first principle was harmony; nothing eccentric could be beautiful — nothing extravagant, out of the way, or far-fetched. Proportion was another characteristic; for if one object was made too prominent the effect would be similar to that of the principal figure of a fine group cast forward in shadow by the sun — it would become grotesque. Pomposity was, too, very destructive of poetry. This was the great fault of Byron. A higher measure of justice than was usually shown on earth also marked poetical beauty. They had all heard of poetic justice, and this simply meant that matters were more evenly balanced in poetry than in human life; for poetry mainly consisting of tales, they generally found the good rewarded and the evil punished at the conclusion of the story. This principle would militate against tragedies, which, by terminating with horrors, violated the idea of poetical justice. A peculiarly painful instance of this was the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," ascribed (though he believed falsely) to Shakspeare. The effects of poetry were to move the affections; for what was the effect of loveliness itself, but to move the affections? It was the view of the beauty of the Supreme Being that excited the affections and constituted the happiness of the Saints, and all things good and fair were but reflections of the fairness of God. They might recollect the charming line in the "Merchant

of Venice," uttered by Jessica, when seated by moonlight in the garden at Belmont:

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Here music was the poetry, and stirred the affection which produced the result of pleasing melancholy. In Southey's "Thalaba" an exquisite episode was formed by the story of a witch who had not so totally given herself over to the power of the evil spirits but that she had a principle of recovery within her. She was represented as going from her dwelling out into the silent night; and the calm, still beauty of everything around her — the sky, the stars, the whole face of nature — gave her the first principle of repentance, and became to her the instrument of conversion. There were two kinds of great poets, by whom poetry was exercised on two themes — on nature and on man. By nature, he meant the physical creation; by man, all that related to the human race. If they took the two great poets of antiquity, Homer and Virgil, they would see that Virgil was the poet of nature, Homer of man. In our own day Wordsworth was a true poet of nature, Southey was a poet of society. They might call Wordsworth a philosopher, but no one would call Walter Scott's poetry philosophical; and even if they called Shakspeare a philosopher, it would only be for his deep knowledge of human nature. In short, the poets of nature were philosophers; the poets of society were men of the world and men of action, and necessarily men of deep acquaintance with the varying phases of human character. In Scott's delineation of the White Lady of Avenel, in his novel of "The Monastery," they had an instance of a poet of society trenching upon the province of a poet of nature, and, as might be expected, making a complete failure. The idea of the White Lady was borrowed from Fouqué's "Undine," but Scott was unable to preserve the German idea in its spiritual form. From what he had said, it was plain that all coloring was not truly poetical. Nature might be looked at in many different aspects. Thus the naturalist would regard a natural object simply as holding a certain position in the economy of the universe; the geologist would deduce from its presence the existence of certain states of being; the physician would treat it simply as regarded its medicinal powers; while the painter would look to it as presenting some new phase of beauty. Thus things might be closely treated of, and highly colored, without poetry. Crabbe taught us that accuracy of description was not poetry, for his descriptions, though remarkably life-like and accurate, were yet far removed from beauty. The Hindu mythology sufficiently showed that the mere monstrosity of greatness was not poetical — it possessed vastness without sublimity, for sublimity was nothing more than that amount of vastness which was compatible with beauty. The great ingredient of poetry, without which, indeed, it could not exist, was imagination, but there was much imagination which was unbeautiful. This again was a fault of Byron, whose imagination constantly led him into misanthropy; whereas true poetry partook of gentleness, simplicity, sweetness, and even playfulness; nay, melancholy might exist, but never misanthropy.

ON RECEIVING A BATCH OF CONVERTS FROM ANGLICANISM.

Sermon preached at St. Ann's, Leeds, in 1851, at the reception into the Church of the Rev. Richard Ward, late Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds; the Rev. Thomas Minster, late Vicar of St. Saviour's; the Revs. J. C. L. Crawley, S. Rooke, and Coombes, all Curates of St. Saviour's; the Rev. W. H. Lewthwaite, Incumbent of Clifford, near Tadcaster; the Rev. W. Neville, Manager of St. Saviour's Orphanage; and fourteen lay persons.

ADDRESSING those present as dear friends and brethren, Dr. Newman said this was no time for putting into order any thoughts which might be in his mind; nor, indeed, was it necessary, nor would they wish it. What they wished rather was that he should speak out of the fulness of his heart and there leave the matter. Because what was it that they who had that day been brought into the Catholic Church had received? They had received day for night, light for twilight, peace for warfare. There was not a change so great as that which took place from the state of doubt and confusion and misery in which the soul was, external to the Catholic Church, to that peace which it found when it came into it. They knew it was said, there is a silence which can be heard, which can be felt. Any one who had been at sea, and who had for days and nights heard the billows beating at the sides of the vessel, and then came into port, knew what a strange stillness it was when the continued noise of the billows had ceased. When a bell stopped there was a kind of fulness of silence which was most grateful from the contrast. So it was in comparing the tumult and irritation of mind, which they felt in their long seeking for peace, with the joy experienced when they had found it. It was the rich reward of their long anxieties. Those who did not care whether they were right or wrong, those who thought they were right, those who had a dead conscience — they had no anxiety; but it was when a ray of light came, it was when a wounded conscience stung them, it was when they had a misgiving that they were where they should not be — it was then that the warfare began. They had a feeling of duty and wished to do that duty, but they did not know where it lay. Sometimes they thought it lay this way, sometimes that way; and then the voices of friends came and over-persuaded them, and they were driven back; so that one way and another they were in a most miserable condition. It was partly, certainly, their own fault. It was the fault of all of them, doubtless, who had been external to the Catholic Church, that they did not enter it sooner, because if they had had a fuller determination to follow God's will doubtless they would have found it sooner. But Almighty God knew what they were made of, and He mercifully led them on by first one grace and then another, till they were brought nearer and nearer to that haven where they would be. But though they might be getting nearer they did not know where they stood. Others might see they were getting nearer, but to themselves they seemed to be drifted about, tossed up and down by the waves, and there seemed no hope. It often happened that when persons were near the shore they were amongst billows more alarming and more dangerous, because Satan blew the billows more

fiercely in order to drown those who were near safety: and they knew that frequently in cases of shipwreck when those who fell into the water were endeavoring to reach the land something happened to carry them off. So it was in like manner that poor souls who were making towards that land where they wished to be, might be seen going on gradually and gradually towards the shore, and it might be prophesied — humbly, but still prophesied — that they would be landed safe, and alas! when they were about to land, suddenly they drifted off; they perished, and it was not known what became of them. It was only known that they were not landed on the beach of the Catholic Church. But the Catholics present had all cause for rejoicing that to those to whom God's mercy had been shown that day, it had not so happened. They had put themselves into God's hands, and God had brought them into that haven which they had sought. And now on this day they thanked God, as they well might, that He had, in His grace, received them safe. He had brought them within the fold of His Church, He had encompassed them with His everlasting armor, had shielded them from the enemy, and he trusted that they had now got a gift they would never lose; that they were now in a state from which they would never fall, and, through God's mercy, having long sought, having at last found, they would go on from strength to strength, grace to grace, doing more and more in His service, and whatever might be their trials, still they would persevere to the end, and die in the Faith, and so would be brought, through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, to the land of glory in eternity. What a time was this, that such a thing should take place in it! What did they see? They saw the evil spirit stirred up from the four winds. They saw he was blowing from the four quarters of heaven upon this land, to make the waves of the people rise against the Catholic Church. They might say, "This is not the time for the Catholic Church to triumph." But it was the time. Man's necessity was God's opportunity. The darker the day was, the brighter God's light came. Did they not know it was the property of the truth of God to advance against wind and tide in the most rapid way? It advanced against all the billows because it was divine — it was supernatural. That was the property of the truth of God, and therefore, just at this season, when men were most furious against them, when they told all manner of lies and falsehoods against them — because Christ was with them when men were so inflamed against them, it was the very time for them to expect triumphs. The world could not conquer: it was impossible. No, they would see, as time went on, that all those things which now looked so black and unpromising would turn to the glory and the salvation of the Catholic Church. If men were called to do that which he did not think they meant to do — persecute the Catholics — it would not hurt them. Did they not know, in the three first centuries of Christianity, that the martyrs went through so much for Christianity that it was said the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church? So was it now. Supposing men were mad enough to inflict chains and imprisonment upon them, it would only increase the

spread of truth. Of course, it was unpleasant to live in the continued anxiety which all this tumult and opposition created. Catholics did not like to be taken from their usual occupations. Catholics did not like to be taken from their religious ceremonies. Bishops did not like to be taken from their flocks. They wished for peace. They wished for peace for the good of the world and for the good of their flocks internally. But would this state of warfare diminish the Church? No; it would increase it. Not a day passed but souls were received into the heart of the Catholic Church. Sometimes they might be high, sometimes they might be low, but the work could not be stopped. They recollected what Gamaliel said in the days of the Apostles. He said if the work was of man it would come to naught, but if it was of God it would go on, and they must take care they did not fight against it. So was it now. Here they were in the nineteenth century after Christ came into the world, and yet what was said by Gamaliel, 1,800 years ago, was fulfilled now. If this work was of man it would fall to naught. How was it that this work had gone on for 1,800 years, and now seemed more strong and flourishing for all the opposition which had existed against it? How was it that the Protestants were in such perplexity? Why, they had seen the Holy Father the Pope driven from Rome and obliged to take refuge elsewhere; they had seen him persecuted by his own people, and had said, "Here is a poor creature; he can do nothing." Catholics took them at their word. It was true the Pope was not strong in this world, and yet was strong; he suspected his strength must come, not from this, but from some other world, and he suspected it was from the throne of God. The words of Gamaliel were fulfilled. If the work was of man it would come to naught. It had not come to naught, and therefore it was not of man, but of God. He looked upon the converts present as specimens of this great miracle which is going on continually, this miracle of conversion of souls in spite of the opposition of the world. Every soul that was converted to God was converted by a miracle: it was a supernatural work which no power of man could do. It was a work of grace. It could not be worldly inducements which brought men into the Catholic Church, since they gained no riches, no honors, no praise from the mouths of men; but, on the contrary, they were reviled and called names. They gained nothing of this world. It was nothing, then, but a supernatural might which brought them in: it was nothing but the grace of God, seeing those things which the world could not see, and having a desire after those things which the world could not desire. That was the great distinction between the Catholic Church and every other body. Every other body depended upon the world. Take away its worldly support and it goes. There was no Protestant who would not grant, when he came to think, that the Church of England, for instance, would go to pieces directly the temporal support was taken away. It was impossible that it could stand. Protestants knew that very well. All the most sagacious knew it well. He recollected perfectly well, several years ago, a person in authority in the Church of England gave out a charge. What

did he say? "The State is a very bad mistress, but we must put ourselves under its protection, and surrender ourselves to it, because we cannot get a better. It was once thought reason and intellect would help the Protestants against the Catholics; but we find it is not so. We find the cleverest men become Catholics. It was said that learning, talent, and genius, would leave the Catholics, but it was not so. Light, learning, talent, and genius, all go towards the Catholic Church. Well, then, nothing is left to us. Let us cling to the State because we cannot do anything better. Our only hope is a worldly hope; our only hope is in the arm of flesh, because we can find nothing better." Of course, those were not the very words, but the sentiment was nowise exaggerated. It was an honest and true sentiment, though it was very plain to come from a member of the Church of England. It was certain, if the protection of the State were taken from the Church of England it would crumble to pieces. Nothing would be left. It had no unity, no stability, no solidity, no existence, but in the power of the State. How different was the Catholic Church. The State did all it could against it, but it could not destroy it. Here was the State doing all it could against the Catholic Church, and yet the Catholic Church was growing in influence in the country. In spite of the State's having done so much for the Church of England, and so much against the Catholic Church, still, when this poor old man, whom they professed to despise, living two thousand miles off, put out a bit of paper naming certain bishops of England, the Church of England could not bear the shadow of his hand going over the country. He wrote a few words, the shadow of his hand went over the country, and the whole country was in commotion. The true Vicar of Christ, two thousand miles distant, put into confusion this great country. Could there be a better triumph for all of them than this fact? Their enemies and the inhabitants of their country (part were not their enemies) could not bear the very whisper of the Vicar of Christ in relation to this country; and in spite of all the greatness of the Church of England, they saw it was merely worldly, while the Catholic Church, not standing upon worldly power, rose up by an unseen power, a power which every arm of flesh feared. The State Church feared it, because it knew that it was of earth, and that the Church of God came from heaven. It was to the preacher an affecting thing that he should be there on that occasion, speaking to them, because whom was it they had received into the Catholic Church that day? Why, it was the first of a portion of a special congregation of the Church of England, of a district or parish of the Church of England, which was created under remarkable circumstances — to him especially so. They knew he was not always a Catholic. It was some years ago the grace of God made him a Catholic, and on the very day of his conversion what was taking place in this town? Why, the very day when he was being led, as he trusted and believed by the grace of God, to embrace the faith of the Church of Christ — that was the very time the church of St. Saviour was opened. It was opened, if he recollected rightly, with a long devotional service which lasted many days, and when that was taking

place here he was being received into the Catholic Church one hundred and fifty miles away. Therefore it was to him a circumstance of especial interest just at this moment, now he was thrown back to the period of his own conversion, to see in the event of this day a sort of reward of what God led him to do then, that he had been the instrument in part of doing what had been done now. How or when it was that those favored souls who had that day been made members of the Catholic Church were led by the grace of God towards the Catholic Church, he knew not; but as regarded himself, he felt that they had wished him to come as a kind of witness to receive them, because there was this remarkable connection between St. Saviour's Church being opened and his own conversion. Then it was that that was begun which now had its end, and they saw in this another illustration of the want of stability of everything in the Church of England. There had been a church — he meant St. Saviour's — opened with how much of pious feeling, with how many sincere aspirations, with how many ready offerings to Almighty God! What sums of money had been expended upon that church. It had been the work of persons who in their hearts believed, in doing what they did, they were making an offering, not to the work of man, but to the Catholic Church. They were mistaken in thinking so, but they brought their offerings. They did not act with a half liberality, but, bringing treasure by handfuls, they gave it for the erection of a church which they hoped would be a Catholic Church. They adorned it, enriched it, and what had become of all those hopes which began six years ago? Why, had they not vanished into empty air? They saw that the church which they built had turned out to be nothing at all; and after a trial of six years there was that remarkable truth which came to him six years ago, that the Church of England was a mere shade, that it had no substance.

Here was this trial which they saw had come to naught. There were piety, devotion, sincerity, earnestness — persons who would devote themselves earnestly to God; but alas! they built up the mere creation of this world, which would not last. It was coming to naught, and what had been the case here would be the case all over in the Church of England but for the power of the State. It was the power of the State which alone kept anything in its place in the Church of England. Not so with the Catholic Church. Merely sitting still, ordering its own work silently, it had attracted educated members of the Church of England to it. It was a burning and a shining light, and it preached to the people directly by its example. After some further observations, Dr. Newman begged the prayers of the Catholics present for those who had been received into the Church on that day and some days previously. He begged their prayers that the work begun might go on spreading and increasing daily, till all those were brought into the fold of Christ that ought to be belong to it — that all those to whom God had given grace might have the veil taken from their eyes. He asked their prayers also — for prayer was omnipotent — that all those who had anything to do with the erection of St.

Saviour's Church might be brought to the light of truth. They could not undo what they had done. St. Saviour's Church, so called, was given up to the Protestants, and there was an end of it. They had given it over to the State. They could not undo their own work; but it would be a great thing for all of them, while they felt that they could not undo much that they had done, that at least they could save their own souls, and show their earnestness by retracing their steps as far as they could. He begged them to pray that every one of the earnest persons who preached sermons at the opening of St. Saviour's Church might be brought into the fold of Christ; that all those who had hung upon their words might be brought fully to the truth; that those who, to some extent, had been nursing fathers to the Catholic Church, though they knew it not, might be brought in; and that every one who had been instrumental in the spread of Catholic doctrines in England, though they knew it not, might be brought into the Catholic Church. Finally Dr. Newman asked his Catholic hearers to pray for himself, that he might be enabled to do his share in the work which had been begun.

To be Continued.

The Detractor.

St. Bernard calls the detractor's tongue a two-edged sword, nay, a three-edged sword, with which he commits three murders at one stroke. The detractor, in the first place, murders his own soul when he destroys his neighbor's fair fame. Secondly, he murders the character of the person he detracts, for he destroys that civil life by which he lives blameless and esteemed by others. Thirdly, he murders the souls of those who listen with pleasure to the detraction, and encourage and spread it round; for whoever encourages and gives ear to the detraction is equally criminal with the detractor.

Zeal for Souls.

In all ages of the Church a zeal for souls is a most necessary grace, and this is hardly an age in which it is less necessary than usual. . . . There are several classes of saints — saints divided from each other by wide discrepancies of grace and a dissimilitude — almost an incompatibility — of gifts. Yet the love of souls is an instinct common to all saints, of whatever class. It is a very laborious grace, wearying the spirit, fatiguing the mind, disappointing the heart. This is the reason why in so many persons it is a short-lived grace. It is a part of almost everybody's fervor, while it is part of the perseverance of very few. — Father Faber.

Leander McCormick, the millionnaire manufacturer of reapers and mowers, has retired from business. He is quite an old man and begins to feel that while he has been manufacturing agricultural machinery for the rest of the world the old-fashioned man with the hour glass and scythe has been steadily hacking away at him.

Skull Butte.*

"WHAT can be done," cried a warrior brave,
"To rescue our tribe from this ravaging plague?
Great numbers already a prey have been made,
To the beasts and the birds of the forest and glade;
And out on the prairie, upon the bare green,
The whitening bones of the Blackfeet are seen.

"No more shall they join in the sun dance again,
Nor chase the wild buffalo over the plain.
No more shall they cautiously follow the trail,
Nor listen with rapture to traditions tale.
No more shall they fish, by the lake or the rill,
Nor roam through the forest, o'er valley or hill.

"Their valor and prowess, in peace and in war,
Their wild whoop and dash, their keen sight from afar,
Have all ceased to be, when their spirits were flown;
And the elements claimed the rest as their own.
Can aught then be done that our tribe may not be
Wiped out of existence upon the prairie?"

Then up spoke the seer, who seemed to know well
What would banish the plague and make them all well:
"A sacrifice great should forthwith be made:
Forty young warriors, on horseback arrayed,
Must give up their lives, that our tribe may be saved."

Soon forty warriors their sun dance went through,
And then near the edge of a steep ridge withdrew;
Each horse and his rider there blindfolded stood,
Awaiting the signal to shed his life's blood,
That the angel of vengeance placated might be,
And his kindred released from calamity.

Now onward they speed in that terrible ride,
Now headlong they dash down the ridge's steep side,
Now horses and riders in confusion hurled,
All mangled and quivering, they pass from this world;
And the bones of these heroes, in sunshine and snow,
Lay piled up for years in the valley below.

*A tale of heriosm, outdoing that of antiquity, is told of the Crow Indians, subjects of the United States. An epidemic of small-pox having, some seventy years ago, broken out amongst them, their medicine men declared the sacrifice of some of their braves the only means of staying the course of the calamity. Forty young warriors accordingly volunteered to die for their people, and after performing their sun dance, rode to the top of a steep ridge, and thence plunged at full speed, they and their horses having been first blindfolded, over the precipitous edge. A pile of bleaching bones was long visible at the foot of the rock, still pointed out to travellers on the North Pacific line under the name of Skull Butte, as the scene of this wholesale act of self-immolation.

Nor Tiber, Marathon, nor Thermopylæ
Saw heroes more brave than that forty that day,
Who thus offered their lives that others might live,
Proof greater than this, there is no one can give ;
And though foolish and vain that tragedy seem,
And in light of God's truth would sinful have been,
From lofty impulse did their motives proceed ;
And 'tis purpose or motive that ennobles the deed.

E. M. CLERKE, in Dublin Review.

The Approaching Distress:

LETTER FROM MR. DAVITT, TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

LABOR WORLD OFFICES, 263 STRAND,
LONDON W. C., August 28.

DEAR SIR — Since the letter which you kindly from me inserted in the Freeman of the 16th of August appeared a great deal has happened and much information has been forthcoming with reference to the potato blight which enables us to more clearly understand what it is possible to do in the way of minimizing the distress which will soon be in full force upon the western seaboard. Some misapprehension has prevailed as to the real purport of the suggestions contained in my previous letter. I did not for a moment suppose that anything could now be put in the soil that would be an *actual* substitute for the potato during the coming winter. Such a proposition would be absurb. Unfortunately, neither the season nor the soil admit of anything being now planted or sown that would supply to any reasonable extent a food substitute for the blighted potato. All I meant to convey in my letter was that *some* effort should be made by the people whose crops are more or less destroyed to grow anything in the shape of vegetable food which the soil could possibly nourish into fruition between this and the time when the plots of ground must be prepared for the sowing of next year's harvest. The information which has been conveyed to the country through your columns by seed merchants and others, will enable the people to select such plants or seeds as have the best chance of growing during the winter months. How far they will avail themselves of this information I cannot possibly say. Usually they are dependent upon the priests and those who are better informed than the peasantry themselves for advise or initiative in matters of this kind. To what extent this advise has been given, or steps have been taken to put it in application, I am unable to conjecture. Judging from the reports that have appeared in your columns, the reports of special correspondents, and of meetings of poor law guardians and other bodies, it would seem as if all that was being done was the raising of a universal chorus in demand of light railways. The building of railways, or the providing of some other public works on the part of the Government, will provide the means whereby the distress may be mitigated in some parts of the western counties. And it is of course right that the Government should be warned in time of the danger that will be incurred if timely action is not taken in the carrying out of these public works. But I must respectfully suggest again that this is not all that is required from the local friends and advisers of the poor people who are menaced by the consequences of the failure of the potato. It will cost very little to provide even in large quantities such cabbage plants as will mature and produce some kind of food about next spring which would enable the poorest of the people with small plots or holdings to practice immediate self-help, and look forward to the result of it in a crop of cabbage food before the winter is through.

It is important that the people should be warned not to dig at once *all* the potatoes in their gardens or plots, even where the blight is most destructive.

Some sound potatoes will be found in the furrows most afflicted with the disease, and the only way in which the disease can be prevented from communicating itself to the sound potatoes is to leave them where they are until that portion of the ridge is to be dug for food. One blighted potato will convey the disease to healthy ones if placed in the same room or place of storage with them. As the potatoes are dug for daily use or investigation the ground thus cleared, and to this extent only, should be planted with the cabbage or plants that may be procured. Only, of course, it is necessary to put all the available cabbage plants into the ground as soon as possible so as to secure as much of the growth at the latter end of the summer or the early autumn as can be obtained. All authorities are agreed that Nonpareil Yorks, *if put down in plants*, will stand the best chance of weathering the winter, and of maturing before the ground is to be cleared for the sowing of the next year's potato crop. These, therefore, should be obtained as soon as possible by all who are anxious to help the poorest of the people to provide something upon which they can fall back at what will be the worst period of the distress — the early part of next year.

The value of such planting as may be done now is not to be measured so much by the actual food it may produce, as for the lesson that it will give for future precautions — a lesson that should have been inculcated long ago against a continued fatal dependence upon the potato as the sole food of our poorest peasantry. Therein is involved a problem of immense importance upon which ought to be focussed the attention of the whole Irish race during this ordeal of periodical distress. There is no blinking the fact that if we had Home Rule to-morrow, and if the people along the western seaboard got their present plots and holdings for the mere payment of the poor rate as rent, they would not be secure from the consequences of depending solely upon the potato for their food. Wet seasons and potato blight will not be prevented by a Home Rule Parliament in College-green. A radical change in the rural economy of the west coast must be carried out if the Celtic portion of our people residing there are to remain in Ireland. This change can only be effected by widening the area of labor, and by adding to the sources from which the people are to derive their means of subsistence.

In other words they must have more land to till, land from which they can produce a variety of vegetable food, and grazing land on which they can raise sheep and cattle. That this land is to be had in abundance in the counties along the whole western seaboard is well known to all who are acquainted with these localities. To speak of the "congested" districts of the West of Ireland is really to talk nonsense. In the very heart of Connemara there is a sheep farm in possession of one man containing thirty-seven thousand acres, while in the Joyce Valley, between Maam and Leenane, and the valley of the Eric, between Leenane and Westport, there is land now almost devoid of human habitation, enough to support the population of all the towns, villages, and hamlets from Galway City to Achill Head. Land in abundance is to be found also in the immediate vicinity of the so-called "congested" villages along the whole extent of the west coast — land in possession of large graziers, which, if divided among the people, would enable them to free themselves from future dependence upon government or public charity. Unless some remedy of this kind is put forward at once, and supported by the whole force of popular feeling in Ireland, and of responsive public sentiment here in Great Britain, it will be impossible for the opponents of emigration to resist the arguments that are sure to be advanced in favor of this favorite Tory remedy during the coming winter. The onus of a counter-scheme rests with the Irish leaders. In 1880 we told America and the whole world we would never beg again for a starving Irish people. Ten years have gone by, and what have we done to make good our boastful pledge? Absolutely nothing. Here we are again ready to burnish up our everlasting begging-box, and to go forth to the world for alms as the only national mendicants among civilized peoples. But we are now face to face with a

most serious crisis. It is not to be expected that the landlord government will provide relief works by railways or otherwise for the West, and do nothing to secure to their class and ascendancy policy a *quid pro quo*. They will push on their favorite panacea — emigration. The Messrs. Tukes and Vere Fosters will be afforded full play for their peculiar philanthropy, which is applied to the work of expatriating the Celtic portion of our already decimated population. This will be done unless there is some counter-scheme of a practical character that will appeal so forcibly to public opinion as to compel the action of the Government to go in the direction of a remedial solution that will be free from the suspicion of aiming at a still further reduction of the population of a country which England has failed so miserably in ruling.

The land of the distressed areas is poor in quality, it is true, but if the people had enough of it, and were secure from landlordism, they could easily be made independent of the potato and its recurring blight. They limit themselves to potato culture now because their plots or holdings are not sufficiently large to grow enough of other vegetable food substitutes. If they had enough of land on which to grow a variety of eatables such as oats, lentils, peas, beans, cabbages, and other kinds of cereal and farinaceous foods, as well as the potato, there would be no apprehension about future visitations of potato blight. In a letter which I have received from the secretary of the Vegetarian Society of Manchester, Mr. Joseph Knight, he says truly:

> The vegetable kingdom offers abundance of foods which can be procured far more cheaply, while, at the same time, they provide more labor, and which can be supplied at much lower prices than flesh goods, the purchasers having the immense advantage of procuring for their smaller outlay a proportion of nutriment far exceeding that contained in animal food. The misfortune is that the value of these foods is not sufficiently known by the class to whom they would be such a boon.

These truths are not so generally known in Ireland as they ought to be. But if we are to face the problem of keeping the people of the western seaboard in Ireland, and thereby defeating the policy of the emigrationists, we will be compelled to study this subject of a variety of vegetable food for the maintenance of such people.

In addition to more land for tillage, which will enable the people to extend their crops, there must be grazing land added to each holding. Any one who has travelled in Switzerland, and who has given the least study to the rural economy of a country at once free from the evils of pauperism and millionnaires, is aware how the communal grazing lands are made to supplement the earnings of the small cultivators. We must have a similar dual system of tillage and grazing introduced in the rural economy of the western seaboard counties. Before the Pikes and the "Mission" societies of Achill grabbed the grazing land from the people of that island there were sources of income open to these poor islanders which enabled them to live fairly well. These sources are now gone from them, and they are therefore at the mercy of a wet July or August. Increase the tillage area for the people in all the distressed districts and enable them to utilize mountain and other suitable grazing land, and the problem of the potato blight and consequent distress is solved. Nothing else, save emigration, can be provided as a remedy, and if emigration is not to be permitted to dispose of the remains of our Celtic population, the alternative remedy, which is one of reason and commonsense, must be forced upon the Legislature by the whole influence of Ireland.

This is a problem which will not wait for solution at the hands of a Home Rule Parliament. Those who want to keep the people of the West in Ireland must move at once. Parliament assembles in November. A Land Purchase Bill, which, if passed, would stereotype the poverty and helplessness of the people of the western seaboard, is to be again brought forward. The facts of the distress will render the passage of this bill through the house impossible. But, whilst such a measure as the Tories contemplate cannot now be made law, there is no reason why some adequate effort cannot be put forward to deal with this recurring potato blight problem in the distressed areas.

The time is most opportune. All Great Britain is now on the alert.

The facts of the distress cannot be shirked or denied. The public are in possession of them. And such a solution of this problem as will recommend itself to the public opinion of these three countries should be proposed by the Irish representatives, if the Government does not bring forward a remedy other than the totally inadequate one of light railways and emigration. More land for tillage and grazing ; migration where grazing-lands or the extension of holdings cannot be carried out ; common schools of agriculture, under Christian brothers, or other competent teachers, from whom the sons of the people could learn scientific cultivation and how best to produce the various excellent foods of the vegetable kingdom, as well as fruit, rabbit, chicken, and egg culture, etc., etc., will be an indispensable necessity if we are to provide a full and adequate solution of this great and serious problem. The development of the coast fisheries will also suggest itself as an important part of any scheme meant to benefit the people of the West.

I am suggesting matter for thought or discussion in this, as in my previous letter, rather than proposing a cut and dried remedy for so complicated an evil as this recurring national destitution. It is too big a problem to be solved in any off-hand manner. But we cannot any longer avoid the responsibility of grappling with it in some practical and efficient way, and the time has in my humble opinion arrived when the whole civilized world from which we are again in danger of being compelled to beg, will expect of us and demand a proposal or a remedy capable of grappling with and preventing the periodic recurrence of this humiliating and degrading spectacle of a starving people in a country out of which twenty or thirty millions of food is exported every year, be it a year of plenty or of distress. Yours very truly,

MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE POTATO BLIGHT.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal comments on the above :

MR. DAVITT'S letter on the subject of the impending distress in the West which we publish, suggests many matters for thoughtful consideration, as well as some subjects that claim immediate attention. The first business in hand is to provide the poor people who have been reduced to destitution by the failure of the potato crop with food for the winter and spring months. Mr. Davitt favors the cultivation of cabbage as a succession crop to the potato ; some months hence a healthful and abundant food supply will be thus made available. Meanwhile the public works which the Government contemplate should be carried out with the least delay that may be. But, as he very truthfully remarks, a much bigger question than the feeding of the hungry has been raised by the recurrence of the famine period in the West. Something must be done for these people besides shipping them off as rubbish to foreign parts. Of the good soil of Ireland not more than one-fourth is in the possession of tillers of the soil. Adjoining the so-called congested districts from Malin to Cape Clear are vast tracts from which the people have been swept — land which, being unsuitable for permanent pasturage, is falling back into a state of barrenness. The bitter hatred of the people, which dictated the savage clearances of forty years ago, neglected even the admonitions of selfishness. Sooner or later there must be a reversal of the old policy. The land to support a large population is within the four seas of Ireland, and the men who ask nothing more than to make it productive of food for the people are at hand, ready to work at home as they would work in America, if only the fruit of their toil be assured to them. The land and the men cannot be kept apart forever. In the West of Ireland,

where the clearances were most exhaustive, and the consequent congestion became greatest, the problem is most acute; but it is confined to no county or district; it is general throughout Ireland, and Ireland as a nation will one day be called upon to deal with it.

Our columns this week show that public attention in Ireland is now mainly concentrated on the failure of the potato crop. In England also the subject is attracting a good deal of notice in the press of all shapes of opinions. Tennial's splendid cartoon in Punch last week, showing the Chief Secretary sleeping heavily after a day on the golf links, cigars and wines on the table beside him, and over him hovering the grim spectre of famine, while in the background are seen groups of starving peasants watching with sorrowful eyes their rotting potato gardens, has had the effect of inducing the Queen to summon Mr. Balfour to an audience on the state of Ireland. We also reprint from the Manchester Guardian an interesting article on the cause of the potato disease. Considering the sensitiveness of the tuber to disease, it is indeed a great misfortune that our peasantry should depend on it exclusively for their food supply. Are they compelled by the agricultural condition under which they live to confine themselves to the potato? That is a question one hears variously answered. Some authorities contend that the potato — liable though it be to failure — is, after all, the only possible crop for the small holdings along our Western seaboard; that it is the crop to which the peasantry are traditionally attached; about which they know most, and which gives them, if the weather be anyway fair, the largest return for their labor. Mr. Davitt is making a laudable effort to educate the peasantry to the cultivation of other crops besides the potato, and let us hope it will end in good. Meanwhile the Government have had ample notice of the impending disaster, and if it be not averted by the timely inauguration of relief works in the congested districts on their heads the awful responsibility will rest.

Speaking Ill.

HANNAH MORE thought that speaking ill was as bad as doing ill. If a tale-bearer repeated to her some gossipy story, she would say, "Come, we will go and ask if this is true." The tale-bearer might stammer out a qualification, or beg that no notice should be taken of the story; but the good lady insisted, and scandal-monger and scandalized were placed face to face. No one ever ventured a second time to repeat a scandalous story to the inexorable lady, who insisted that what was said of an absent person should be said in his presence.

IT is worth knowing that clogged drain-pipe may be easily cleared by pouring into it at night enough liquid soda lye to fill the trap, and allowing no water to run until morning. The lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away, and clear the pipe clean as new. This is said to be the "confession" of a retired plumber.

Theobald Mathew.

By Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland.

A NAME to conjure by! Be it in this year of grace, 1890, that of Theobald Mathew. The tenth day of the October of this year marks the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the hero of total abstinence. Shall it be for us a mere commemorative date, cold as the page of history that tells of the men and the occurrences of a by-gone age? Far from this! Be it a day diffusing over souls all the warmth, all the enthusiasm in well-doing, all the love for God and for fellow-man, with which throbbed during his life-time the heart of Father Mathew. Be it the well-spring of noblest inspirations to noblest deeds. The world has sore need of them: be they ours on Father Mathew's centennial day.

Theobald Mathew was born on the tenth day of October, 1790, near the ancient capital of Tipperary, in sainted Ireland. The great work of his life began on the tenth day of April, 1838, in the city of Cork. The story has been often told, but it is ever worthy of repetition. He had gathered around him in his humble schoolroom a group of friends. He spoke to them of the evils wrought by intemperance. "Indeed," he added, "if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them — neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table and, taking the pen, said, "Here goes, in the name of God!" and signed as follows: "Revd. Theobald Mathew, C. C., Cove street, No. 1."

Cove street, No. 1! Three years ago, guided by the esteemed Bishop of Cork, Dr. O'Callaghan, I turned thither my steps. It was to me a shrine most sacred. Thoughts of it had visited me on trans-Atlantic ground, and had impelled me on a certain day, which I will ever reckon among the happiest of my life, to repeat, in earnestness which must cease only on the grave's brink, the words of Father Mathew: "Here goes, in the name of God!" I wished by the closest contact with scenes amid which he had lived to freshen in my soul my resolution, and gain new strength for it. Thence I wandered toward the blackened walls of the chapel, of penal day obscurity — now, alas! diverted to uses profane — in which for long years the "Apostle" had devoutly ministered. I tarried, too, in meditation beneath the roof of the old "Bazaar" building for which he had exchanged the school-room as the dozens of followers grew into the thousands, and I thought that I heard from the overhanging beams the echoings of his fierce denunciations of sin, and his fervid appeals to take the pledge. This was a work worthy of the attention of total abstainers, and entirely

within their lines — to wrest from neglect and decay one or more of those birthplaces of their cherished "cause," and bedeck them with ornaments of love and gratitude, guarding them as sanctuaries of zeal and self-denial, for the spiritual reflection of pilgrims from many lands.

Father Mathew, as revealed to us on that memorable April day; was a man of singular courage, and men of this stamp are, unfortunately, rare. The common man moves with the crowd, and keeps himself within beaten paths. The hardest thing to bear is isolation, mortal or intellectual. Only the bravest, whose make-up is of the heroic kind, will step out by themselves and suffer to be aloof from their fellows. The tens of thousands of contemporary Irishmen bewailed, as Father Mathew did, the terrible evils wrought around them by intemperance. But the tens of thousands did nothing toward remedying the evils. Why should they? Those evils were of old standing; other men, wise and prudent in their generation, had looked on unconcernedly. Moral evil will endure whatever is done. If it is blotted out under one form, it will reappear under another. The use of liquor in itself is not forbidden; to ask people to abstain from it might be bordering on the old African heresy, which must be avoided at all costs. Enmities, too, would be awakened, if action is taken against liquor; brewers, distillers, and publicans should not be ruffled in their temper. Besides, he who stirs will be called, even by good and pious men, a fanatic and a fool. By all means let us be quiet, and leave the world to Providence. Not so did Theobald Mathew argue. Sin and misery abounded; he felt in his heart that a remedy was nigh, however unusual and unpopular, and he vowed to apply it. He became a total abstainer, and he preached total abstinence. He stood out alone, the moment he had taken the pledge, from the whole priesthood of Ireland, many of whom, when his determination was made public, called him a "madman;" but his solitude revealed his grandeur of soul. He was the hero, too, in his self-denial. He imposed total abstinence upon himself, so as to be able to preach it with power to others, and total abstinence in him bespoke all the greater fortitude that it was new in the moral practices of the times. The self-denial which consists in depriving one's self of the use of intoxicating beverages must seem to many veterans of the "cause" the merest of trifles, especially in the priesthood, to whom self-denial under harshest forms presents itself as the daily obligation. Yet, as experience shows, men who apply midnight discipline to their shoulders, and who would face undaunted the martyr's pyre, tremble before the wine-glass, and dare not bid it to be gone. There is much, no doubt, in the fact that total abstinence has no command and no religious rule; it knows but the law of liberty, and the will must rise to it without prop or help, save divine grace; but precisely because of this must we recognize heroism in it.

"If only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take." His own words give the key-note of Father Mathew's life and labors. He loved God, and for God's

sake he loved the neighbor. Sin through excessive indulgence in drink was rife; souls were rushing into the jaws of hell; family hearthstones were made desolate; despair and early death circled around the brow of youth, and old age was dishonored. Was he to fold in idleness his arms, and watch unmoved the swift current of destruction? Was he to hesitate before any sacrifice to self, any appeal to others, that might alleviate the sin and the misery? Assuredly not, so long as his heart was fully aglow with the fire of divine love. To spend and to be spent for souls — this is at all times the test and the measure of apostolic zeal. When sacrifices alarm, there is a cooling of the inward fire; when sacrifices are readily met, it burns with celestial heat. O for a Paul of Tarsus! who cried out that he might be anathema for his brethren; who would never eat meat, or drink wine, if his weakest brother were thereby to be scandalized; who lived and died a martyr of zeal and self-denial! The world is warmer and better for centuries from the life of a true hero of divine love, and it is well to gather men closely around one such, that they be permeated with his spirit, and reproduce in themselves his ardors. Such a man was Theobald Mathew, and hence his force of character, his strong resolve, his fearlessness in presence of criticism, and his perseverance despite impediments and contradictions.

That Father Mathew was not mistaken in his estimate of the efficiency of total abstinence in the eradication of the popular vice, subsequent events gave ample proof. Within a few years he regenerated Ireland, whose people became the most sober among the nations of Christendom, and rose to an unexampled condition of material prosperity and social peace and virtue. That the good he wrought did not continue unimpaired by time, was not the fault of Father Mathew; neither can the fact be construed as showing a defect in the means he employed. The dreadful famine of 1848 broke the energies of the people and arrested all upward movements. The cause of total abstinence necessarily emerged from it weakened and nerveless. Then, soon afterwards, the apostle himself passed away, and none were found who coveted the wearing of his mantle. He had, indeed, sought to perpetuate his kind. One day he had enrolled under his banners two hundred and fifty students of Ireland's far-famed seminary, Maynooth, and he had believed that a race of leaders had been created that should never fail in Israel. His hopes in this regard were doomed to disappointment. Yet not with himself did all his power go down into the grave. His name remained, and it has been fertile in inspirations. A great man never dies among his fellow men; his activity never ceases. The total-abstinence movement of the present day in Ireland, in England, in the United States inscribes upon its banners the name of the "apostle," feeds itself upon his principles, and lives off his very soul. The priest of Cove street reigns to-day, and his realm embraces the whole English-speaking world.

In the centennial of Father Mathew there is a deep significance. It speaks to us, in accents that will not be stilled, of our own duty. Intemperance is among us, doing fearful harm to bodies and to souls.

It has not the unlimited sway which former years accorded to it; there are serried battalions in the field opposing it. Public opinion no longer fawns to it; both its victims and its agents are held in ill-repute. Yet, withal, the slimy serpent lives, and through all ranks of society it trails its poison-laden lengths, distilling in all directions its pestilential breathings. Who is there who has not sorrowed over its ravages? Let me speak as a Catholic. I know I will be blamed for my rashness and credited with unpardonable exaggerations, and, may be, with untruths. There are those who fain would veil from public gaze the gaping wounds; there are those who, limiting their observations to their immediate encircling, do not believe in the wide-spread disasters, the knowledge of which appalls me. But speak I will, and let me be called, as Theobald Mathew was, a fanatic and a madman. Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America. I would say, intemperance is our one misfortune. With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and cope successfully. Intemperance, as nothing else, paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the Church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness. Need I particularize? Catholics nearly monopolize the liquor-traffic; Catholics loom up before the criminal courts of the land, under the charge of drunkenness and other violations of law resulting from drunkenness, in undue majorities; poor-houses and asylums are thronged with Catholics, the immediate or mediate victims of drink; the poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink, and, God knows, those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor-drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad daylight before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honored element in its population. And still — mystery passing strange! — the Theobald Mathews are few, and these few are timid. What, as a people, are we doing? We stand almost at the doors of saloons pelting nicknames at total abstainers, calling them cranks and Manicheans. We exhaust our speech in invoking maledictions upon the heads of prohibitionists and temperance agitators. We inveigh, of course, though often in softest tones, against the sin of out-and-out intoxication; but, while doing this much, lest the blows to alcohol be too serious, we are careful to emphasize certain abstract principles as to the licitness, *in se*, of saloon-keeping and liquor-drinking. On the tables at great banquets the wines sparkle, and their fragrance is wafted through the air to cellar and tenement-house, tempting the miserable occupants to rush to *their* banquet-hall, the corner grog-shop. We philosophize, at times, of course, over the evil which we cannot totally conceal from ourselves; but very strange the cogitations by which we excuse our do-nothing policy. In other countries, say we, drinking goes on, and no noise is made about it; why

should not drinking be as highly thought of in America as in Jutland or among the Carpathian mountains? Others drink as much as our own people do, and, may be, a good deal more than they; and if they are more temperate than our own people, they have vices more hideous than intemperance, from which ours are free. We must denounce divorce and Mormonism; we have no time to denounce intemperance. Then — who knows? — by opposing intemperance too strongly we might drive men into Manicheism, and, at any rate, we would offend the generous brewer and the jovial-faced bartender, men whose dollars are never held back from the charities of the church. Liquor is the poetry of life; a table without wine or beer looks like a funeral feast; those total abstainers are moody, dangerous men, hypocrites and misers. The proper remedy for intemperance, if a remedy is needed, should be prayer and the sacraments; but the drunkards will not come to the sacraments, and our obligation toward them ends. Thus do we act, thus do we argue, thus do we joke, and meanwhile the Church of Christ droops her head in shame, legends of poor people rot in sin and misery, and immortal souls are precipitated into hell.

Oh! for a solemn and enduring awakening from slumber and sloth, by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew! Why dilly-dally another day with this monster-evil which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbors and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussions and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well-doing. One decade of years, in earnest warfare — the battle being general throughout the field, instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters — and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours. The task is much easier than it was for Father Mathew. Total abstinence is no longer a novelty; it has made its record and proved its efficiency, and the church has set her seal upon it. The cry was in Father Mathew's time, and for long years afterwards, that Rome had not recognized total abstinence. Indeed, the would-be wise men knew that Rome never would recognize it; if she did, then assuredly they, loyal sons of hers, should recognize it too, and most likely practise it. Well, Rome has spoken; but those loyal sons of hers are so busy reading up her utterances on other subjects that they lose sight of her words on total abstinence. "Hence," wrote Leo. XIII., "we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy [or, as some choose to translate, a proper and a truly efficacious remedy] for this very great evil." There remains, now, no excuse for indifference or inactivity.

All circumstances well considered, it is not too much to say that the practices of zeal and self-denial are very few, if there are any, that will give more public edification and bring greater glory to the Church than that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Let this truth be pressed upon our Catholics, in season and out of season. Let

pastors, in whose keeping primarily souls are placed, teach it by word and example. Let the religious orders in the Church, that make of self-denial a chief duty, embracing through love for God fasting and flagellation, take front ranks in the new crusade. Father Mathew was a priest and a religious, and his example comes home with intensified force to priests and religious. We quote again from the brief of the Sovereign Pontiff: "So much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle [total abstinence] upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted."

To Ireland, Father Mathew's own land, do we send, on his anniversary, a message of love and gratitude. To her are we indebted for him, and for all the inspirations which spring from his name. Next to their own country, Ireland is of all nations dearest to the hearts of total abstainers, and for her salvation their fervent prayers go up to the Throne of Grace. Heaven be praised that, her noble episcopate leading, a new era for total abstinence has dawned over her. She celebrates fitly the centennial of her "Apostle." How much there is involved in the triumph of total abstinence in Ireland, did but Irishmen understand it! For herself it means all blessings. "Ireland sober is Ireland free," said one who loved her well. For her exiled children, scattered into the four corners of the earth, it means their own sobriety, and their honor in the eyes of their fellow-citizens in their new homes. For the Church, of which in the vast English-speaking world Irishmen and their descendants form a part so large and so important, it means undimmed glory. Total abstinence in Ireland is total abstinence across oceans and over continents. And total abstinence in Ireland is to be had for the asking. God has not created a people more docile to their spiritual leaders than the children of St. Patrick. May I dare speak across the Atlantic and name the means, so easy and so simple, by which Ireland will be made the most sober nation of earth, and without which labors most herculean must fail? It is this: let the words of Father Mathew reverberate in the seminaries, the monasteries, and the presbyteries of Ireland: "Here goes, in the name of God!" The magic persuasiveness of Father Mathew's appeals lay in his own total-abstinence pledge. In their own pledges will the priests of Ireland conquer.

"*In hoc signo vinces.*"

JOHN IRELAND, in Catholic World.

St. Paul, Minn.

A PLEASANT fall — to fall heir to a fortune.

Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHILE these pages are going through the press, the Catholics of Brooklyn, and indeed citizens of all beliefs, are engaged in a celebration touching a personage who ranks second to none in that city of churches. It is the sacerdotal jubilee, or fiftieth year, in the priesthood of the RT. REV. JOHN LOUGHLIN. Fifty thousand men are marching in procession; all sorts of splendid ceremonies are on foot; and the whole is closed by the presentation of a purse of one hundred thousand dollars. A little later will mark the thirty-seventh anniversary of his episcopacy. Thus, next after the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, in the prelacy, and the object of such testimonials from his children of the clergy and the laity, as well as other citizens, Bishop Loughlin becomes a figure of national moment and interest.

And most marvellous is the story of episcopal rule, coinciding from the start with the unfolding and expansion of the city and the Church within it. To write the biography of Bishop Loughlin would be to write in large part the history of the town, and wholly the history of the Church on Long Island. The late Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, who was a native of Brooklyn, used to tell how he remembered that when a boy, he and his Irish father and mother had to cross the ferry to New York to hear Mass. In August, 1823, St. James' Church, now the old Cathedral, was dedicated by Bishop Connolly. At this period Brooklyn had about seventy Catholics all told. Many of those who toiled during the day for bread were accustomed to betake themselves in the evening to Jay street to work upon the new church, if we may trust Professor Mulrenan. Such was the zeal of the fathers which, we fear, is not largely inherited by their descendants. Things were little improved thirty years later, the town itself growing slowly, and New York not yet having received that congestion which, later on, flowed into Brooklyn, like an overswollen stream. There were but few and feeble churches at the period when Long Island was made an independent diocese.

John Loughlin was born in the county Monaghan, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. Like so many other notable lights in the Church, he received his theological training at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. He was ordained by Bishop Hughes, in October, 1840, and at once began his labors in the most trying of the city missions. He soon became vicar-general, and on Oct. 30, 1853, was consecrated first bishop of Brooklyn, by Mgr. Bedini, the papal nuncio to this country, who received such touching testimonials from several mobs as must have long kept our beautiful institutions fresh and green in his mind.

Bishop Loughlin's thirty-seven years' episcopate has been one of unflagging activity and rapid progress. He has consecrated churches by the dozen. Catholic institutions of charity and education are met with in every part of the city; and of recent years, so successfully have he and his devoted priest labored, that there is hardly a parish of any

size that has not its own school. He introduced the Visitation Nuns, the Sisters of St. Joseph, Franciscan Brothers, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Little Sisters of the Poor, and several other religious orders. In June, 1868, he laid the corner-stone of the new Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, in the presence of five bishops, scores of priests, and forty thousand people. This fine marble structure on Clermont avenue, which was opened only a few months ago, was so long in building because the bishop kept insisting that the work should be pushed just as the money came in. He was determined on consecrating it — having it free of debt when opened. It would not be finished yet had he not been persuaded to forego this determination. As it stands, this handsome edifice, in architectural style, French gothic of the thirteenth century, with its towers three hundred and fifty feet high, and its spacious length and breadth of three hundred and fifty-four feet by one hundred and eighty feet, is a fitting shrine wherein to commemorate the golden jubilee of the well-beloved bishop. By the side of it nestles a handsome three-story marble residence. It is another characteristic of Bishop Loughlin that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to inhabit this beautiful mansion, and even now he is fond of roaming back to old St. James', on dusty, gingling Jay street, and to the stuffy old house across the way, where he has toiled so long and hard and happily.

Considering that the diocese started almost from nothing, it is amazing to read the record now. There are about two hundred priests, one hundred and fifty churches and chapels, over one hundred parochial schools, with thirty thousand scholars, besides a score of academies, and an estimated Catholic population of from three hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand. It is, numerically, by far the largest diocese in the country, and only three archdioceses outrank it, — New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. These figures speak more eloquently than reams of rhetoric for the patient labor and sagacious foresight which Bishop Loughlin has bestowed upon his diocese.

He has never essayed to be a brilliant man. He has never cared to shine. He has never made a notable address or written a line in the literary sense. His supreme characteristic is managerial ability. He has guided the rapidly increasing forces of his diocese with consummate skill. Had he taken to the real estate business he would be a millionnaire ; as it is, the millions he would have thus gained have gone to the Church. When Brooklyn began suddenly to expand, the oldest hands at the real estate business were amazed to find that in whatever way the city grew, there long before, when land was cheap, Bishop Loughlin had purchased the choicest sites for churches and institutions. And he never located a church or opened a parish for which there was not instant justification. Every church in Brooklyn has overflowing congregations. With the means at his command Bishop Loughlin would not have been able to build half the churches there are, not to speak of institutions, had it not been for his sagacious foresight.

Bishop Loughlin is the counsellor of every priest in his diocese. No matter how small the trouble is, he has only to carry it to the

bishop where he will receive a patient hearing and sound advice. They all look upon him very much as sons look upon their fathers — where the fathers are exceptionally good ones. Gruff in manner, there is a kernel of kindly wisdom within.

This remarkable old man of four-score has never asked any one, asks no one now to assist him in the vast and multifarious labors he still pursues. He has never troubled his vicar-generals, though they have been warm personal friends, with any diocesan affairs. He has no private secretary even, but reads and answers his large mail every day. He is perpetually on the go from church to church, and a slight illness this summer is the first he has ever experienced.

Is it any wonder that the Catholics of Brooklyn, and the other citizens, too, admire such a life, and consider it only due him to celebrate so grandly and to present him with a purse of one hundred thousand dollars? No more wonder than the calm remark of the bishop that he will spend that money on the new seminary.

H. P. M.

The Independent's Symposium.

THE Independent of September 4 contains a remarkable symposium of opinion on the subject of "The Education of the People," in which the school question is discussed in all its phases. We take pleasure in commending the fairness of our esteemed contemporary to Catholics. In reply to the invitation which Cardinal Gibbons received, he politely referred the editor of the Independent to that passage of his book, The Christian Heritage, which treats of the subject of education, and nearly two whole columns of the paper are given to that admirable dissertation. Then follows a translation of the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, occupying three columns. Then an extract from the instruction concerning public schools, addressed to the bishops of the United States by the Sacred Congregation, November 24, 1875, another column. Then, two short extracts from the address of Archbishop Ireland before the Teachers' Convention at St. Paul. Then a letter from Father Nilan on the Poughkeepsie Plan, a full column. He gives, also, Father Young's description of the Paulists' Sunday-school, Father McTighe's account of the failure of his effort in Pittsburgh, over three columns, with several short accounts of compromise arrangements in different places, some of which were successful and some not.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that on such an occasion Catholics could not have presented an undivided front, even as to the best mode of accomplishing the great object they have in view. Still, as we have remarked on a former occasion, the differences of opinion among Catholics will serve to show that they are not governed in all things by an ecclesiastical hierarchy which erects a procrustean bed for all the members of the Church, and either stretches or cuts them off to a precise pattern.

Upon one point, and that is the great essential point in the controversy, they are absolutely at one, and that is the indispensable necessity of religious instruction and discipline in connection with secular studies.

On this point the testimony of some twelve or thirteen of the leading non-Catholic educators and writers on the subject of education, was of the most heterogeneous and oftentimes confused and contradictory character. For instance, W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, makes a long argument to show that the separation of Church and State, in which we are all agreed, implies the separation of the Church and school, and that the teaching of religion in connection with secular studies has a tendency to make children sceptical. This, we think, is very absurd and contrary to the experience of Catholics, at least, however it may be with Protestants. Certainly nothing can have a more powerful tendency to make children sceptical and indifferent to all religion than our secular, godless, public schools.

The Rev. John Jay, of New York, who is the grand corypheus of Anti-Popery agitation in this country, has a characteristic article of several columns the conclusion of which, after showing the dangerous tendency of the Roman Church, is as follows: "The fact that a vast majority of Catholic laymen are in favor of the public schools is one of which our politicians will presently take note, and the more thoroughly the question is examined by the testimony of Roman Catholics themselves, the more clear will it become to the masses that in reference to self-support, mentally, morally, and industrially, politically and socially, the interests of their children are identified with the public school and the elevating and inspiring influences of American civilization." It becomes many of our Catholics to inquire seriously how much truth there may be in this assertion.

But the most tremendous philippic was delivered by Wayland Hoyt, D. D., on the Roman Catholic Hierarchy and the Public Schools, in which he proves by the most irrefragable facts, figures, and reasoning, that the Catholic hierarchy is a tremendous menace to our free Republican institutions and all that kind of bosh. But time and space will not allow us to give a tithe of the curious, vague, and impudent discussion of this burning question of the times with which this symposium abounds. To appreciate it, it must be read, that is, if one has the patience to wade through the slough. We are glad of one thing and that is, that in the midst of this wild waste of prejudice and bigotry there are a few oases of sober, rational, and truly Christian thought where the mind can rest with satisfaction, and to which we hope many wanderers in the desert who have lost their way may be attracted and find that rest and satisfaction which can nowhere else be found. H. L. R.

THEY have a new way of getting up surprise parties in certain parts of Illinois. A resident receives an anonymous letter, stating that a surprise party will be with him on a certain evening. He prepares for it. Nobody comes, and the surprise of the party is complete.

Most Rev. John Pius Leahy, D.D.

Dr. Leahy.

The announcement of the recent death of the venerable Bishop of Dromore, though it comes with pain to Catholic Ireland, will be received without surprise. Dr. Leahy was the oldest bishop in Ireland. He had reached almost the length of years of the late Cardinal Newman, and was born in the second twelve months of the century, before Napoleon I. became Emperor, and while George III. was king. John Pius Leahy was a Corkonian by birth, but was educated as a boy at Bloomfield College, near Merrion, outside Dublin He early manifested a vocation for the ecclesiastical state, and when he was of age to choose, selected the Dominican Order. He was sent to Portugal, and, curious to narrate, he sailed for Lisbon in a boat called after his natal place, "The City of Cork." He was ordained priest in the College of Corpo Santo sixty-five years ago. It was in the year of Catholic Emancipation that Dr. Leahy first revisited his native land; but he returned to the Portuguese College, of which he was Rector till the year of the great famine, when he came back to Cork to abide amongst his own people, as he thought, for the rest of his life. He was then elected Prior and Provincial of the Dominican Order in Ireland, and in this capacity attended the famous National Synod of Thurles. Soon afterward Dr. Leahy was selected as Coadjutor Bishop to Dr. Blake, then reigning in the See of Dromore. He was consecrated Bishop thirty-six years ago by the most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland, whose panegyric he afterwards preached. No more exemplary bishop ever ruled a diocese than the saintly Dr. Leahy. A pulpit orator of high standing, the simplicity of his language rivalled the simplicity of his character. His life, as Bishop of Dromore, has been one holy record of church building, and the erection of monasteries and convents and colleges. He introduced the different religious Orders into his diocese on every available opportunity. Jesuits, Dominicans, Sisters of Mercy, Vincentians, all found a welcome from Dr. Leahy. He was especially attached to the celebrated Father Thomas Burke, the great preacher of his own Order. Dr. Leahy's great age, like that of his predecessor (Dr. Blake), necessitated the choice of a Coadjutor for him some years ago. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Givern, who now becomes Bishop of Dromore, was appointed as his coadjutor.

History of the Carney Hospital.

Andrew Carney.

In the month of March, 1863, the present site of the Carney Hospital on Mount Washington, South Boston, was purchased for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, by the late Andrew Carney. The deed was made out to Sister Ann Alexis who afterwards transferred the property to the corporation.

On the 9th of June, 1864, the first patient was received in an old frame building which was prepared for occupancy. This building soon became inadequate for the good work of the Sisters of Charity, under whom it was directed. Accordingly, by advice and with the expectation of aid, the Lady Superior, Sister Ann Aloisia Reed, made arrangements for the construction of a new brick building on the same lot.

The building as it now stands represents but one wing, and part of the centre of the original plans, and cost $108,423.05. Besides erecting this, the sisters have also added, by purchase, to the original gift two other pieces of real estate, thus giving the hospital a frontage on three streets; namely, Old Harbor, Thomas Park, and National streets.

Standing as it does on the top of Dorchester Heights, made famous by General Washington some hundred and thirteen years ago, it overlooks the whole city and harbor, and presents a magnificent view of the beautiful suburbs of Dorchester and Milton. The pure, invigorating air sweeps up around it from the harbor, and into its windows, on every side, filling the various wards with that which is one of the best of medicines for the sick in mind and body. The view from the upper windows is one of the most commanding to be had anywhere in the city of Boston, and the prospect is a constant source of enjoyment to the sick, and all kinds of sickness (except contagious disease), even chronic cases not admissible into public hospitals, are received into this. Another fact, not known by all, is, that there is positively no exclusion on account of class, creed, or color.

The wards are large, commodious, well ventilated, and sunny, and are kept in the best possible condition. It has also a beautiful little chapel connected with it, for religious services.

Immediately on the completion of the new building, before the expenses of its construction were paid, Mr. Carney, the valuable coun-

sellor of the sisters in their great undertaking, died, and the whole burden of a large debt fell on their shoulders. From that time these good women have labored diligently and untiringly to meet their pecuniary obligations, and, at the same time, minister to the sick within the hospital. Of the women who dedicate themselves to a religious life the sisters of Charity are the most known, yet few persons are aware of the vast amount of work performed by these "daughters of God," as they were originally called by St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of their order, hence the sisters are known as of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, and the principles of simplicity and devotion to the poor which their Master taught are the charities of the sisterhood of the present time.

The usefulness of the Carney Hospital has become so widely recognized, that it is known and appreciated throughout the entire state, and, in its history of twenty-three years there has been an untiring and unflagging work of mercy carried on within its walls, evoking blessings from thousands who have received its treatment, its nursing, its skilled aid in the most delicate and critical cases of surgical operations.

As the hospital has no certain income other than that from private rooms and the board of certain patients, there is a large deficiency unprovided for; and for this the sisters look, under Providence, to the generous men and women of this community. And as in humbly endeavoring to relieve the sick and poor, they ignore any and all distinction, so do they trust that they will receive encouragement, as well as aid, from all those whose aim is to do good to those that suffer.

Nearly every one who reads the above can help forward this great work in some way, and it should be considered by them an actual duty. Let not the sisters' efforts be crippled by the way of finance to continue, or prevent them (by not giving your assistance) from completing the building according to the original plans.

FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL.

ANDREW CARNEY was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1794. He came to this country early in life, and after filling various positions of trust, with satisfaction to others and credit to himself, became associated with Hon. Joseph Sleeper, in the clothing business. This association was continued for several years and resulted most successfully. Few business firms in our city during the last half of a century could show a more honorable business record or one indicative of more commendable enterprise. In his business relation, Mr. Carney was remarkable for punctuality, fidelity, and justice to man. He ever regarded his word with the solemnity of a bond. In these and other respects the charitable and young men could hardly find a better example to imitate. He had a great and charitable heart; to the poor, he never was found wanting, and his memory became a bright, living spot. Poverty, sickness, and suffering excited his tender and generous emotions, and many are those whose pillows he softened in death. His donations to the Carney Hospital, and other charitable institutions

to which he was a generous giver, are familiar to the minds of the charitably disposed of to-day. His purse and hand were equally conspicuous, and his heart as patriotic to further the Irish cause. Mr. Carney retired from active business pursuits about twenty years before he died, having amassed a large fortune. After that time he occupied trusts of responsibility and honor. He also was the first president and one of the most active movers in the Bank of the Mutual Redemption. He died at his residence, 57 Summer street, on the 4th of April, 1864, at the age of seventy years. Had not this generous-hearted man thought of the idea of buying the land and presenting it to the good Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Carney Hospital would not have been in existence. Since then the sisters, with the aid of good and generous friends, have erected the buildings which now stand on the land, and for which they appeal to the public for their patronage, to help pay the debt.

Many people think that the Carney Hospital is an endowed institution; this is an error. In justice to Mr. Carney, his intention was to build the Hospital, and endow the same, but being suddenly stricken down, the codicil in his will was never signed, so that his good inten tion was unfortunately never carried out.

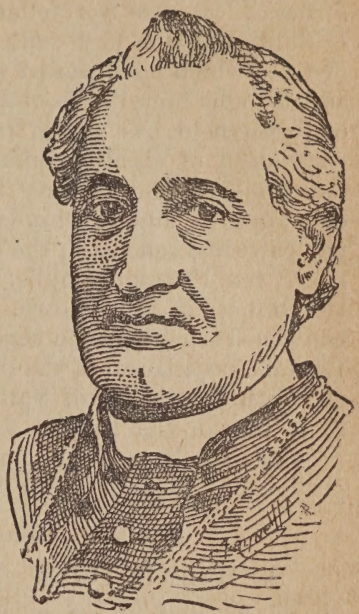
FESTIVAL: URGENT APPEAL! ANOTHER WING.

A FESTIVAL in aid of the new addition to the hospital, will come off at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 29th of October. It will open at ten o'clock in the morning, and close at ten in the evening. We trust the festival will be a great success. The entertainment will be of such a character that at no time during the day, from the opening to the close, will anything be lacking to make it interesting. Many of the parishes in the city will be represented by refreshment tables, and every endeavor is being made to make these an attractive feature of the entertainment.

THERE is no mistaking the *animus* of Education, a monthly magazine conducted with considerable ability, but manifestly with a strong anti-Catholic bias, which never fails to show itself when a favorable occasion occurs. In the number for September, which now lies before us, the editor, speaking in disparagement of the advocates of Christian academies as proper institutions to span the wide space that separates the public school from the college, says: "It is unfortunate that good men, looking only to their own denominational work, should, at such a time as this, when every loyal American citizen should do his utmost to sustain the American public school as against the assaults of the hierarchy of the Papal Church," etc. Again: "The public school system needs all the aid that all good citizens can give it in order to triumph against the open plans of the Roman hierarchy." We are sorry that a magazine claiming the respectability of education should feel it necessary in the prosecution of its high mission to descend to the popular Anti-Popery clap-trap. Of course, the editor has made up his mind that he does not care for Catholic patronage, and we should not be at all surprised if in that respect he should be gratified.

Twentieth Anniversary of the Consecration of Bishop O'Reilly.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1870, — SEPTEMBER 25, 1890.



BISHOP O'REILLY.

TWENTY years ago to-day St. Michael's Church on State street, Springfield, Mass., was the scene of a most imposing ecclesiastical ceremony. The spacious auditorium of the chief place of Catholic worship in that city was unable to contain the clergy and laity who flocked from far and near to witness the elevation of Rev. P. T. O'Reilly to the dignity of the bishopric. The reverend gentleman who was to be so highly honored had then distinguished himself in various fields of Catholic missionary work, particularly in Worcester and Boston, in both of which places he presided over the destinies of large flocks with such untiring zeal and uncommon ability that he was chosen to be the first bishop of the newly erected diocese of Springfield, with the Episcopal See in that city. The venerable Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, — then only an archbishop, — officiated on the 25th of September, 1870, at St. Michael's as the consecrating prelate. Bishop Conroy, of Albany, and Archbishop Williams, of Boston, — then only a bishop, — were the assistant consecrators. Several of the eminent dignitaries of the Catholic Church in this country were present on that solemn occasion to add their customary greeting, "*ad multos annos*," to the newly consecrated prelate.

Twenty years have passed and there is another gathering in St. Michael's Cathedral, with Bishop O'Reilly as the central figure, and he is again the recipient of signal manifestations of love and esteem. Revered and loved throughout his diocese by the priests and laity under his charge, Bishop O'Reilly enjoys the respect of his fellow-citizens to a most enviable degree, and all classes in that city and community unite in extending to him hearty congratulations upon the completion of twenty years of service and cordial good wishes for the future. Bishop O'Reilly is now in his fifty-seventh year. He was born at Kill, county Cavan, Ireland, Dec. 24, 1833. At an early age he came to this country. He pursued a theological course of studies in Baltimore in St. Mary's Seminary, under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers. He was ordained to the priesthood at Castle street Church, Boston, by Bishop Bacon, of Portland, Me., Aug. 15, 1857, and was immediately

assigned to St. John's Church, Worcester, to assist Rev. Father Boyce, the well-known writer, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Paul Peppergrass." In October, 1862, Father O'Reilly was promoted to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, in Boston. In 1864, he returned to St. John's, in Worcester, as successor to Father Boyce. Here the zealous young priest labored until called to assume the more responsible duties of bishop of Springfield diocese. Before his consecration Bishop O'Reilly had won high rank for himself as a pulpit orator, and the two decades which have passed since he took charge of this diocese have added to his fame in this respect. Under his administration the diocese of Springfield has grown from thirty-eight parishes with a Catholic population of eighty thousand, to ninety parishes and a population of one hundred and seventy thousand, and from forty-three priests to one hundred and seventy-eight. Twenty years ago there were but two parochial schools in the diocese and now there are twenty-six, with nearly ten thousand pupils. Forty churches have been dedicated by the bishop in the diocese, an average of two per year, and he has confirmed seventy-seven thousand persons, almost as many as the entire Catholic population of the diocese when he was placed over it. When the Catholic diocese of Springfield was created the territory included in it was in the Boston diocese, and belonged to the ecclesiastical province of New York, but the Springfield diocese is now in the province of Boston, which is in charge of Archbishop Williams.

Exercises at the Cathedral.

St. Michael's Cathedral was the scene of the brilliant ceremonial on the morning of the 25th of September. A few minutes past nine o'clock nearly every seat in the vast auditorium was occupied by worshippers, who had come from nearly every part of the diocese. Not only were Catholics present, but a goodly number of Protestants, who had come to attend the Pontifical High Mass, and to take part in the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the elevation to the episcopate of the venerable bishop. Punctually at half past nine o'clock, a long line of priests took their places in front of the chancel rail. In front of the altar stood Bishop O'Reilly and the attendant priests. It was a singularly impressive scene. As the bishop faced the people clad in his shining robes, the worshippers rose, and the organ pealed out the majestic opening notes of the Kyrie, from Mozart's masterpiece, the "Twelfth Mass." Bishop O'Reilly pontificated, and the assistant priest was the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Griffin, of Worcester. The deacons of honor were Rev. J. J. McDermott, of this city, and Rev. C. E. Burke, of North Adams. The deacon of the Mass was Rev. L. Leduc, of North Adams, and the sub-deacon was Rev. James Boyle, of Ware. The master of ceremonies was Rev. J. J. Fagan, of the Cathedral, and his assistant Rev. M. J. Coyne, of Turner's Falls. The acolytes were Rev. John Galvin, of Leominster, and Rev. Thomas Tyrell, of Warren. The censor bearer was Rev. J. M. Cruse, of North Adams. After the Mass a large crowd of people waited in the Cathedral grounds to bow to the bishop as he passed to his home.

Contrary to expectation, the bishop did not wear his new vestments at Mass.

The Banquet.

After the priests of the diocese had met in the bishop's house, at one o'clock, they adjourned to St. Michael's hall, to enjoy a dinner which had been prepared by William Butler of the Glendower hotel. The dinner won many compliments, and the service gave great satisfaction. Rev. R. S. J. Burke, of Worcester, presided. In addition to those priests who were present at the Mass, there were nearly one hundred from various parts of the diocese and from other dioceses.

After the banquet, Father Burke arose and presented to the Bishop, on behalf of the priests of the diocese, these gifts: Two mitres, one of which is embroidered in gold and has an artistic representation of St. Michael and the dragon, the two pendants bearing representations of the bishop's patron saints, St. Patrick and St. Thomas, and the other in Gothic style; a pastoral staff, or crosier, handsomely adorned with jewels, a pectoral cross, studded with diamonds, with centre stones of emerald; a gold chalice embossed with medallions, and set with precious stones; a gold-plated candle stick; a set of cruets; an episcopal ring of solid gold, with large Oriental amethyst stone in centre, set with diamonds.

Bishop O'Reilly, much moved by these evidences of loyal affection on the part of his priests, touchingly expressed his appreciation.

Addresses were also made by the Rev. Edward Purcell, of Pittsfield, the first priest ordained in the diocese; Mgr. Griffin, of Worcester; President O'Kane, of Holy Cross College; Father Conaty, of the Springfield Cathedral, Father James J. McDermott, Dr. Robinson, and Father Crevier.

The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, vines, and appropriate emblems. Among the Latin inscriptions interspersed among the decorations was one reading: "*XX Anni Deo Laus. XX et Ultra Deo Votum*," — meaning, "We thank God for these twenty years. We pray God that you may be spared twenty and more years to us." A large crayon portrait of Bishop O'Reilly rested upon an easel on the stage at the hall.

Much credit is due to the Cathedral priests, particularly the rector, Father B. S. Conaty, for the success of the celebration.

On the eve of the anniversary the parochial school children of the Cathedral presented the bishop with a library rack for books, an arm-chair, and a roll-top desk in quartered oak.

EVERY economical housekeeper will do her own marketing, keeping a book, which she takes to market, and in which she has the marketman put down what she has bought — the quantity and price — after she has seen the meat cut and weighed and has selected her vegetables. Only those who have tried this way of marketing know how much money is saved by so doing. If you have a good cellar you can afford to buy meat in large pieces, but it is not well to lay in a quantity of vegetables if your family is small.

Notable Conversions in England.

Rev. S. Benson Thorp, B. A., junior curate at St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Sheffield, has seceded from the Church of England and joined the Catholic Church. Mr. Thorp was received by Very Rev. Canon Walshaw. His intention is to become a priest. He will put himself at the disposal of the Bishop of Leeds, Sheffield, being within the diocese of Leeds. Mr. Thorp, in response to a request that he would give his reasons for joining the Catholic Church, made a statement, in which he said:

"There are four notes by which the Church is to be recognized, the first being unity. I can see no theory of unity which will allow of our conceiving the Church of England to be a part of the one church, except such as logically leads to the rejection of the idea of the visible church altogether. There are two theories with regard to God's revelation to man. There is the Catholic theory of a church with a living voice, and there is the Protestant theory of the Bible with every man to interpret it for himself. It seems to me that the latter is shown to be absurd by the experience of the last three hundred years. What finally forced me to join the Church of Rome were some passages in Newman's writings which I accidently came across in reading without any particular intention. Those passages made me feel that, as an honest man, I could no longer retain my position as a clergyman of the church of England."

Rev. Mr. Ommanney, vicar of St. Matthew's, Sheffield, in which the seceding curate officiated, in the course of a sermon at his church, made a bitter attack on Mr. Thorp and on the Catholic Church. Mr. Thorp, replying to him in the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, after disposing of the personal attack, says:

"Mr. Ommanney accuses me generally, in company with all Papists, of moral obliquity approaching to actual dishonesty. I appeal to people in general to acknowledge that, dull as my sense of honor may yet be, I have at least made some advance. I have given up my honorable profession with its sufficient emolument and social advantages; I have cut myself off from old and valued friends; I have alienated my family and ruined a career; I have thrown myself on the charity of strangers, and find myself without a home, income, or profession, at the age of twenty-seven — because I knew that I had lost my confidence in the State Church which gave them to or preserved them for me. And yet Mr. Ommanney dares to accuse me of meanness, duplicity, and what not, because I have not, in the details and circumstances of my action, consulted his convenience — his, who teaches the sacrifice of the Mass after vowing that he believed such things to be 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits' — his, who is the modern representative of the men who hanged Catholic priests in their sacerdotal vestments for the sole crime of offering that holy sacrifice.

"I cheerfully leave the question of whether I am in schism or not to the judgment of the world at large. This letter has run to such a length that I cannot enter into the question of Catholic *versus* Protestant. I desire only to propound this question for those Anglicans who profess that they are Catholics: On what principle of authority can you accept the council of Trent and reject the council of the Vatican?"

Mr. C. Kegan Paul, head of the important firm of publishers, Kegan Paul, French, Truebner, etc., the Liverpool Catholic Times informs us, was received into the Church the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and attended the Requiem Mass and funeral at Birmingham as a Catholic. Though very few knew that he had taken the important step, it was not altogether unexpected.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Stars and Stripes above our Catholic Schools.

By Rev. William P. Treacy.

LET bigots tell their dupes and fools,
We hate our Native Land,
But see, how proud above our Schools
Our starry Banners stand!
We placed them there that all may see,
And learn to know the truth,
That we are friends of Liberty,
And prize it from our youth.

Look, boys, upon that Banner proud,
And learn to love it well,
It may be yet your glorious shroud
Deep in some blood-red dell.
It may be yours to bear it on
Amid the battle's wave,
And win a name like Washington —
"The bravest of the brave."

Your fathers fought and nobly died
To keep that Banner free,
They raised it oft on green hill-side,
And o'er the war-swept sea;
And now in many a churchyard lone,
Above their peaceful graves
The Flag they loved, and called their own,
In honor calmly waves.

Oh, sons of freemen — freemen be,
And never crouch or fear,
Your birth-right is Young Liberty,
Despite the bigot's sneer.
You have a right to take a part
In lifting high your Land,
A right in council, camp, and mart —
A right in all that's grand.

Hold fast and love your Ancient Creed,
Be to it ever true,
But be prepared to fight and bleed
For Freedom's Banner, too.
Let bigots tell their dupes and fools,
You hate your Native Land,
But see, how proud above your Schools
The Stars and Stripes now stand.

Swedesboro, N. J.

Martin's New Skates.

It was Christmas Eve — a bitter, cold day, without even the sun to cheer the gloom that the raw, cold, and black frost had cast over the land. A girl sat near the fire in a shabby room in Queen street, Towerfield, sewing, as fast as her fingers could go, a warm coverlet for somebody's bed. She had nearly finished, when footsteps were heard in the passage outside, and two boys burst noisily into the room.

"Look, I say, Ellie," shouted one. "Grandfather has given us each a pair of skates. Acme, too! — aren't they stunning?"

Both boys laid their skates on the table, for their sister to admire.

"Oh! how lovely!" said Ellie. "You were longing for some skates, weren't you? Father will be pleased, too: he was so sorry he couldn't afford to get skates for you."

"I know: it *was* horrid," said the eldest boy emphatically. "The fellows thought it so awfully odd, our not having any. We will have a lark this afternoon: the canal's frozen as far as Littleworth. Come on, Jack, we must wash our hands for dinner. Why, Ellie, what have you got there?"

"It's a warm quilt for Annie Long. She's very ill, Martin, and it's so cold: they've hardly any fire; and lots of things the doctor says she ought to have, they cannot get for her. She shivers with the cold sometimes; and it's so bad for her."

"Poor little girl," said Martin. "I wish I hadn't spent all my money in Christmas presents; and no chance of any more for a long time. I could get her something then."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jack. "I'll give her my share of pudding — all my dinner, in fact — to-morrow, if that will do her any good."

"She couldn't eat it, Jack dear," said Ellie. "But if I give her the quilt, and I have a little money left, she won't expect anything else."

"Whether she expects it or not, I should like to have it to give," said Martin. "It seems so awfully selfish to have fun and enjoyment ourselves, when there are such a lot of people in bitter pain and suffering and — "

"Oh! come on, Martin, and don't get preachy," interrupted Jack. "Time enough for that when you are a priest."

They ran off up stairs, and were only just in time to get ready for dinner, for their father was very particular about their coming tidy to their meals. He was a doctor, with a not very large practice; and Ellie, who had been housekeeper since her mother's death, found it hard work sometimes to keep things going. There were three little ones, too, younger than Jack, who was twelve, and they all had to be clothed and educated with very little money. Still, Ellie managed wonderfully, at the cost of great self-denial and privation; and her father and the boys never felt the pinch of poverty, except in a case of any little indulgence, such as the present instance of the boys' wanting skates. Luckily, their grandfather was well off, and many a time stepped in, and helped Ellie in time of sorest need.

The boys chattered away to their father all dinner-time about their skates, and the fun they meant to have on the canal. It had been very hard for them since the frost set in: all their schoolfellows had skates, and had been enjoying the fun, while Martin and Jack Ward, the finest and most athletic boys for their age in the school, had been debarred from it all.

Dr. Ward was as pleased as his children, for it vexed him more than they guessed not to be able to give them all the means of enjoyment that their schoolfellows had — especially about the skates — it seemed so unnatural for two boys to be without them.

"Before I come home to tea," he said, "I may have time to drive down to the canal, and have a look at you. You may go now if you like; I see you are dying to be off."

The boys did not hesitate to avail themselves of this permission, and were soon running across the fields that led down to the canal. There were a great many boys on the ice: amongst them was a boy called Philip Archdale, a great chum of Martin's.

"You lucky dog!" he said, coming up to look at the new skates. "Those skates came from town, I know; there's nothing like them in Towerfield. I'd give my old skates and a sovereign in for them, if you gave me the chance."

"No, would you?" said Martin eagerly, a thought flashing into his head. "Do you think they're really worth it?"

"Yes," said Archdale. "Only my skates wouldn't be of any use to you, because they are going to smash. Well, then, I'd give thirty-five shillings."

Martin looked at the crowd of merry skaters and longed to be amongst them. Then he thought of little Annie Long, suffering from cold, and wanting food and medicine to soothe her in pain and sickness.

"Done, Archdale," he said quickly before he had time to repent. He was glad he had done so, for the longing to put on the skates and be off with the other boys rushed back into his heart in all its intensity. However, Archdale gave him no time; he took out his purse, and handed it to Martin to pay himself, and eagerly seized the skates to fasten them on to his own feet.

Martin gave back the purse minus thirty-five shillings, which he put in his waistcoat pocket, and ran off before any one had time to notice him.

He met Ellie at the door with her hat on.

"Martin!" she cried. "Has anything happened? Why are you come home?"

"Come in a minute, and I'll tell you. Look here, Ellie," he said, when they were in the dining-room; "I let Archdale have my skates, and that's for Annie Long," throwing down the money on the table.

"Oh! Martin," said Ellie in astonishment. "And you were so delighted with your skates before. How good of you!"

"Pooh!" said Martin, "I didn't care so very much, after all."

"How delighted her mother will be," said Ellie. "She was crying yesterday, because she had no money to buy Annie wine, which the doctor said she must have. Oh! you dear old boy!"

"Pooh!" said Martin again, he hated being praised. "I say, don't tell any one. I don't want a fuss made about it."

"But what will you say, if papa and Jack ask you where your skates are? And Archdale will tell. You can't keep it secret."

"You need not say what I did with the money, then," answered Martin. "Except father; I suppose he must know."

"Yes," said Ellie. "I will go at once to Mrs. Long."

Jack came in at tea-time with his father, and, of course, began to ask Martin why he had sold his skates.

"He gave the money to me for Annie Long," said Ellie. "It's of no use making faces, Martin. You surely don't mind papa and Jack knowing."

"You can use mine whenever you like," said Jack. "We'll go shares."

"Oh! no," answered Martin. "I couldn't think of doing that. If you'll let me have a go now and then I'll be perfectly satisfied."

More than satisfied was Martin on Christmas morning, when, after serving at Mass, and receiving Holy Communion, he knelt by the representation of the Stable at Bethlehem, and thought, that though he had no rich offerings to lay at the feet of his Infant Saviour, he had given what he prized the most to his dearest Lord for His Birthday gift. For, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, you have done it unto Me."

What, perhaps, was even harder to him than giving up the skates was the daily trial of seeing all the other boys off to the canal, and the hearing their questions and surmises about his selling the skates to Archdale.

When his grandfather heard of it, he offered to buy him another pair, or give him the money. Martin chose the money instead of skates, and gave part of it to Annie Long, and with the other half bought a present for his sister; at the same time begging his grandfather not to tell that he had offered him the skates.

Little did the boys think, when they dubbed Martin Ward "the miser" that he was the most generous and unselfish of them all — that he gave, like St. Martin of Tours, even what most would have deemed necessary to himself. We are not all called (or we are deaf to the call) to serve our Divine Lord in so free-hearted, unrestrained a manner: but we can at least give Him something — some little alms, some act of self-denial, some virtue practised for His dear sake, Who has given Himself for us. Above all we can respond to His loving invitation — so gracious because He has no need of us, but for our own sakes; and we will not let Him plead in vain, when He says, "My child, give Me thine heart." SR. GERTRUDE.

A BOY once complained of his brother for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he is entitled to half, is he not?" "Yes, ma," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

All Saints: All Souls.

Eve of All Souls — De Lamennais on the Dead — The De Profundis of Genius.

ONE evening, on the eve of All Souls Day, the tall woods of La Chenaie were agitated by the wild wind of an autumnal storm. The old place itself was creaking, and the moaning of the storm, along with the beating of the heavy rain upon the window-panes, made upon all an impression of solemnity and awe. Lamennais was sad; he became speechless. Leaving the company of his dear friends he entered his apartments and penned thoughts on the dead, whose feast was to be celebrated the next day by the church. Returning to his disciples he sat among them and holding a sheet of paper still moist with his writing, in the tumult of the furious storm, he read as follows:

They also have passed on this earth, they have descended the river of time; their voices were heard on its shores, and then nothing more was heard from them forever. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

Whilst they were passing, countless vain shadows presented themselves to their gaze; the world, accursed by Christ, showed them its grandeurs, its riches, its pleasures; they saw them, and suddenly could see nothing but eternity. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

Like a ray from above a cross appeared in the distance to guide their course, but not all took notice of that solemn emblem. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

Some were saying: "What are these waves which carry us along? Is there something after this rapid voyage? We know not, no one knows it." And as they said this the banks were already disappearing. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Some also there were in profound reflection who seemed to listen to a secret voice, and then, their eyes fixed upon the West, suddenly they would begin to sing an invisible dawn and a day that knows no end. Where are they? who will tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Carried along pell-mell, young, old, all were disappearing, as a ship is driven by the tempest; one would sooner count the sands of the seashore than the number of those who hurried to pass. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Those who saw them have recorded that a great sadness was in their heart; their breast heaved with sorrow and as if tired of the work of living, raising their eyes to heaven, they wept bitterly. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

From the unknown deep into which flows the river, two voices unceasingly rise:

The one says: "From the bottom of the abyss, I have cried to Thee, O Lord; Lord hear my supplications, lend ear to my prayer. If Thou will mark our iniquities, Lord, who shall stand Thy searching eyes. But with Thee is merciful forgiveness and a full redemption!"

And the other: "We praise Thee, O God! and we bless Thee: Holy, Holy, Holy, the Lord God of Hosts, the heavens and the earth are filled with Thy Glory!"

And soon we shall also go thither, whence issue those lamentations or those songs of triumph. Where shall we be? Who will ever tell us? *Happy are the dead who die in the Lord!*

Feast of All Saints.

For four reasons we celebrate the memory of the saints, that we may honor in them the wonderful works of God, for "God is wonderful in his saints;" that we may consider them as the instruments God used for carrying out his work of salvation of souls; that we may look on them as the temples of the Holy Ghost, who lived upon this earth, and that we may imitate their good works and thus become saints ourselves.

Numberless are the saints and the martyrs, whom the Church proposes to us, that we may honor and imitate them, but they are so numerous, that we cannot celebrate all their memories; but in the Breviary we have the offices of the principal saints of God, whose feast is celebrated on the day of their death.

We celebrate every year the memory of all the saints in one great feast, because they are so numerous that we cannot set apart a day for each one during the year, but on this day we make up all the negligences which we have been guilty of regarding the honor due them, and because by asking the aid of all the saints at the same time, we will be better helped by their united prayer.

The Romans in pagan times had so many gods that they could not dedicate a day of the year to each of them. For that reason Marcus Agrippa built a beautiful temple to the honor of Cybeles, the mother of all gods, which he dedicated to all the divinities of the Roman Empire. For that reason it was called the Pantheon, from two Greek words meaning all the gods. Time passed, and the Romans were converted from paganism to Christianity. Pope Boniface IV. obtained the Pantheon from the Emperor Phoca Cæsar, who, as the successor of Constantine at Constantinople, ruled the Roman Empire. Then the celebrated pagan temple, dedicated to the mother of all the gods and to the false deities of pagan Rome, was dedicated to the Mother of God and to all the martyrs. The feast was celebrated in the month of May, and commanded to be celebrated throughout the whole world by Gregory III.; but by order of Gregory IV. it was postponed until the 1st of November, because the people were accustomed on this day to bring the fruits of the earth to be offered to the Church, and they could more easily get the fruits in the fall than in the spring.

"Is your father a speculator?" queried the first boy, as the two backed up against the gate. "I guess he is," was the answer. "Don't you know?"—"Well, we have got out of paying rent for the last six months, and I guess father is a sort of speculator."

For the Souls in Purgatory.

THE doctrine of Purgatory is founded on Holy Scripture, tradition, and reason.

Pope John XIX. officially fixed the second day of November of each year for the commemoration of all the faithful departed.

They are very few who pass from this life to the judgment of God, pure and free from at least venial sin or the temporal punishment due sin. If this be so only the few will be immediately admitted into the joys of heaven, and the rest after they have been purified. These latter do not deserve hell, and neither is there purification there, so there must be another place where they will remain until purified, and that place is commonly called Purgatory.

"We make offerings for the dead every year," Tertullian testified among the first of the early Fathers of the Church, and others testify the same. The Council of Trent declared that "there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and, above all, by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar." Similar testimony is given of the doctrine by the inscriptions on tombs, monuments, and even by heretics in their first works.

Our Divine Lord says in St. Matt. V. 26, "Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence (the prison) till thou repay the last farthing." This prison is Purgatory, for if it were hell there could be no release from it. "Out of Hell there is no redemption."

Golden Jubilee : St. Matthew's Church, Washington.

THE 21st of September is always a gala-day at St. Matthew's Church, being the patronal feast; but never was the joyous occasion solemnized here with so much pomp and splendor as upon the anniversary just past, that occasion being the golden jubilee of the church. The celebration was one of almost national interest, for St. Matthew's of Washington has long been regarded as the parish of the foreign Catholic legations, and has counted among its parishioners some of the most distinguished citizens of our own and other lands; and the fiftieth anniversary of its dedication brings to mind the marvellous progress of the Church in America during the past fifty years, not only in the old archdiocese of Maryland but throughout our great land.

The corner-stone of the edifice was laid on St. Matthew's Day, 1838, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston; and Rev. Father Ryder, S. J., President of Georgetown College, delivered a very fine oration. There were at that time only three churches within the limits of the district, St. Peter's on Capitol Hill, St. Patrick's in the heart of the city, and Holy Trinity in Georgetown; there are now thirteen churches, a large number of private chapels within the same limits. The hierarchy of the United States in 1838 consisted of one archbishop and thirteen bishops, while the whole country could boast of but four hundred and seventy-eight priests; we now have one cardinal, thirteen

archbishops, sixty-five bishops, five vicars apostolic and one prefect apostolic, besides eight thousand four hundred and sixty-three priests, and nearly twelve thousand altars.

The new church was dedicated two years after the laying of the corner-stone; and being so fortunate as to have all indebtedness paid off within a few years, it was solemnly consecrated on May 15, 1842. It is a plain and, in these days of gorgeous and towering architecture, an humble little edifice, situated in the social centre of the Nation's capital. It is about three minutes' walk from old St. John's Episcopal Church, which for many years was known as the President's Church, being separated from the Executive Mansion only by Jackson square and the lawn in front of the White House, and having numbered several Presidents among its parishioners. Clustered about St. Matthew's are some of the finest old mansions in the city and numerous hotels, the gigantic Shoreham, Vice-President Morton's big hotel, the Normandie, the Arlington, the Ebbitt, Willards', and others, great and small, where army, navy, and official grandees congregate and make Washington for a few short months of the year the gayest city on the continent.

St. Matthew's Church is open all day long, and it is seldom empty. Enter when you will, you will be almost certain to find some devout souls stopping in the midst of the giddy turmoil of fashion, or the endless round of daily toil, to snatch a moment's peace and refreshment at the foot of the altar. The interior of the church, though not fine from an architectural point of view, is very pleasing. Above the sanctuary is a crimson skylight which casts a mellow, ruddy light throughout the building, and the full reflection usually falls above the Tabernacle just about the moment of consecration at the late Mass on Sundays. The sanctuary is beautifully kept, and its ornaments are costly and in exquisite taste.

This church has long been famous for its fine music, and the choir has been for twenty-five years under the leadership of Prof. L. E. Gannon, who seems to have the faculty of securing the best material and managing it with the utmost skill, besides being a fine singer himself.

St. Matthew's has been blessed in the possession of six pastors of zeal, ability, and eloquence. The first was Rev. J. P. Donelan, to whom had been entrusted the task of forming the new parish and building the church. He was assisted by his brother Rev. James Donelan, who succeeded him, and was, in turn, followed by Rev. John B. Byrne. Rev. Charles I. White, D.D., distinguished for his great learning and his literary attainments, was the fourth pastor.

Rev. Francis E. Boyle, then pastor of St. Peter's, was appointed to succeed Dr. White. Perhaps no priest in the city was ever more universally beloved than Father Boyle. Genial, kindly, witty, overflowing with "the milk of human kindness," he was fairly overwhelmed at times by the crowds of lowly and destitute who besieged his doors. He died in March, 1882, and his funeral was one of the saddest ever witnessed in St. Matthew's. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons delivered

a most beautiful and touching discourse upon this occasion; and many were the sorrowful hearts who thronged the church to pay a last tribute of respect to the beloved pastor and friend.

Rev. Father Boyle was succeeded by Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., one of the ablest clergymen of the archdiocese, who has conducted the affairs of the parish with consummate skill and prudence; but who, to the sorrow of his parishioners, is about to be removed from their midst to take a position in the hierarchy of America, in a distant Territory of the West.

St. Matthew's has been the scene of many notable ceremonies, some of them of national importance. The Jubilee of Pope Pius IX. was observed there with unusual solemnity and magnificence, as was the requiem of King Alfonso, of Spain.

The funeral of General Sheridan in August, 1888, called together the most distinguished assemblage ever gathered within these consecrated walls. President Cleveland and the ladies of his family were there; the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, the Army and Navy, the House and Senate, were well represented, and all were charmed and edified by the grand yet simple service, and the funeral discourse preached by the Cardinal. The arrangements were carried out with the most perfect order. The requiem was intoned by the Dominican Fathers; the choir of the church rendering appropriate selections. The funeral was, of course, a military one; the coffin was borne from the church upon the shoulders of artillery sergeants to the caisson upon which it was conveyed to the tomb; and all the accessories of the burial were in keeping with the solemn services commenced in the church.

A few months later, Mrs. Coppinger, the daughter of the Secretary of State, was buried from St. Matthew's, and the occasion, though not accompanied by the pomp and grandeur of the obsequies of the General of the Army, drew to the church the same throng of executive, judicial, and legislative notables.

The golden jubilee was observed in a manner befitting the history of the church. It was but right that the most costly ornaments should be used, the most solemn and inspiring ceremonies and the grandest music should be called forth to express the love and gratitude of her children. It was fitting that the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore should honor with his presence the golden jubilee of the church which was founded, blessed, and consecrated by his saintly predecessor. It was most appropriate that the jubilee sermon should have been preached by the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., who now presides so ably and acceptably over the institution then governed by the gifted and eloquent Father Ryder, S. J.

Father Richards commenced his discourse by alluding to the many sacred memories associated with the church where the Christian receives the spiritual birth of an everlasting life; where he is made a child of God and heir to the kingdom of Heaven; where he brings his chosen bride to receive the blessing of Heaven upon his marriage; where he is fed with the bread of angels; and where he will be brought when his earthly

pilgrimage is ended, as his fathers have been brought, for the last blessing over his lifeless remains. From the cradle to the grave, the ministrations, the sacraments of the church enter his life to refresh, to strengthen, and to save.

Father Richards then referred to the saintly, zealous pastors of St. Matthew's who are now no more, and alluded to the shadow of sorrow now cast upon the parishioners by the approaching departure of their present pastor. Then gradually breaking away from memories and feelings thus evoked, the preacher soared into a wider and loftier plane of thought, and spoke of the Universal Church, and of the Blessed Sacrament as the great principle of life and perpetuity in that body, the centre and vivifying sun around which all religious mysteries revolve; and he showed how all the figures by which the Church of God is represented in the Old Testament are fulfilled in this perpetual dwelling of God with us.

It would be impossible to reproduce in a mere synopsis the logical beauty of Father Richards' discourse, which was listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation. The altar was decorated with leaves and fruit of the grape in red and gold; spreading palms reared their graceful heads on every side, and the whole church was redolent with the perfume of flowers which adorned the sanctuary. The Cardinal celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and the ceremonies were very grand and imposing. The choir rendered a fine programme selected from different composers, including Mercadante, Gounod, Diabelli and others, the beautiful *Veni Creator* being the composition of the veteran leader of the choir. Accustomed as the frequenters of St. Matthew's are to fine music, they were enraptured with its surpassing beauty on this occasion.

After the conclusion of the morning services, the Cardinal, with twenty-two of the clergy of the city, dined at the pastoral residence. The celebration of the day ended with Solemn Vespers in the afternoon. Thus amid the grandest ceremonies of the church, and anthems of joy and gratitude, St. Matthew's was fairly ushered into the second half-century of her useful and glorious career.

Washington, D. C. AGNES HAMPTON.

Acolytes who Serve at Mass.

IN our days this office is imposed on boys and common persons, while, in truth, the highest crowned heads are not worthy of the honor. St. Bonaventure called this an angelic office, since during the holy sacrifice many angels are, in fact, present, who serve God at that sacred function.

The glorious St. Mechtilde once saw the soul of a poor lay brother robed in marvellous splendor, because he had exercised his zeal in serving as many Masses as he could with a perfect diligence and attention.

St. Thomas Aquinas, who was the sun of the theological schools, well understanding the hidden treasure involved in this office of serving at Mass, was not satisfied after celebrating as priest unless he served at another Mass.

Mothers — Children.

From the Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.

How few children — including the grown-up ones — think of the debt they owe their mothers! All mothers live for their children, make untold self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely, that the name "mother" is the sweetest in the human language.

Many a poor mother in an humble cot, with no money nor position, has struggled hard to feed and clothe her little ones, to train them to be an honor to their country and a blessing to the world. Most of our useful, prominent men came from such homes. Our church-yards are full of such sleeping mothers, whose hands are folded over their breasts. No worldly eye ever saw the records of their lives. No tall monuments and high-sounding epitaphs mark their resting-places.

And yet sons and daughters, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the sleepless nights, and the painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold.

As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her room, she weighs well the words which she will address her son to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she may say too much. She tries to charm him with gentle love, while her heart is bleeding.

No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character and piety were so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy.

What a responsibility rests upon the mothers of this country!

There may be many mothers who do not fully appreciate the duties which devolve on them as mothers.

They should train their children, from their earliest age, to live for some noble aim in life; girls, as well as boys, should be taught to have higher aspirations than merely existence and to dress well.

Life is too short to be spent in accumulating the things of this world alone, they must perish; time does permit the wasting of hours in the pursuit of fashion and gayety, to the neglect of the nobler aims of life. What we sow now we shall reap hereafter.

Heaven gives to all mothers the grace and strength sufficient to fulfil their responsible duties, that their influence for good may be felt from generation to generation. Sons and daughters, do your utmost to smooth your mother's pathway through life, by obeying implicitly her wishes and attending to the advice she gives you. Omit nothing that will give her peace, rest, and happiness in this world, for even when all this is done, you will yet part from her, at the tomb, with the debt to her not half discharged.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE is as much necessity to have the schoolrooms in good condition for the children as there is for the children to live in them or be there. The reason is very plain, if the schoolrooms are unhealthy, the children will be unhealthy; and, if the schoolrooms are healthy, then the cause of any disease or sickness among the children must be looked for elsewhere.

PARENTS should not humor their children and send them to another school, when they have failed in their examinations and have not been promoted to higher classes. If they do so, they may expect that their children will never receive a proper education.

IT is a common fault with children to attribute their failure in studies to their teachers. Wise parents will correct their children whenever they hear them complain of their teachers; and make them understand that the teachers actually take the place of the parents in the schoolroom, and that they are to be respected and obeyed there in everything.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS should not be expected to do what is impossible or what is equivalent, to make naturally dull children smart. That they are expected to do so is no common occurrence; and very often it is the reason why senseless parents remove their children from the schools and send them elsewhere.

BEFORE parents consent to remove their children from one school to another for any grievance, they should learn from the teachers of the children or the superintendents of the school, the true cause of their children's dissatisfaction with the school. Then they will be sure that they will make no mistake in the disposition they will make of their children's education.

IT is not unusual for Catholic parents to take their children from Catholic schools and send them to the public schools, for very trifling causes. They cannot do this in conscience, although they may try to convince themselves that they can. The reason of this is plain by this time to every Catholic parent; Catholic children must be sent to Catholic schools. This is the command of the Catholic Church, and she must be obeyed to please her Divine Founder.

THE right place for a Catholic father and mother to send their children to, is the Catholic school. There their religion will not be misrepresented, and there they will be instructed in their faith. Our Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, the bishops and the clergy of the entire world say that these Catholic schools are the only places for Catholic children to receive their education, and that the father and mother, claiming to be a Catholic, is a poor and miserable Catholic who will send a Catholic boy or girl to schools where they may be certain, if they do not lose their faith, that they will, at least, have it weakened.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

WE direct attention to the extracts from the works of the late lamented Cardinal, commenced in this month's MAGAZINE. They will be continued in several issues.

THE CONSECRATION of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem, Mass., took place on Sunday, October 5. Most Rev. Archbishop Williams was the consecrator, assisted by several of the clergy. There were present Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, bishop of Springfield; Rt. Rev. M. Harkins, bishop of Providence; Rt. Rev. J. A. Healy, bishop of Portland; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, of Worcester, and a large number of the clergy. Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy preached. Of the bishops and clergy who took part in the Mass, every one had been either a communicant in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, or had been connected with the priesthood of the church.

THE reception given to Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, on his arrival from Europe, was worthy of him and of the people who took part in it.

The Centenary of Father Mathew.

THE CELEBRATION of the centenary of the birth of Father Mathew was observed not only in Ireland, but in every country of the world, where resides the sons and daughters of Ireland. In Boston the procession was large and respectable. It was reviewed by the Archbishop and clergy at the episcopal residence. We direct attention to the article of Archbishop Ireland, on Father Mathew, in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM says it is never an unseasonable time to pray.

MR. CHARLES B. MCCORMICK, of Boston, and Miss Clotilde C. Ober, daughter of Mr. Louis C. Ober, were recently married in St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, by Rev. Lawrence J. O'Toole. Mr. Charles Carroll was best man, and Miss Grace McCormick, sister of the groom, maid of honor. After the ceremony, which was private, a reception was held at Islington, Mr. Ober's summer residence, at which the immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick are now on their wedding tour. On their return they will reside on Highland avenue, Roxbury.

RIGHT REV. J. J. KEANE arrived at Washington, D. C., on September 24, and proceeded at once to the University. His health is fully restored after his summer's travel to Europe.

MR. THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS' illustrated lecture on the Passion Play is attracting large audiences wherever given. Recently, at Jamaica Plain, Mass., the large parochial hall was overcrowded, and hundreds of people turned away.

REV. JOHN J. MCCOY, of Westb ro', Mass., has been offered a chaplaincy in the regular army, although there are over four hundred applications for such a position. The offer is under advisement. The field of a chaplain's duty is a wide, hard, and disagreeable one. The salary is $1,500, with an allowance for rations, horse, fodder, and two servants, and the chaplain ranks as first lieutenant in command.

AUGUST, 1887 AND 1888. — Any of our subscribers having these numbers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will receive a book worth fifty cents on receipt of them.

Haunted by Awful Spectre of Famine.

AMERICAN FRIENDS APPEAL FOR MONEY, CLOTHING, AND PROVISIONS.

THE most trustworthy information from public and private sources in all parts of Ireland is to the effect that the complete failure of the potato crop makes another great famine in that most unfortunate of lands practically inevitable. The point of actual suffering from hunger has not yet been reached, but the days of starvation, unless help comes, are not far off.

In the last great famine, 1878-79, the Irish leaders, Parnell, Davitt, and the others who voiced the country's appeal for food, pledged themselves never again to appear as supplicants before the world on behalf of starving Ireland. So no appeal has been sent out, and probably none would come from that source until the situation became desperate and it became no less than criminal any longer to withhold it.

A movement is on foot among well-known men, not connected with any Irish societies or political bodies, to bring to the attention of America the appalling calamity which now threatens Ireland, before actual death from hunger has claimed any victims. Several meetings have already been held.

It has been decided to organize under the name of the American Committee for the Relief of Famine in Ireland. It is proposed to make its work cover both North and South America.

The *personnel* of the committee is as follows:

Chairman — Gen. James Grant Wilson.

Honorary Chairmen — Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, Hon. Grover Cleveland.

Vice-Chairmen — James Redpath, George Ehret, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, James Phillips, Jr.

Honorary Vice-Chairmen — Hon. F. P. Olcott, Chauncey M. Depew, William P. St. John, Henry Rocholl, T. S. Bullock, Beverley Chew, Cyrus W. Field, Morris K. Jesup, Elbridge T. Gerry, Hon. John Jay, Maj. William S. Beebe, Robert Bonner, Hon. Charles P. Daly.

Treasurer — The New York Sun.

Secretary — Arthur Dudley Vinton.

Executive committee — Gen. James Grant Wilson, W. M. Laffan, James Redpath, George Ehret, A. D. Vinton.

The Sun and Press in New York, the Public Ledger in Philadelphia, and the Globe in Boston have consented to publish the names of contributors.

The following firms and corporations have been, or will be, requested to receive money contributions: August Belmont & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co., Emigrant Industrial Savings Institution the German-American Bank, the Central Trust Company, of New York, the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, the Sun, the Press, and the Mail and Express, of New York, and the Globe, of Boston.

The proposed auxiliary sub-committe are:

Sub-committee on transportation — Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, Samuel Sloan, R. M. Olyphant, James M. Maxwell, George B. Roberts, Charles P. Clark, John King.

Sub-committee on provisions — H. K. Thurber, Acker, Merrall & Condit, Park & Tilford, Armour & Co., Milton Robbins.

Sub-committee on clothing--Miles O'Brien Rogers, Peet & Co., Brokaw Brothers, Brooks Brothers, Devlin & Co.

Sub-committee on seeds — J. J. H. Gregory, Peter Henderson & Co., James M. Thorburn & Co.

Sub-committee on medicines — Dr. T. G. Thomas, Dr. Francis M. Markoe, Dr. Charles McBurney, Dr. Richard M. Derby, Dr. John C. Jay, Jr., Dr. Andrew J. McCosh, Dr. Virgil Thompson, Dr. Amory Chapin, William H. Schieffelin, Esq., Francis R. Arnold, Esq.

Sub-committee on publications —Rossiter Johnson, A. D. Vinton, John D. Champlin, Jr., Oliver H. Perry, Stephen Fiske, John La Farge, Robert J. Belford, I. M. Gregory, H. C. Bunner, Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, J. S. Ogilvie, Gen. Donn Piatt, B. O. Flower, William S. Walsh.

Legal advisers — Joseph H. Choate, Burton N. Harrison, Bourke Cochran, Arthur Dudley Vinton, Henry E. Howland, Hon. Rufus W. Peckham, John G. Agar. William Cary Sanger, Hon. Noah Davis, Hon. Henry M. Hoyt, Hon. C. Meyer Zulick, F. R. Coudert, Julian T. Davies, Hon. Charles P. Daly, Hon. John R. Brady, William F. Howe, M. C. Milnor.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

The President of the United States.

The vice-president of the United States.

The chief justice and justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The governors of the States.

The mayors of cities.

The reverend clergy.

There may be from time to time changes in this *personnel*, and any person willing to become a member of

the committee is requested to notify the secretary.

The committee has issued the following appeal:

To the People of America.

Beyond the sea a nation shudders in the shadow of an impending calamity. Once again the awful spectre of famine haunts the Irish people. In their extremity they turn their eyes westward to where a great and free nation dwells in prosperity. The generosity of the American people alone stands between the Irish and starvation.

The American committee for the relief of famine in Ireland appeals for money, clothing, and provisions. The American committee appeals to every one, irrespective of race, religious faith, or political affiliations. Our brothers and sisters of the human race in Ireland will taste the bitterness of death unless we speedily send them aid from America.

There have been famines before in Ireland, and the golden stream of American generosity has always then alleviated human suffering; but always too, unfortunately, the noble charity of America has reached its destination too late to save many precious human lives, and awful suffering has been endured by the waiting people. To prevent the terrible consequences of delay the American committee appeals now for immediate assistance.

The Irish leaders pledged themselves and their people in 1880 never again to appeal to America for aid in time of famine. If their tongues and pens are silent now it is only because they recognize the sanctity of pledges then given, not because their need is not great. But the privilege of giving is none the less ours, and the duty of aiding our starving brothers is none the less imperative.

During the month of last August there was among the Irish farmers and people generally a great anxiety in regard to the potato crop. Unfortunately, the worst fears have been realized. The potato rot, or blight, has spread through all parts of Ireland. In West Cork the yield is below the average; in the poorer districts of the west — in the counties of Donegal, Clare, Mayo, Galway, and Kerry — the crop is a total failure.

The potato has been cultivated in Ireland since its introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh. It had become the principal food of the people as early as the end of the seventeenth century. When Chief Baron Rice went to London from Ireland in 1688 to urge the claims of the Irish people upon James II., the hostile populace escorted him in mock state with potatoes stuck on poles. It seems to have been about this time that the people multiplied their potato plats to the detriment of all other kinds of food products; and since then the potato has been almost the

Sole Food of the Peasantry,

and any deficiency in the potato crop has caused widespread suffering.

A people whose ordinary food is meat, maize, and wheat, and whose ordinary drink is tea, coffee, or beer, can retrench in periods of scarcity and resort to cheaper kinds of food, such as barley, oats, rice, and potatoes, with water as a beverage; but a people who feed entirely and habitually on potatoes, live upon the extreme verge of human subsistence, and when they are deprived of their accustomed food there is nothing cheaper to which they can resort — beyond them there is nothing but starvation. This is the case with the peasantry in the west of Ireland, and this is the reason why the failure of the potato crop causes such widespread and awful suffering in that country.

Examples of the distress which the failure of the potato crop entails upon the Irish people might be numbered in the thousands. The Irish famines of 1846–47 and 1879–80 provoked an extraordinary outburst of human sympathy, without limit of race, or creed, or distance; by the force of which the calamity was broken.

But the Irish people had measured the depths of human misery before the sympathy of their fellow-beings could reach them.

Shall these things happen again?

Shall starving people be left to sound the depths of awful woe?

If not, there must be no delay in extending aid. It will not do to wait until the Irish people have proved the existence of famine by dying by scores for lack of food.

Shall men fall dead upon the public highways because Americans have said: "We will give relief next month, but not now?"

Shall children die, wailing with hunger, and skeleton babies suck in vain at the breasts of mothers dead or dying of starvation, because Americans have said: "We will give by and by? It is too soon now to give?"

The American committee appeals to every one — to every man, woman, and child — irrespective of race, religious belief, and political affiliation. Let those in happy homes where plenty reigns remember the Irish households where the grim spectre of famine is a constant dweller. Let those who have never known the extremity of hunger remember those who starve. There is no time to spare — no time to delay.

Contributions of money may be remitted direct to the Boston Daily Globe. Contributions of provisions and clothing will be cared for if notification is given to Arthur Dudley Vinton, the committee's secretary, care of the New York Press.

Important from Ireland.

DUBLIN, Oct. 6, 1890. The conference of the Irish Nationalists called by Mr. Parnell, was held in this city to-day. Part of the business of the conference was the selection of a deputation to visit America, for the purpose of laying before the people of that country a plain statement of the situation of affairs in Ireland. Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Thomas Power O'Connor, Timothy Sullivan, and Abraham Gill were appointed to form the deputation.

Mr. Justin McCarthy moved the adoption of four resolutions, all of which had previously been submitted to Mr. Parnell. The first of these pledges the fullest support of the national league to the tenants who are threatened with ruin in consequence of the course adopted by the government and landlord syndicates.

The second resolution demands that certain distressed districts in the southern and western part of Ireland be given special consideration by the government, and that measures be taken at once for the relief of the inhabitants. The government is called upon to inaugurate a series of public improvement for the purpose of giving employment to the people and enabling them to support themselves without charitable assistance.

The third resolution condemns, in emphatic terms, the conduct of the government in causing the arrest of Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon, and the other Nationalist leaders arraigned at Tipperary.

The fourth resolution says that the Nationalist party is compelled by circumstances to make an appeal to its friends everywhere in behalf of the Irish tenants, and it looks especially to its friends in America to subscribe generously for the defence of a distressed people. This appeal, the resolution says, is made most unwillingly, but the desperate strait in which the Irish tenants are now placed makes it absolutely necessary that assistance should be asked from friends and sympathizers throughout the world.

Mr. O'Connor, in moving the first resolution, congratulated the party upon the recovery of Mr. Parnell from an illness which at one time threatened to be mortal, and to paralyze the whole future of the Irish cause.

Mr. Redmond, in moving the second resolution, paid high tribute to the generosity of Ireland's American friends. But he pointed out that such a movement as the famine fund would not be unattended with danger. In too many cases this generosity simply had the effect of filling the coffers of Irish landlords. If Irishmen did their duty to themselves, and the Parnellites were able, as he believed they would be, to force the government to do a small part of their duty, it would be possible to tide over the coming distress without the humiliation and shame of again appealing to the charity of the world. No Irishman can read of American sympathy untouched. No people in the world have such reason to be grateful to America as the Irish people. Therefore, it behooves the Irish leaders to point out to the Americans that the money and subscriptions in the past served more to fill the coffers of the landlords than for the object intended by the generous donors.

Mr. Parnell was not at the meeting. His health, however, is improving.

Emigration Into Canada.

A MORNING contemporary leads to the conclusion that Canada is ready to welcome as settlers the Jews which Russia proposes, if not to expel, at least to severely curtail in liberty, and, to use a local political term, "hive." It would be well, perhaps, for Canada (observes the Montreal True Witness) not to be too ready to accept with open arms the residuum of other nations; and it is, or ought to be well enough known, that the poor Jews of Russia are no better a class than the abject paupers of other races and nations. The rich ones, who have fed on and drawn the life out of Russian Poland, will not come here. A Canadian government has already made one mistake in connection with the Mennonites. At present the Mormon cloud is still lowering. The Dominion Government will do well to pause before they encourage this kind of settlement. The promotion of a promiscuous emigration may have had a temporary and stimulating effect on the expansion of the United States, but it has sown the seed of disruption. Canada has learned a good deal from the United States as to what she ought to avoid so far as her political constitution is concerned. In her immigration policy the neighboring republic has, indeed, been a "caution," to use the graceful phraseology of her people. We hope Canada will be cautioned accordingly.

Chaplain of the A. O. H.

BISHOP FOLEY, of Detroit, Mich., has been appointed chaplain of the A. O. H. of the United States. The Bishop has for some time been an active member of the order. He is the first national chaplain they ever had, says The Catholic News.

THE town commissioners of Tuam, Ireland, have unanimously resolved to print all the advertisements issued under their authority in the Irish, as well as in the English, tongue. There are in the districts in which the local journals circulate very many Irish-speaking people.

ARTHUR J. STACE, professor of Civil Engineering at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., died on September 25. He achieved distinction both as a litterateur and mathematician. He was one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1889.

The Father Mathew Church.

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW, O.S.F., who came to this country several months ago for the purpose of giving a series of lectures in aid of the Father Mathew Memorial Church in Cork, Ireland, sailed for home on the *Arazona* on the 30th of September. Father Mathew gave lectures throughout New England, as well as in New York and Brooklyn. He then went on a visit to friends in San Francisco, and while there he addressed a large audience. Father Mathew said that he realized about six thousand dollars, which was far less than he anticipated. Father Mathew said that he had been received courteously by the prelates and priests of the United States, but that, from his experience, he felt certain that the lecture field in this country had been overdone to such an extent, that when a lecturer with a worthy object and really good subject came and essayed to gain a footing, the people turned their backs upon him, thinking that he was like all the others. He said also that the temperance cause was sadly in need of something that would rouse its adherents from their lethargy. There was a large field and plenty of work for the temperance people, and they ought to be able to do good service.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is in the country, and has made up his mind not to return to Paris till late in the autumn. He is employing every available moment in the completion of his "Memoirs." These will be ready this year, but they are not for the public. Passages have been read to several intimate friends, but very little is likely to leak out. Six copies only will be made—one for the Marshal, one for the Marechale, and one for each of their four children.

UP to the day of his last attack of illness Cardinal Newman swept the floor of his cell and made his own bed every day. It is the rule of the Oratorians and he sought no exemption.

EMIGRATION from Ireland still continues at the rate of over seventy thousand persons a year. There was, however, a drop from nearly seventy-nine thousand in 1888 to 70,477 in 1889. The decrease is principally in the emigration from Ulster. The loss of population there by emigration is less by four and a half thousand than in 1888. There is in Connaught also a diminution of over two thousand in the number of emigrants. Leinster emigrants numbered a thousand fewer than in 1888, whereas Munster emigration is nearly stationary, 27,404 last year, as compared with 27,719 in 1888. That province furnishes by far the largest proportion of emigrants. Nearly eighty per cent. of Irish emigrants are between fifteen and thirty-five years of age when they leave Ireland.

A Remarkable Statement.

FROM Lourdes we (Irish Catholic) receive the following intelligence, which we publish with all reserve: Cardinal Lavigerie, who has just left, has spoken of a royal pilgrimage to the grotto of which the public had no knowledge. It appears that in the household of the Prince of Wales a lady of the highest rank believes herself indebted for a great favor to Our Blessed Lady, and that she has promised a visit to Lourdes as an act of thanksgiving. Some time ago in an audience with the Prince, Monsignor Lavigerie had a conversation with the heir to the Crown of England: "Your Eminence, will you conscientiously tell me if the priests, the guardians of the Sanctuary at Lourdes, are in good faith in their recital of the cures which they declare to have witnessed, and if one can trust their words?"—"Your Royal Highness," answered the Cardinal, "I vouch for the guardians of the grotto; as for myself, I have ascertained with my own eyes certain marvels which have been worked in this blessed place."—"In that case," answered the prince, "there only remains for me to go to the grotto, but I shall do so in the strictest incognito." This visit has taken place without doubt, but the secret has been kept until now.

A PHYSICIAN recommends a cup of hot bouillon or hot milk, sipped slowly, but while still hot, before going to bed, as a better sleep-inducer than all the opiates in the pharmacopœia. To give this remedy its utmost potency, however, no food should be taken with it, not even a tiny wafer, and the liquid should be sipped as hot as it can be borne.

Davitt's Newspaper.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—Michael Davitt's newspaper, the Labor World, is already an assured success. It is many years since any paper has made so pronounced an impression in so short a time. As a proof of this it is stated on the best authority that nearly three hundred thousand copies have been sent into circulation this week. Mr. Davitt is exceedingly pleased at the success of his venture, and the extracts from the papers which have been published in America. The sensation caused by his promised disclosures has been a fruitful topic of conversation at the clubs, and the general impression is that he has the means of proving his position.

THE Cosmopolitan Magazine is among the best of our monthlies. Captain Charles King, who recently visited St. Paul and Minneapolis for the Cosmopolitan, has prepared for that monthly an illustrated article entitled "Twin Cities of the Northwest," which will prove interesting reading, not only to the citizens of these two cities, but also to a great number of readers scattered throughout the country, who have watched with astonishment the marvellous growth of these towns.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Association of Boston College.

THE Young Men's Catholic Association, of Boston College, is about to celebrate the anniversary of its organization. Fifteen years ago Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College, called for a meeting of the young men of Boston, to organize a society that would afford them a place for innocent amusement and recreation, and at the same time free them from the numerous snares that beset the youth of a city. This society was the result. On this occasion they will also celebrate the completion of their new building. The lecture course, which was started about ten years ago, has done much to increase the society's popularity. The committee who have this in charge have already held several meetings. Mr. Daniel P. Toomey, the chairman, is negotiating with ex-President Grover Cleveland and Gov. David B. Hill, of New York.

At the October meeting, evening of the 7th, Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., the founder and honorary president of the association, addressed the members on the successful accomplishment of the end for which he instituted the society. After exhorting all to make individual sacrifices for the general good, he concluded with the announcement that he was about to depart for a time to recuperate his health, and that the only matter that delayed his departure was the long-expected event of October 15.

Daniel P. Toomey, for the committee on amusements, announced that the winter course of lectures would open on Oct. 28, and that, during the six evenings, such well-known persons as Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Thomas Harrison Cummings, Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic Univessity, James Jeffrey Roche, of the Pilot, Prof. J. J. Hayes, of Harvard College, Mrs. Mary E. Blake, Katherine E. Conway, Mabel Louise Fuller, and Sig. Augusto Rotoli would appear.

COL. JOHN WARREN, No 4 State street, Boston, is selling more real estate than any other man in the line, in his neighborhood, at the present time. Success to him.

THE festival of the exaltation of the Holy Cross was celebrated at the Cathedral in Boston, with great solemnity, on the 14th of September. There are very few, if any, of those living that worshipped at the old Cathedral of the Holy Cross in old Franklin street.

WE announce with great regret the sudden death of Mr. Marum, M.P. The deceased was attending Mass at Listowel recently, and during the service was seized with what seemed to be a fainting fit. He was removed by some friends to the police barrack close by, and expired almost immediately afterwards. Mr. Marum, although seventy years of age, was as lithe, vigorous, and active as many men of forty, and, so far as appearance indicated, was a man who had many years of life before him. A graduate of the London University, and a member of the Irish Bar, he resided permanently at Ballyragget, where he had property. He was always more or less in politics, and took an active part in the tenants' movement in the South of Ireland. He entered Parliament for the first time in 1880, when he became a follower of Mr. Parnell, and, although the pace was sometimes too fast for him, it is to be said of him that he remained to the end a loyal and honest member of the Party. The suddenness of his death will cause a painful shock among his colleagues.

Arrest of Irish Leaders.

THE unexpected arrest of John Dillon and William O'Brien, on the charge of inciting the people not to pay rent, in view of the terrible famine with which they are threatened, is still the talk in England and Ireland. These arrests have been supplemented by those of Mr. Patrick O'Brien and Mr. Dalton, both members of Parliament, and Mr. John Cullinane. Speculation is rife as to the result of this action on the part of the government, and the way in which it will affect the liberty of these gentlemen. The universal opinion is that if they should be unlucky enough to be found guilty, they will, without doubt, receive a very heavy sentence, and in that case will be unable to keep their American engagements.

ARCHBISHOP PETER RICHARD KENRICK, of St. Louis, who is mentioned in cable dispatches as to be one of the three English-speaking Cardinals soon to be created by the Pope, is the oldest member of the hierarchy in America. He was born in Dublin on Aug. 17, 1806, and is, therefore, more than eighty-four years old. He is still able, however, to direct alone the affairs of his diocese. He came to the United States in 1833, and labored for eight years in the diocese of Philadelphia, rising to the dignity of vicar-general. He was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, in 1841, and succeeded the latter, on his death in 1843. He was made an archbishop in 1847. He has taken part in three plenary councils at Baltimore, and in the Vatican council. Archbishop Kenrick is called "The Grand Old Man of the American Hierarchy." Archbishop Francis Kenrick, of Baltimore, who died in 1843, was his brother.

MATTIE BOND — What do you regard as the best time for marriage? INA HOLE — As soon as possible after the proposal!

THE formal declaration that the New York Central strike is off adds one more to the sadly extended list of great strikes that failed. Thoughtful labor leaders are becoming convinced that the strike itself, as a weapon for obtaining labor's rights, is a failure. It generally costs too much and is too seldom successful. There must be other and better ways, says the Boston Daily Globe.

THE North-Western Witness is the name of a new Catholic paper recently started in Duluth, Minn. Dr. Thos. O'Hagan has assumed the editorship of the paper. He was formerly connected with the Toronto Catholic Review. The Doctor has contributed to our MAGAZINE both in prose and poetry. We have no doubt the new paper will succeed under his control. The paper has our best wishes.

Miss Mollie O'Brien.

THE Chicago Citizen: Miss Mollie O'Brien, daughter of the late Hon. W. W. O'Brien, has been appointed superintendent of the Peoria County public schools, by Governor Fifer. It was a graceful act on the part of the governor. Miss O'Brien is a young lady of fine presence and of many accomplishments. She brings to the office much of the inherited ability of her distinguished father, and her appointment is a source of gratification to her many friends in this city and elsewhere.

Gen. Collins Speaks.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the New York World has interviewed Gen. Collins on the political situation of Massachusetts, with the following result: "The conditions for the election of Russell as governor of Massachusetts are as favorable to-day as they were for Gaston in 1874, or for Butler in 1882," said Gen. Patrick A. Collins, in the St. James Hotel. "The normal Republican majority was much larger then than now. In 1868 it was seventy-seven thousand, and in 1888 six thousand. Nine of every ten naturalized citizens, and three of every four young men coming of age, are voting the Democratic ticket. At the coming election we expect to gain two congressmen. As for the force bill, it is dead. The action of the Republicans on that bill is going to result in Democratic victories this fall. I shall never return to Congress; no, not even if they brought me the nomination on a salver of silver and with the salary increased three times. I am now leading a rational life and am happy."

Attention, Subscriber!

Look at that little yellow label that is stuck on the outside wrapper of your magazine. You will thereon see a date; that date signifies the time you have paid up to; from that time to the present you owe for the MAGAZINE. Don't say you "don't know how to send it," for you must know from all the bills that have been sent you. Don't say "I never ordered it, after taking it for a year or more." That isn't just. The MAGAZINE costs money to print and bind, and you cannot expect me to send it to you for nothing. I cannot tell whether you ordered it or not. I have to take my agent's word for it. Stop it after you get the *first number*, not when you get *twelve*, and put me at a loss. You all have my addressed envelopes. Please fill them and send them to me.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

PATRONIZE our advertisers.

Friend of Irish Goods.

A. Shuman Interviewed at Dublin — American Sentiment Strong for Home Rule — Demand for Erin's Manufactures.

The Dublin Freeman of September 2 contains an interview with A. Shuman of this city. Says the Freeman:

All who desire the fostering and encouragement of Irish manufacturers will find in Mr. Shuman a gentleman than whom no single individual has done more to extend in America a trade in Irish woollens.

His present stay amongst us is for the purpose of seeing for himself the process of manufacture in the woollen mills of Ireland, and it is his intention to visit the mills at Lucan, Athlone, and Cork, where a large portion of the goods which are received with most favor in the United States are manufactured.

Mr. Shuman was first attracted to Irish matters by the late John Boyle O'Reilly, of whom he was a most intimate friend; indeed in all matters connected with public questions in Boston they worked side by side; and in many of the reforms which were accomplished there during the last decades they were among the most earnest and consistent of the workers.

Since Mr. Shuman left Boston the sad event which has robbed Ireland of one of the most gifted of her sons and America of one of the first of her literary men, the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, has taken place.

Last year when one of Mr. Shuman's daughters was married, John Boyle O'Reilly wrote the following beautiful verse:

There is no joy all set apart from pain;
The opening bud has loss as well as gain;
The brightest dewdrop gems a bending flower;
The rarest day has wept one little shower.
But wholly blest the parting pain and ruth
That hold and fold the joining love of youth.

Leaving what was evidently a very sad memory for Mr. Shuman, the reporter asked Mr. Shuman if he would state how, in his opinion, the struggle for home rule in Ireland is now regarded in the United States.

"With the same warm sympathy as it has heretofore been; and while it is quite true there is not the same white-heat enthusiasm as existed a few years ago, owing to the exigency which then arose, there is the same abiding faith in the justice and success of your demands among our people, who only require a word from the Irish leaders to respond immediately with all the moral and material assistance which you may require for any emergency."

"Then you believe there has been no falling back of American sentiment in our favor?"

"Unquestionably not. I believe, and I will venture to say that I know it is quite the contrary. As an illustration, let me say, that since my last visit to Dublin Mr. Parnell and the Irish members of Parliament have been triumphantly vindicated from the malignant accusations of the London Times. Now, when the news of the crushing and complete defeat and exposure of the Times and its abettors reached us in the United States, the deep satisfaction of our people at the result, and their bitter condemnation of the calumniators was fully expressed by the American press and the enthusiastic unanimity of opinion among them.

"Our very few papers which had hitherto indulged in criticism of the way in which the Irish movement had been directed sounded the loudest notes of jubilation and emphatically declared that the opponents of home rule had destroyed themselves in the opinion of every right-thinking man and woman in the world."

"Now, Mr. Shuman, a few questions on another subject having special relation to Ireland. As you are the pioneer and largest importer of Irish woollens in the United States, will you be kind enough to state how these goods hold their own in competition with other imported woollens in the American markets?"

"Very well, indeed. Let me say, however, that some years ago, when I first formally introduced them amongst us, the American public did not take very kindly to them at once.

"Rough-finished clothes were not then very fashionable on our side of the Atlantic, and hence considerable urging and assurances that Irish tweeds, surges, and cheviots were the most durable goods of their class in the world were required to make them go.

"As an extensive manufacturer of clothing for my wholesale as well as my own retail trade, I gave my customers the assurances needed, and the splendid wearing qualities of the goods did the rest.

"Rough-finished Irish goods have had quite a run, but it is nearly over; and now the manufacturers connected with the Irish Woollen and Export Company must give us some smooth-finished fabrics of the highest quality. Indeed, it is chiefly on that account I have called to Ireland at this time."

"Then you believe, Mr. Shuman, there is a fair prospect for the extension of the Irish woollen trade in America?"

"Certainly; I think Irish woollens have come to stay with us. I believe that the Irish-American population are becoming awake to the great power which they can wield in that direction, and they did much, in their purchasing the goods in preference to other imported woollens, to spread the trade.

"Besides, the goods have made their way to favor because of their merit; and the most critical American purchasers buy them because of their strength and wearing qualities. They are now generally preferred to Continental fabrics, and hold their own side by side with Scotch fabrics.

"If the Irish Woollen Export Company go on encouraging and improving the manufactures by new designs, and paying attention to the production of the finer descriptions of goods, there is no doubt but that the sale of Irish woollens in America will not only continue but increase."

THE Protestants of Deckertown, N. J., have discharged a lady-teacher from the public schools in that place, because she is a Catholic. This is a very good proof that the public schools are Protestant, and that wherever the Protestants are in sufficient numbers to enforce the attendance of Catholic children in such schools, without injury to themselves, they will do so.

To Working-Men.

"THAT experience [of twenty years among working-men] causes me to say that liquor has done more harm to working-men than all other causes. It is not the drinking man alone who suffers, for three drunken working-men in one hundred will prevent the other ninety-seven from accomplishing what they seek." — T. V. POWDERLY.

A Wealthy Prelate.

PROBATE of the will of the late Right Rev. Monsignor Kershaw, of Barton-upon-Irwell, has been granted to the executors, the Rev. Bruno de Splenter, the Rev. Charles Joseph Gadd, and the Rev. William Hill. To each of these he bequeaths fifty pounds; to the Very Rev. John Wortley, as treasurer for the Roman Catholic Secular Clergy Fund, one hundred pounds; to Ann, Jane, and Mary Crozier, one hundred pounds each; to Thomas Joseph Eadsforth, of Patricroft, one hundred pounds; to Lucy Eadsforth, his housekeeper, fifty pounds, the furniture in his bedroom, and one hundred and fifty pounds a year for her life; to Mary Ann Wilbur, fifty pounds; and to each other servant a sum equal to one year's wages. The testator devises and bequeaths the ultimate residue of his estate, real and personal, the personality being of the value of £25,272 19s 8d, to the Bishop of Salford, absolutely. It is needless to say that Monsignor Kershaw's wealth was not self-accumulated, but inherited family property.

The Oldest Priest.

CANADA has an older priest than the Rev. Peter Haverman, of Troy, who has been called the oldest Catholic clergyman in America. Father Haverman was born eighty-four years ago, and has been a priest over sixty-years. "I would be loath to deprive the venerable priest of Troy of one tittle of the honor due his years and gray hairs," writes the Montreal Jesuit, "but facts are facts. The old Jesuit, Father Pierre Point, now stationed at St. Mary's College, Montreal, was born in France on April 7, 1802, and was ordained on May 20, 1826. He is in the sixty-fifth year of his priesthood, says Mass every day, attends all the commencing exercises, and takes a great interest in everything that goes on about him."

POOR Miss Cusack, Nun of Kenmare, lectured a few Sundays ago in Detroit, Michigan. Those who invited her there requested the Protestant clergymen of the city to announce her lecture from their pulpits. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, of the Unitarian Church, censured those who asked her to Detroit as disturbers of good social relations, questioned the old lady's sincerity, and thought it graceless on her part to go around chattering against the church she had left.

THE Western Watchman scores severely Catholic firemen, policemen, trainmen, and hack-drivers, because many of them do not practise their Catholicity. The majority of them, according to our contemporary, do not go to Mass. Speaking of the hack-drivers, the Watchman says they go to church when their horses go; at funerals and marriages.

CATARRH,
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications, made at home by the patient, once in two weeks.

N. B. — This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. — *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal trouble should carefully read the above. dec 90

The O'Reilly Memorial.

IT seems to be definitely decided that the O'Reilly memorial is to take a form that will gratify all his admirers. The alcove in the Public Library is as good as settled upon, and a monument in some form will supplement that token. Now let the subscriptions for the good cause come in!

WE regret to learn from the New Orleans Morning Star of the death of MR. CHARLES D. ELDER, of that city. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1822, and came to New Orleans many years ago, where he was extensively known and highly esteemed. He was a devout Christian and a staunch, practical Catholic, a man of learning, and an excellent conversationalist. He was a gentleman of refined manners and pleasing address. He died as he had lived fortified by the sacrament and consolations of Mother Church. His was an edifying death; surrounded by his devoted wife, children, and brothers, — whom may the Lord console, — he yielded his spirit to his Maker, at 6.40 a. m. Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1890. He was the youngest of seven brothers. These were Frank Elder, of Baltimore (deceased), Bazil Elder of St. Louis, John C. Elder, of Baton Rouge, Joseph Elder, of Chicago (deceased), Thomas S. Elder, of New Orleans, and Archbishop Wm. H. Elder, of Cincinnati. There is also a sister, the oldest child of the family, Sister Helena, aged eighty-eight years, for sixty-eight years a Sister of Charity, residing at Emmitsburg, Md.

Mr. Elder married in 1855 a daughter of Gen. Albert G. Blanchard, a most talented lady, who together with four children — two sons and two daughters — are left to mourn his loss. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning at ten oclock, at St. Alphonsus' Church, where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Elder. The remains were laid at rest in Washington Avenue Cemetery. The large concourse of people who attended the funeral evidenced the respect and affection in which he was held.

THE MONTGOMERY Light Guard Veteran Association, of Boston, visited Nashua, N. H., on the 7th of October, and dined at the Tremont House. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the programme was carried out in fine style.

CONGRESSMAN MORSE, of Canton, otherwise known as the manufacturer of Rising Sun Stove Polish, is one of the brightest, and clearest-headed men Massachusetts can boast of. He is never cornered on any issue, and is a live, active working Congressman. No doubt he will be elected again from his district.

Cardinal Manning for Eight Hours.

IN his letter to the Social Science Congress, in session at Liege, Cardinal Manning urged the establishment of an eight-hours' working day for miners, that no women be employed in mines, the observance of Sunday by the workmen, and the adoption of a sliding scale of wages.

Bread and Beer.

THE renowned Baron Liebig puts it thus: "If a man drinks daily eight or ten quarts of the best Bavarian beer in the course of twelve months he will have taken into his system the nutritive constituents contained in a five-pound loaf of bread." A five-pound loaf of bread for a year is practically death. The twenty-three barrels of beer, to which eight quarts a day would amount, would cost the consomer about $290, quite a sum for the food substance of a "five-pound loaf of bread." The same quantity of bread food would cost in wine $500.

THOUGH the Catholic Church has not as yet converted the great mass of the English people, she has at least converted public opinion in her favor, as the honors bestowed on the living Cardinal Manning and the eulogies heaped on the deceased Cardinal Newman prove.

CARDINAL NEWMAN wrote in a letter to the London Globe dated June 28th, 1862, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions, that the thought of the Anglican service made him shiver and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles made him shudder.

THAT Cardinal Newman was not lacking in a sense of humor is shown by the story of a Philadelphian who lived near him in England for some time. "It seems worth while to recall an incident," said the Philadelphian to the Press reporter, "which casts much light on the character of the late Cardinal's wit as well as on that humor which happily reacted upon and softened many animosities. It is not generally known that Newman devoted several hours each day to practising on the violin. "When he was living on Hagley road, as one goes out from Birmingham to Edgbaston, a challenge to public debate was sent to him by a violent opponent, who charged in vulgar terms that he had forsaken the English Church for Romanism without cause or justification. The great man's reply was to the following effect:

"'DEAR SIR: Much skill in debate I do not possess, but to some slight knowledge of the violin I may lay claim. If you will honor me by engaging with me in a public contest to try our respective merits as violinists, command me, for I am your humble servant, NEWMAN.'"

A GENERAL census of the Catholic Church in the United States is now being taken, under the direction of Dr. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. J., who has been assigned to that duty by the general government.

Overstated Fecundity.

BOSTON DAILY HERALD: It is constantly said that the French-Canadians are to be the future citizens of New England, because their families are so prolific in children. The editor of the Franco-American Citizen undertakes to modify this impression. He shows that the prolificacy of the French-Canadians is exaggerated. The families containing from twelve to twenty-six or thirty children are as much phenomena for the Canadians as they are for outsiders. In the United States there are from two to eight children in the French-Canadian families. In Springfield the largest family of French descent has nine children; in Lowell similar families average from two to six only. In France, during the last fifty years, the rates of births have been decreasing to such an extent that families of five or six children are very rare, and it is stated that there was but one birth last year to every forty-two inhabitants, and the number of illegitimate births was also decreasing fast. The Irish-Americans take the lead for prolificacy; and it is these people who are the proud fathers and mothers of the large families. They range all the way from ten to twenty-nine children to a household; and it is these Irish-Americans who are repeopling this part of the country. The French are second where the Irish are first.

A TRADE SCHOOL will shortly be added to the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury. It will be a frame structure, fronting on Ruggles street, 75 x 40 feet, three stories high, divided into workshops for as many trades as can be conveniently accommodated. With a view to adopting desirable features of the industrial schools of New York, Brother Superior Jude, accompanied by Brother Peter, last week visited Father Drumgoole's home for boys, the Catholic Protectory and the New York trade schools, in all of which he was received with the utmost kindness and consideration. He thinks that the work for destitute boys in New York reflects the highest credit on the Catholic community of that city, but is of opinion that Boston Catholics will do as much, if not more, in the near future.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol*. circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY OF AMERICA. Two Essays on the Position, Growth, and Influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. By J. E. C. Bodley, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Price 25 cents net.

We direct particular attention to this pamphlet of some seventy pages. It gives a history of the Church for the past hundred years. Cardinal Gibbons has prefaced the pamphlet with a letter of praise.

THE MONTH, a Catholic Magazine and Review for September.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

ONE AND THIRTY DAYS WITH BLESSED MARGARET MARY. From the French by a Visitandine of Baltimore. 32mo, marquette, 25 cents.

This little book is very timely for the Bi-Centennial of Blessed Margaret Mary, which occurs on the 17th of this month.

THE CROWN OF THORNS; or, The Little Breviary of the Holy Face. A complete manual of devotion and reparation to the Holy Face of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From approved and original sources by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. With an Introductory Notice by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Preston, D.D., LL.D., Vicar-General. 32mo, 50 cents.

This manual of prayers and devotions, compiled by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, is an attempt to make more practical and attractive the devotion to the Holy Face of Our Lord. Besides other prayers and devotions in common use among the devout adorers of the Holy Face, this prayer-book contains Morning and Evening Prayers, the Litanies of the Holy Name, of the Holy Face, and of the Blessed Virgin; the Little Office of the Holy Face, Devotions for Mass, the Way of the Cross, and the Rosary, in honor of the Holy Face; Devotions for Communion, etc., etc.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES; or, First Principles on Education in Catechetical Form. By Rev. James Conway, S. J. 32mo, paper, 15 cents; per 100, $9.00. Cloth inked, 25 cents; per 100, $15 00.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. Letters to a Young Man by Right Rev. Augustin Egger, D. D., Bishop of St. Gall. Translated from the German by Miss Ella McMahon. 32mo, paper, 15 cents; per 100, $9.00; Cloth inked, 25 cents; per 100, $15.00.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., 19 and 21 Boylston street.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal:— "I Live and Love Thee," duet by F. Campana. "Ave Maria," by Charles Gounod. "In the Starlight," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by Dan Godfrey, Jr. "Thinking of Thee," by G. T. Sarcedo. "On Summer Seas," words by John Muir, music by S. Claude Ridley. "Waiting for Jack," words by Frank W. Pratt, music by S. Claude Ridley. "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" Humorous part song, by Alfred J. Caldicott. "The Land Beyond," words by Cotsford Dick, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Enduring Love," words by E. M. de. F., music by Lillian Nordica. "The Brick Came Down," written by Tom Brown, composed by Michael Nolan. "The Sabbath of the Soul," by C. C. Stearns. "O Salutarus," by Jas. F. Roche. "The Old Wherry," words by Edmund Jackson, music by H. Behrend.

Instrumental: — "Fireproof Polka," by Josef Strauss. "Messengers of Spring," by Carl Bohm. "How Beautiful Is Life Waltzes," by Edward Strauss. "Moulivet Polka," by Josef Strauss. "Harry's Waltz," by H. J. Jacoby. "Dancing Spirits," by C. Bohm. "La Gracieuse," by Jules Egghard. Alpine Longings," by Fray Behr. "Song of Bygone Days," by G. Bachmann. "March Victorious," by Marciso Martinez. "In Our Home Waltzes," by Johann Strauss. "Habanera," by F. Behr. "Dreams," by F. Behr. "Gay Spring," by Aug. Durand. "The Dude's March," by J. F. Wagner. "Remembrance of Salamanca," schottische, by Louis J. Arajo. "Christina, Valse Espagonole," by Dan Godfrey, Jr. "Mignonette," by F. Behr. "Moment Musicale," by F. Moskowski. "The Maiden's Dreams," by F. Bohm. "Song of the Creole," by Aloys Henner. "Darkies' Patrol," for four hands, by Geo. L. Lansing. "For You Waltz," by May Ostlere. "Fragrant Rose," by Carl Bohm. "Pure l'Elise," by L. Van Beethoven. "La Grace," by C. Bohm. "Laughing Beauty Polka," by C. Bohm. "In Old Madrid Waltz," by Josef Meissler. Sparkling Star Mazurka," by Chas. E. Wildes. "Mazurka," by M. Moskowski. "Faust," Fantasie Elegante, by J. Leybach. "Valse des Fleurs," by E. Ketterer. "Flower of May," Polka-Mazurka, by Francois Behr.

"WHAT fools these mortals be."— *Shakespeare.*

SKIN IMPERFECTIONS — I especially guarantee the permanent removal of superfluous hair perfectly; also moles, warts, eczema, pimples, blackheads, birth-marks, muddy complexion, etc. Send for free book on "Skin Blemishes and Complexion." DR. STEPHENSON, specialist in skin disfigurements, 28 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. f 91.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

RIGHT REV. H. J. FARAUD, O. M. I., Vicar-Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie, Can., died on September 26. He had been engaged as a missionary among the Indians all his life. His death resulted from the privation he endured. On November 30, 1864, he was consecrated Bishop of Anemour. His successor will be Right Rev. J. Clut, O. M. I., Bishop of Arindele, who was his auxiliary.

CLERGYMEN.

THE New Zealand Catholic Times records the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Macdonald, a native of Kilkenny, which took place at Hokianga, on the 13th of July. It was the end of a long career of forty years of splendidly enduring missionary effort. In 1851 that career began among the untamed savages, to whom he brought the message of truth shining bright in their thick darkness. Through trackless wilderness his duty led him, and over unbridged river; into the dripping forest it urged him, and among the impassable fern; arid hills, the rocks by the sea, the long stretches of desolate waste were all alike to him, as were hunger and thirst and the oppression of weariness. None of these things turned him from his holy purpose, even when cruel, suspicious savagery, egged on by the unscrupulous false prophets of native superstition, added their terrors to the path. In the days of Bishop Pompallier his worth had given him the high post of Vicar-General. Since that time he went to Waikato as Vicar Apostolic, and the journals of the country have never ceased recording his labors among the Maori people of the North, his journeyings and his preachings, his conversions, and the numbers that he caused to return to the fold. May he rest in peace.

IN New Orleans, La., on the 14th of September, Very Rev. William R. Miles, S. J. The good Father preached at the High Mass on the Gospel of the day, "False Conscience and the Observance of the Sabbath." Those that heard him, say that although he looked a little pale the sermon was delivered as he was wont to, in a masterly and eloquent manner. Shortly after Mass he retired to his room somewhat overheated and changed his clothing and lay down to rest. Not appearing at lunch, nothing was thought of it. Dinner time came, still he did not make his appearance, so a brother was dispatched to his room, and after knocking and receiving no answer, he entered the room, there found the Rev. Father lying on his bed, he approached and called. Still receiving no reply, he then stirred him and found him a corpse. The news was sent to his venerable father, Gen. William R. Miles, now in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and to his brother at Alexandria, and another brother a member of the Society of Mary, Jefferson College, St. James parish, La. The funeral, at which the Archbishop preached, was the largest ever seen in New Orleans. In point of ability the dead priest was a rarely gifted man. He had a wide reputation as a theologian, as a master of philosophy and logic, and as a linguist. He preached equally well in English, French, and Spanish, spoke Latin and Italian with the greatest fluency, and was a thorough Greek scholar. His services were always sought after as a missionary in the city churches, and by his eloquence converted many persons to the Catholic faith.

THE death of Rev. Jas. Carpenter, C. C., Tuelokea, Pasbercon, county Kilkenny, is announced. He was thirty-eight years of age. His uncle is the well-known Vincentian missionary, Father Carpenter, of Cork.

SISTERS.

SISTER CYRIL WARD died at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, La., on the 18th inst., at the age of 82 years. This venerable woman was one of the first of the nine Sisters of Charity who came to this country in 1833, and was sent to the hospital to administer to the wants of the sick and needy. Six

years ago she celebrated her golden jubilee. She had been fifty-six years a Sister of Charity, and for forty years attached to the Charity Hospital.

SISTER MARY PATRICK JOSEPH of the Sacred Heart, died recently in the Cistercian Convent, Beaux, France. The deceased nun was the youngest of *nine* daughters of P. Muldowney, Esq., of Kilkenny, all of whom gave their lives to God, four of them in the same convent with deceased, and the remainder in different female religious Orders.

REV. MOTHER M. OF ST. IGNATIUS, Provincial of the Order of the Good Shepherd, breathed her last on Saturday morning, September 20, in Philadelphia. He death was a most edifying one, worthy of her noble life of self-sacrifice and devotion to her sacred calling. Miss Catharine R. Murray — for by this was she known in the world — was a native of the county of Antrim, Ireland. When she was but ten years old her family emigrated to the United States. His Grace Archbishop Ryan delivered a discourse, in which he eulogized the life-work and personal character of Mother Ignatius, especially her great executive power.

SISTER MARY OF ST. MAGDALENE (known to the world as Miss Anne Holden), Mother Prioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Ballynafeigh, Belfast, recently deceased. She had reached her seventy-fourth year, and had been forty-nine years in the religious profession. She was a native of Preston, England. One of two sisters who came to Ireland in 1848, she worked with remarkable zeal in the establishment of the first Convent of the Good Shepherd in Ireland. This was at Limerick, where her practical efforts on behalf of her Order were most warmly appreciated. In 1857, she went to Belfast, and her life at the Ballynafeigh Convent for the past fifteen years has been a continuous record of great and noble work. Through her devoted attachment to the cause in which she was engaged, the Convent was enlarged and a new church built, and in other ways she gave proof of the wonderful spirit of piety that animated her in every undertaking with which she was associated.

LAY PEOPLE.

DR. JOSEPH MURPHY, the senior physician of Taunton, Mass., died on the night of the 15th of September, of paralysis. He was a native of Ireland, educated at Dublin, and was a professor in the medical and surgical school, of Manchester, England, before settling in this country. He was an active member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and served as president of the same. He held many important public offices in Taunton for a generation, and had a large practice, and was held in high esteem. He was about seventy-two years of age.

PATRICK O'NEIL, a native of county Clare, Ireland, died at Toronto on September 6, aged one hundred and eight years.

BRIDGET DOODY, who was probably the oldest person in the United States, died at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, on Wednesday, August 13. Some curiosity having once arisen as to her probable age, the Rev. James O'Keeffe, her pastor, wrote to her native parish in Ireland, and learned that the baptismal register gives the year 1770 as the date of her birth. She had thus reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty years at the time of her death.

MRS. ELIZABETH DREXEL, wife of Geo. W. Smith, and eldest daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel, died on Friday Evening, September 26, of puerperal convulsions, at "St. Michael's," the family homestead, at Torresdale. The funeral was strictly private, the interment taking place in the burying-ground of Eden Hall Convent, Torresdale, where both parents of the deceased are buried. Mrs. Smith, to whom, with her sisters, Miss Kate Drexel and Mrs. E. De V. Morrell, was left a fortune of fifteen millions, was married last January; and after a wedding tour through the South, went abroad with her husband. They returned and established themselves in their beautiful home at Torresdale. The benefactions of Mrs. Smith and her sisters are well known, not only to the Catholics of Philadelphia, but to the Catholics of the world as well. She willed five million dollars to her husband.

McCORMICK & Co.'s Pale Ale is equal to any imported.

OBER'S Restaurant, 3 and 4 Winter Place, is very popular.

LAMSON & HUBBARD'S New Hat Store is the finest in this city.

MINARD'S Liniment is the King of Pain. No house should be without it.

GIDEON BECK & SONS' Auction Rooms, 41 and 43 Eliot Street, Boston, is the oldest in the city.

BARBOUR'S Irish linen thread has no equal. It has stood the test of over one hundred years.

THE Putnam Nail is the only safe horse-shoe nail in this country. Horsemen, don't forget it. Use no other.

IF you want to buy or hire an Organ or Piano, go to the Norris Piano and Diamond Co., 37 Court Street, Boston.

THE book of the century is Gately's Educator. For sale at Gately & O'Gorman's, 592 Washington Street, Boston.

McDONNELL & SONS, Quarry Owners, Quincy, Mass., are the largest dealers in Granite in the United States.

JOHN FANDELL, 113 West Canton Street, Boston, has a large stock of Tinware and Stoves on hand; he will sell very low for cash.

NORTON BROTHERS, 1433 Tremont Street, Boston, is the leading Boot and Shoe Store in Roxbury. It is very near the Mission Church.

WE call the attention of our numerous readers to the advertisement of the Canton Knitted Mattress Company in this month's MAGAZINE.

P. E. DUFFEE, the renowned Crayon Artist, is still to be found at 19 Tremont Row, Boston, where he will be happy to see his friends.

Go to John Curtin & Co.'s New Store for Furniture, 44 Washington Street, Boston, if you want bargains. It is near Haymarket Square.

MESSRS. B. A. ATKINSON & Co., 827 Washington Street, Boston, are the largest and most liberal House Furnishers in the United States.

THE New England Pianos are the finest, the best, the cheapest in Boston. Salesroom, 157 Tremont Street. Unsurpassed for tone and action.

MESSRS. J. P. MURPHY & Co., engravers on wood, are still at 506 Washington Street, Boston, where everything in the engraving line is executed at short notice.

GILBRIDE & GREY'S Seed Store, 49 and 51 South Market Street, Boston, is the most extensive in this city. All kinds of farm and lawn tools can be purchased and repaired at short notice.

MESSRS. THOS. O'CALLAGHAN & Co.'s Carpet Store, 599 and 601 Washington Street, is the most extensive carpet store in the city of Boston, and the finest grade of goods are always on exhibition.

DR. A. M. DAM, 405 Columbus Avenue Boston, is the acknowledged leader in his profession at the Back Bay. He cures Eczema and Salt Rheum, in addition to his other list of diseases. His practice is very extensive and well merited.

THE Commonwealth Clothing House, corner of Washington and Kneeland Streets, Boston, is one of the largest in the city. In it great bargains can always be found, and fair dealing their motto.

THE true medicines are the Renovia Specifics. They cure Eczema, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Sore Throat, and Consumption. For sale by all druggists. Headquarters, 29 School Street, Boston.

"MAKE HENS LAY."

Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers, and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. It may be laid down as a rule that most farmers indulge in raising poultry, not for the pleasure it gives, but for the profit that is realized from the same which must come from young chicks or eggs, and since the chicks must come from the eggs, the real profit may be traced to egg production, so the advice given in these words is of vital consequence to the ambitious farmer. "The advertisement referred to recommends Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, and so do we," says Mr. Hunter, poultry editor of the N E. Farmer. "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be *in condition*, and here is based the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder —it promotes the general good health of the fowl, gently quickening digestion, and stimulating all the various organs of the body as well as the ovaries, to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for moulting hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder) who will send for 50 cents, two packs. of Powder; for $1.00 five packs.; for $1.20 a large 2 1-4 lb. can, postpaid; six cans for $5, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co., will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

Heroism of a Sister of Charity.

A TOUCHING episode of the Argentine Revolution is told by the Buenos Ayres correspondent of an Italian paper, the Caffaro. A cavalryman was passing before a hospital in Buenos Ayres when a ball knocked him, mortally wounded, from the saddle. No member of the Red Cross society was in the neighborhood at the time, but from one of the doors of the hospital a Sister of Charity rushed like an angel of mercy to the succor of the wounded man, heeding not the bullets which were flying around like hail. She bent over him, but only to fall into his arms a corpse. She was shot dead in a fusillade. "When the smoke cleared away," says the correspondent, "I went towards her. She was young — perhaps not over twenty years — and her face was singularly beautiful. I learned that she was called Sister Estella, and that she had come from near Naples. Amidst the dreadful commotion that is all I could learn about this heroine."

SPEAKING of a tendency amongst mothers not to nurse their own children, a certain modern writer remarks: "One would think that they preferred India-rubber children, which could neither be sick nor die, and could always be repaired."

Beware of Known Temptations.

EVERY man has his own particular character, and every character its own particular cast. We have our characteristic faults and our characteristic weakness. Beware of those particular forms of temptation which have already once held you in their power or capped your better resolutions. — CARDINAL MANNING.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' advice as to the treatment of the negroes in the South should, and doubtless will, command the earnest attention of the country. He says that in order to ennoble, elevate, and make them the religious equals of the white men, they should have a sound religious education, a practical knowledge of God and the "sublime destiny that awaits us in a better world." They "should be taught the inherent dignity of labor, and be persuaded to learn the trades best suited to their inclination."

The Popes.

SAYS Von Mueller, a Protestant writer: "If the Popes could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats, and persecutions, that alone would render them immortal for all future ages."

Stormy Discussion in Baltimore.

A SOCIETY of Poles, the leading members of which declare themselves to be Atheists and Socialists, invited the orthodox Russian and Polish Jews to a joint discussion in a large hall in the central part of the city. Over two thousand men and women were present, the majority of them orthodox Jews. Miss Netter, a young dressmaker, who is noted for her anarchistic ideas, presided. After four orthodox Jews had argued the doctrinal questions from their stand-point, Michael Cohen, a medical student, began a vigorous attack on the Jewish faith. His bitter criticisms enraged the Jews and many of them stood up and shouted: "Put him out; he is unfair." A man in the rear of the hall, with a stentorian voice then made a strong speech in advocacy of American principles and religious freedom. The Socialists tried to shout him down and a general row ensued. The lights were put out, women screamed, men yelled and scrambled for the doors, and the police appeared on the scene. A dozen or more of the principal agitators were arrested.

To Overcome Drunkenness.

To attack the vice of drunkenness from an entirely supernatural point of departure is to begin without the beginning. Intemperance is primarily a sin against nature, and the resources of natural virtue should be first called upon to vanquish it. A man should be sober whether he believes in God or not. To overcome drunkenness the only faith a man need have is belief that he is a reasonable being; the only hope he need have is one for a tolerable existence in this life; the only charity, self-love.

A Carmelite Missionary Body.

THE Carmelite Fathers, attached to the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel in New York City, who came from Ireland about a year ago, have determined to establish a missionary body like those of the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Paulists, Dominicans, and other Orders. In a few months four Fathers will come to New York from the mother-house of Carmelites in Dublin. With the five priests already there at present, they will be able to take care of the church, and travel about the country giving missions. The successful establishment of the Carmelites in New York, it is said, will no doubt prompt the superiors in Ireland to make an effort to establish the Order in other points of the United States. There are now but thirty-two Carmelites in this country. They labor in six dioceses — New York, Newark, Pittsburgh, Leavenworth, San Antonio, and Natchintoches, La.

Marriage.

ONE of the strong reasons why marriage should be indissoluble, and why it cannot fall within the domain of mere contract is that the rights of unborn children are involved. The following is intended as a comicality; but, how suggestive it is of evil done to helpless children, by unscrupulous parents, yielding to the whims or caprices of the moment. In so few lines, what a sermon against divorce! "And where's your little brother, Flossie?"—Oh, we's been divorced." "Divorced?"—"Yes; mamma's got him and papa's got me."

Divorce.

THE U. S. Commissioner of Labor, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in his report on Marriage and Divorce in the United States, for the years from 1867 to 1886, pays the following just tribute to the Catholic Church, and to her children: Large and increasing as the number of divorces in the United States is, it is an undeniable fact, that, were it not for the wide-spread influence of the Roman Catholic Church, the number would be much greater. The loyalty of Catholics to the teachings and doctrines of their Church, and the fact that one of the cardinal doctrines of the Church is that Christian marriage is a holy sacrament which, when consummated, can be dissolved for no cause and in no manner save by death, has unquestionably served as a barrier to the volume of divorce which, excepting among the members of that church, is, and during the past twenty years has been, assuming ever-increasing proportions throughout the country.

IN Germany the venerable Bartholomew Holzhauser, the reformer of the secular clergy in the 17th century, prophesied that "the kingdom of England would return to the Roman Catholic faith, and that the English on their return would achieve more for the Church than on their first conversion to Christianity." Again he says of England: "I saw a ship sailing on the sea and arrive in port, and holy men who were in the ship landed and they preached the Gospel. They prospered and the land returned to peace and to sanctification of Jesus Christ."

THE single port of Waterford, Ireland, exported to Europe during one week of last month the following: Bacon, 4,741 bales; butter, 8,123 firkins; lard, 529 cwt.; hams, 41 casks; oats, 277 barrels; barley, 135 barrels; eggs, 513 cases; poultry, 111 packages; fish, 33 boxes; porter, 1,051 casks; cattle, 1,053; pigs, 432; sheep, 1,318; horses, 63. And yet, because the single crop of potatoes is rotten, the Irish people are threatened with famine!

A PREACHER in St. Louis advocates the adoption of the protective principle to his profession. He opposes the importation of foreign preachers, coming here to gobble up the big salaries. He says the country wants better sermons, and more attention paid to them. The "protected American preacher," he holds, can turn out a better article of religious *pabulum* than those imported gospellers.

THE British Parliament will reassemble on Nov. 25.

DONAHOE'S

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Off for Old Ireland.

I HAVE been Commissioned BY PATRICK DONAHOE, EDITOR and PROPRIETOR of this MAGAZINE, to proceed at once to Ireland, and, after making a strictly personal examination as to the social, religious, educational, AND POLITICAL STATUS of THE

IRISH PEOPLE,

to give the result of my inquiries and observations in a SERIES of NARRATIVES to the readers of this MAGAZINE.

In view of the impending FAMINE, throughout at least one-half of the country, these NARRATIVES will possess a pathetic interest for Irish-Americans, and for all lovers of humanity.

The results of the visit to this country of the PARNELLITE DELEGATION, particularly as seen from an Irish stand-point together with the effects of all these things upon the advance of the HOME RULE MOVEMENT in Ireland, will afford ample scope for the completion of a series of GRAPHIC PICTURES of IRELAND and her PEOPLE, which ought to prove acceptable to the readers of this MAGAZINE, and inspire them with an ardent and PATRIOTIC desire to extend its circulation immensely.

This would be an easier matter than most readers imagine, and would be a return compliment to our VETERAN EDITOR: — THE FOUNDER of the PILOT, and the EDITOR and PROPRIETOR of that paper for forty years!

Such action would mean simply for each subscriber to get another subscriber. If kindly and generously taken to heart, there should not be a single instance wherein it would fail. Remember this. Will the READERS of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE confer this favor? They have from now until the New Year, when the first of my LETTERS shall appear to perform a work that will benefit others and be a satisfaction to themselves.

PETER MCCORRY.

Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum;

OR,

IRELAND'S ANCIENT SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.*

ST. BRIGID.

II.

THE further the reader progresses in the study of this great book, the greater becomes his delight; his mind becomes expanded, and his attention to all that he reads becomes rapt and devoted. After St. Patrick, the hearts of the Irish people turn with rapturous love to St. Brigid, the patroness of Ireland, the "Mary of the Gaedhill." This beautiful title was given to our Saint in that ancient volume, the *Leabhar Breac*, where is found the following:

"There was not in the world one of more bashfulness and modesty than this holy virgin. . . . She never looked a man in the face, she never spoke without blushing. She was abstinent, unblemished, fond of prayer, patient, rejoicing in God's commands, benevolent, humble, forgiving, charitable. She was a consecrated shrine for the preservation of the Body of Christ. She was a temple of God. Her heart and mind were the throne of the Holy Spirit; she was meek before God. She was distressed with the miserable; she was bright in miracles. And hence in things created her type is the Dove among birds, the Vine amongst trees, and the Sun above the stars."

It was at the conclusion of this eulogy that Brigid was styled the "Mary of the Irish." Five or six years ago, a weekly Catholic newspaper, published in New York City, printed a communication from a correspondent in which St. Brigid was called the "Mary of the Irish," quoting the words from the ancient books of Erin some thirteen hundred years old. An Irish-American priest labored hard through the columns of the Tablet to show that this title should not have been applied to the great Irish Saint.

Eheu! What times we live in, and how degenerate. And the writer has heard women called Brigid regret with passionate energy that their parents were so foolish and so ignorant as to have had such a name as Brigid given to them in baptism. The writer also regretted that such a name should have been wasted upon such undeserving creatures. But when Irish-American priests can be found to belittle the life of St. Brigid, and attempt to detract from her the titles of affection bestowed upon her thirteen centuries ago, we need not wonder at shallow-minded women burning with wrath and shame because their parents called them Brigid.

There are several lives of St. Brigid. Cogitosus, the author of the Second Life, as given by Colgan, was a monk of Kildare, who lived

* By Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL. D., M. R. I. A.; Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros.

about the end of the eighth century. He declares that Brigid was born of Christian parents of a noble race. This statement was confirmed by a monk who was the author of the Sixth Life. Other authorities say that her father was Dubtach, an Irish chieftain, tenth in descent from the royal line, but that her mother, Brocessa, was a slave in Dubtach's house. Her very name was prophetic, for it signifies either a fiery dart or the strength of virtue — *brigi* being the Celtic for strength or might.

The Saint was born at Faugbart, a village not quite two miles to the north-east of Dundalk, in the year A. D. 450. She grew up to be a maid of singular grace and beauty, favored by nature but still more richly endowed by grace. We are told that her food was the milk of a white cow that typified the purity of her own young heart.

It matters little in the grand democracy of the Catholic Church whether the birth of her saints was of humble, obscure, or of noble origin. They have been of all kinds and degrees, and in every country under the sun.

In company with seven other young virgins, Brigid received the veil from the hands of Bishop Macaille, at Croghan Hill, near the historic field of Tyrell's Pass. Afterwards the Saint returned to her father's territory, and founded, nigh to an oak-tree, the church which ever since bears the name of Kildare — Church of the Oak. Kildare was first called Drumcree (Druim Criaidh) before it took the name Cell-Dara from the oak-tree that Brigid loved so much, and under whose shade was first erected her little oratory. The tree remained down to the end of the tenth century, and was held in such veneration that no profane hand dare touch it with a weapon.

It is related of St. Brigid that on one occasion when St. Patrick was preaching for three days and three nights at the Church of Clogher, which had been founded for St. MacCairthiun, Brigid fell asleep during the preaching, but St. Patrick would not allow her to be disturbed, for he knew that she was sleeping a mystic sleep. As she slept she dreamt, and thought she saw at first white oxen in white cornfields; then she saw darker oxen, and lastly oxen that were black. After these she saw sheep and swine and dogs and wolves quarrelling with each other,— all of which, St. Patrick explained, were symbols of the present and future state of the Irish Church. "A prediction," adds Bishop Healy, "that has been wonderfully verified by the event."

Bishop MacCairthiun was the uncle of Brigid, which fact would explain her presence at Clogher during the occasion of her wonderful dream.

To this day the religious exercises at Lough Derg (St. Patrick's Purgatory), last for three days and three nights, just as St. Patrick's preaching lasted for the same length of time at Clogher.

The following brief, condensed description of Kildare, and its great church will be found to be very interesting: "Kildare, as might be expected, became, during the life and after the death of Brigid, a great city and a great school. Cogitosus, with pardonable exaggeration, describes Kildare as the head city of all the bishops, and calls Coulaeth,

and his successors archbishops of the bishops of Ireland, and Brigid the abbess whom all the abbesses of Ireland hold in veneration. He adds that no one could count the crowds of people coming to Kildare from all the provinces of Erin, that some come for feasting, that the sick come to be healed; the rich come with gifts for the shrine of St. Brigid, especially on the first of February, and that sightseers come to enjoy the wonderful spectacle."

Speaking of the great church of Kildare he says: "It was very lofty and very large, richly endowed with pictures, hangings, and ornamental doorways. A partition ran across the breadth of the church near the chancel or sanctuary; at one of its extremities there was a door which admitted the bishop and his clergy to the sanctuary and to the altar; at the other extremity, on the opposite side, there was a similar door by which Brigid and her virgins and her widows used to enter to enjoy the banquet of the Body and Blood of Christ. Then a centre partition ran down the nave dividing the men from the women — the men being on the right, and the women on the left, and each division having its own lateral entrance. These partitions did not rise to the roof of the church, but only so high as to serve their purpose. The partition at the sanctuary or chancel was formed of boards of wood, decorated with pictures and covered with linen hangings, which might, it seems, be drawn aside at the consecration to give the people in the nave a better view of the Holy Mysteries."

Such was the great church of Kildare in the seventh and eighth centuries, before the advent of the Danes to Ireland.

The practice of the people in many parts of Ireland to this day, is for the sexes to separate on entering the church, the men taking the right-hand side and the women the left.

ST. COLUMBCILLE.

Our author, Bishop Healy, calls upon us to remember that in dealing with the literary history of the early Irish Church, it is necessary to keep distinct two saints of the same name: St. Finnian of Clonard, and St. Finnian of Moville. Although our great saint, the greatest Irish saint that ever lived, St. Columbcille, — the Dove of the churches, — studied under, and received deaconship at the hands of St. Finnian of Moville; he also lived with St. Finnian of Clonard for quite a time. During his stay at Clonard, Columba was recognized as one of the twelve apostles of Erin, who were trained at that seminary in all sacred learning. Columba was at that period about twenty-two years of age, for he was not yet ordained a priest, so that the time of his sojourn at Clonard might be placed about the year A. D. 543.

Moville, or Movilla, the ancient school founded by St. Finnian, is the centre of a district famous for its abbeys, shrines, and churches. At present, Moville is the name of a townland, near the north-east of Newtonards, which lies within eight miles of Belfast, on the County Down side of Belfast Lough. Bangor, once the seat of a great monastery, lies about five miles north of Moville.

(Bangor, in Maine, is called after its Irish namesake. But if the

bigots of that place had known the meaning of the beautiful name, it is not likely we should ever have heard of it in America. BAN-GOR means WHITE CHOIR.)

Bangor and Armagh were by excellence the great Northern schools, just as Clonard was the school of Meath, Glendaloch of Leinster, Lismore of Munster, and Clonmacnoise and Clonfert of Connaught.

Newtownards, an Orange district like Bangor, was the seat of a great Dominican priory, almost since the first advent of the Friar Preachers to Ireland. Comber, in the same district, contained both a Cistercian and Augustinian monastery. Grey Abbey, on the opposite or eastern shore of Belfast Lough, had also a great Cistercian house. Further south, but on the western shores of the Lough, were the Abbey of Inch, the famous Church of Saul, in which St. Patrick died, and the Church of Downpatrick, in which he was buried with Sts. Brigid and Columbcille.

The most famous pupil of the seminary of Moville was the young Columba, the "Light of all the Celtic west," who on one occasion when there was no wine for the Holy Sacrifice, went out to a neighboring well with his cruet, filled it, and blessing the water changed it into wine, with which the Holy Sacrifice was duly offered up, it being a great feast-day in the Church.

It was during Columba's stay at Moville that St. Finnian had brought from Rome a copy of the entire Bible, partly translated and partly corrected by St. Jerome. This copy was highly prized and jealously guarded by St. Finnian, for if any part were lost or injured, the damage would have been to him irreparable.

When we think of the number of people in Boston, and for that part throughout the New England States, and indeed throughout the entire states of the Union, who still cling to the belief that the use of the scriptures is denied to Catholics, and in this connection remember the heart-love of the saints of Ireland for the sacred volume, and the transmission of that same love to the Irish people for thirteen centuries, it is impossible to resist a very significant and expansive smile at the expense of those very credulous people.

Columba begged Finnian to allow him to make a copy of the Gallic Psaltery as we now have it in the Vulgate, but Finnian, fearing for his treasure of "pure red gold," refused, lest the manuscript might be lost or injured. Finding a suitable opportunity, Columba stealthily transcribed the Psalter, remaining up nights for the purpose, so that when Finnian called at his cell at midnight, he found him hard at work, and lo! a divine radiance surrounded him, supplying him with light wherewith to carry on his work. Finnian demanded the copy, but Columba claimed it as his own; it was the fruit of his labor, and the original was uninjured. But Finnian persisted in his demand, and consequently it was agreed to leave the matter in the hands of King Diarmid of Tara.

The King heard the parties and pronounced his award: "The calf goes with the cow, and the son-book, or copy, must go with the mother-

book, or original." Bishop Healy says: "This decision was manifestly not equitable, and it nearly broke the heart of Columba."

An unjust decision, especially in matters ecclesiastical, often proves to be heavy, oppressive, and galling, and shakes the heart and soul into a very tempest of despair.

At that time a young prince, Curnan by name, accidentally killed a companion at court, and fled for refuge to Columba, who was near at hand.

This seeking for refuge was not unlike what subsequently became known as the Right of Sanctuary, which debtors used to claim when pursued by creditors.

The King had Curnan dragged from the protection of the Saint, and slain on the spot. Thus doubly wronged, Columba fled from Tara, and the result: a bloody battle in which three thousand persons, followers of the King, were slain. The Clanna-Niale of the North, to which Curnan and Columba belonged, were victors, and the Psalter of Columba, or, as it was sometimes called, St. Finnian's Psalter, was also their prize, and remained an heirloom in the family of the O'Donnell's for centuries. At present the great manuscript, with the casket which contains it, is the property of Sir Richard O'Donnell, of Newport, in the county of Mayo; but it is preserved for public inspection in the strong room of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin. It is known as the Cathbach, or Battles, from the Irish word *Cath*, a battle; and was so called because if carried three times around O'Donnell's host in battle, on the breast of a priest free from mortal sin, it was sure to bring victory to the clans.

Columba was himself the great-grandson of Conal Gulban, the great sire of Cinel Conal.

He thus became the patron of that warlike clan, and in defence of his honor, and to maintain his right to this very Psalter, they fought the great battle of Cull Dreimhue (now Cooldrummon) in the parish of Drumcliffe, to the north of Sligo. "So it was only natural," quietly observes our author, "that the Psalter on earth and the Saint in heaven should still be sword and buckler for the clan in the hour of danger."

St. Columba was born in Gartan, barony of Kilmacrennan, County Donegal, on the seventh of December, A. D. 521.

His father, Felimy, was prince of the surrounding district and a scion of the royal race of Niall the Great, or Niall of the Nine Hostages; and his mother was Eithne, daughter of a Leinster chief who came of the equally royal line of Cathaeir Mr.

"Columba was a typical Celt. He was generous, warm-hearted, imaginative, hated injustice and oppression; was capable of the tenderest friendship, passionately fond of his native land, and filled with enthusiastic zeal for the propagation of the gospel. Yet he had his faults. He was fiery and impetuous, impatient of contradiction, and too easily prone to anger and revenge. But this is his glory — that with God's help he conquered his faults; and therefore it is we love him because he is so human, so like ourselves in all things."

This is the sun-picture of our Saint by the author.

He is further described as, "A man of well-formed and powerful frame; his skin was white, his face was broad and fair and radiant, lit up with large, gray, luminous eyes; his large and well-shaped head was covered (except where he wore his frontal tonsure) with close and curling hair. His voice was clear and resonant, so that he could be heard at the distance of fifteen hundred paces, yet sweet with more than the sweetness of the bards." "He abstained," says the Bishop, "from meat and wine, living exclusively on bread and water and vegetables, sometimes contenting himself with nettles. He slept on the bare ground, with a stone for a pillow, and a skin for a coverlid! Three times at night he rose to pray, and often scarred his flesh with the discipline, in atonement for his sins. By day he read or preached to the brethren, or recited the divine office, and not unfrequently he took a share in the manual labor of the monks — carrying on his own broad bare shoulders the sacks of meal from the mill to the kitchen."

What marvel if the white-robed brethren under such a master became angels in the flesh, and what wonder if God's angels came down from heaven, and "crowded every leaf on the oaks of Derry."

Columba founded the great church and monastery of Derry. He also founded the churches of Durrow and Kells, Swords, Drumcliffe, Screen, Kilglass, Drumcolumb, and many other celebrated houses; these according to Adamnan, ninth abbot of Iona.

The chapters devoted to the founding of the schools of Durrow and Kells read like an enchanted romance. No one need be in a hurry reading these, for he will go back to them and re-peruse them just as a child loves to revisit a beautiful field where the shamrocks look all the greener for the daisies, and the daisies seem all the whiter for the greenness of the shamrocks.

Following our delightful author we gaze with interest at whatever interests him. As he wanders over and graphically describes the scenes within the scope of his vision, there seems to be a perfume of sweet herbs rising at his every step; we see the color of the skies above him, and we hear that sweetest music out of heaven, the commingled songs of Irish thrush, of blackbird, and of lark.

Bishop Healy gives the best and most accurate description of modern Iona that has yet appeared. That island-home of Columbcille, situated in the Northern Seas of the Scottish highlands, is a little more than three miles long, and about a mile in average breadth. It is separated from the mainland by a strait less than a mile wide. Its present number of inhabitants is five hundred, and not a Roman Catholic in the whole lot, for these people, you see, are tenants of the Duke of Argyle, and no doubt amuse themselves by singing:

"Gott pless te Chuke o' Argyle, lord, gott, o' a' the hielands, the Kingdom o' Europe an' a' the warl beesides."

The Islanders live in a state of absolute chronic poverty, if not in destitution. The cabins they inhabit are mere hovels, worse than the worst in Connemara.

In closing the review of this magnificent work by Bishop Healy, we cannot do better while speaking of Iona and Columbcille than to quote the words of our own beloved Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

"Saint of the seas —
Whose days were passed in teacher's toil —
Whose evening song still filled the aisle —
Whose poet's heart fed the wild bird's brood —
Whose fervent arm upbore the rood,
Still from thy roofless rock so gray
Thou preachest to all who pass that way."

PETER MCCORRY.

A Glass of Water.

[At the close of an address before the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston, John B. Gough seized a tumbler of water from the table, held it up toward the light, and uttered this most eloquent tribute to one of the best gifts of God. It was often repeated by him, and held every audience who heard it in breathless rapture of delight.]

Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth! Behold it! See its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hands of the Almighty himself! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickness odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life — the pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play — there God brews it; and down, down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and rills sing; and high up the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God — there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze over the midnight moon; sporting in the cataracts; sleeping in the glaciers; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction — still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on the brink; its form brings no sadness or murder; no blood stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair — beautiful, pure, blessed, and glorious, forever the same sparkling, pure water!

Morning Prayer.

From the Spanish of D. Tomas de Iriarte

ALMIGHTY God, to whom I owe
All that I have, my being's breath,
O Thou from whom all blessings flow,
Ruler supreme o'er life and death!

I offer now on bended knee
The first fruits of the dawning light,
And fain would consecrate to Thee
The whole day long from morn to night.

Each single instant of my life
Thine eye holds o'er me watch and ward;
In danger's hour, 'mid passion's strife,
Thy strong right hand my soul doth guard.

Thou knowest all my urgent needs,
Naked my heart before thee lies,
How blest were I if all my deeds
Were not quite worthless in thine eyes.

Relying on thy grace, O Lord,
With humble heart I vow this day
To keep in thought, in deed, and word,
In the strict line of duty's way.

And thus on earth live like the just,
On whom thou look'st with smile of love,
That when my body sinks to dust,
My soul may mount to thee above.

J. C.

SENATOR JONES hit the nail on the head in his speech on the race problem in the United States Senate: "Education, after all, is not merely what is learned in schools and in books. This is only one of the means of real education. The education that makes character is that which is taught by the mothers in the ceaseless admonitions from infancy up to maturity; is that formation of intellect and principles, moral character, that makes a man in God's own image or degrades him to the level of a brute. Manliness, honor, integrity, firmness of purpose, self-denial and self-devotion, while strengthened by a liberal education, are not created by it. An educated man without moral principles and moral convictions is only worse by reason of his education and has the greater power of evil thereby. Moral development and elevation is the great need of the Negro race." This is Catholic, although the Senator may not have been aware of it. His words are a good explanation of what we mean when we declare that we cannot send our children to Godless schools.

A. M. D. G.

The Drift of Pulpit Oratory.

SEVERAL centuries ago, in an age when mankind sinned and sorrowed much as they do nowadays, there arose a certain person by name Peter, who travelled throughout Europe, and in a short space of time completely changed the thoughts and feelings of the whole continent. It was the period of the Crusades, and Peter the Hermit, the man in question, was a specimen of the wonderful power that speech has in shaping the destinies of humanity. I quote the instance because viewed by the light shining on oratory in the present day, it seems a phenomenal occurrence; and why so? Because such a king as Peter the Hermit could not be reared in our days — at least so say our moralists.

No doubt there is naturally in man many feelings which are common to all — age, climate or nationality cannot alter this bond of fellowship. Allowing this, and seeing the apparent hopelessness of any undertaking like Peter's in the present age, how can we account for the change? Evidently Peter's subject-matter could in no way compare with the topics of a modern pulpit orator. Where he was fighting for the preservation of the mere worldly relics of our Divine Lord, the priest of to-day has to defend the Adorable Redeemer Himself from the sacrilegious Arabs and Saracens of the nineteenth century. Hence we must look elsewhere for our answer. Two parties are in question — the preacher and his audience.

Even in our own times, it has pleased the Almighty to raise up a Burke, a Manning, a Ryan, and numerous other pulpit orators. Now I ask any man, who has witnessed the effect of such preaching, "Are we to suppose that there is a want of appreciation on the part of the audience?" I maintain most assuredly not. Every parish is not blessed with a man of such talents as Father Burke. True: but is it only men of such talents that are able to move an audience? Go and watch the career of some earnest, simple missionary in our large cities and you will get your answer. Where do we get the *spirit* of eloquence? Surely in the speaker making his audience feel what he himself already feels. Is this a task for a learned theologian or a talented talker? As a matter of necessity, undoubtedly not.

History expressly states that Peter the Hermit was a plain man, speaking simply and with earnestness. In other words, he was a man without any affectation, or display of learning, giving forth the feelings of his heart in his own simple way. How, then, does it happen that we have few such men like him? Let us consider awhile.

I remember being told by a very learned priest that preachers nowadays have to address themselves to the *head* rather than to the *heart*. The priest in question happily never fulfilled practically, what he theoretically asserted — and surely with good reason. Why does a man address the head? Certainly to influence the understanding — a proceeding which would be very laudable if the parties in question

were heretics or wavering Catholics. But this is not the general case. The patient as a rule is one whose understanding is not much impaired. He knows that there is a hell; he knows that according to his present life he is travelling there fast, and he knows that one day he must come to his journey's end. He is absolutely certain of these facts, and any further instruction on the point is merely superfluous. The shepherd is wise in leaving the fold to find the lost sheep, but what about the great mass of the sick and dying flock, who are safely cooped up in the fold, but refuse to partake of its nourishment? Assuredly they know their position, and are aware of the temerity of their condition. No man will ever go to hell, if he does not know, indirectly at least, beforehand, that he is going there. Hence any learned allusions to the articles of faith must, of necessity, fail in such a case.

How often does the incident occur? The priest gets up in the pulpit and begins to preach to his congregation. He proves to them very plainly that they are bound to go to communion at Easter, and that if they fail to do so, they are cut off from the Church. His audience is aware of the fact, was acquainted with it indeed before he spoke. What is the result of his learned address?— mayhap it is the last opportunity they have got to make their Easter duty. Possibly they comment on his sermon a little, pronounce it a very able discourse, and praise up their pastor as being a very fine man. Does anything else follow? In all probability, in the case of a great many, to whom the sermon was specially delivered, there is a visit to a saloon, to destroy any little gnawings which may have been troubling their stony heart. After that, they pursue the even tenor of their way, for broad and easy is the road that leadeth unto perdition.

What is required in such a case as this? A little of the burning fervor of the Crusading Hermit, some "heart" in the sermon which will *move* the audience. I recollect being in conversation with a young pastor, a big-hearted, charitable man, who expressed to me his utter sorrow that his people were so indifferent to his words. As he spoke his eyes filled with tears, and the great big heart was visible in his features. I had occasion to listen to the same man in the pulpit. The change was remarkable. There was apparently no attempt to move his audience, but he laid down the law in clear, direct style as to the certainty of their perdition if they continued their former life. His words were convincing unmistakably, but they were not moving. The fervor and earnestness of his convictions were positively indiscernible in his delivery — the man and the preacher were two distinct persons.

If we only consider awhile and look abroad and around us, we shall see that where the influence of the clergy from the pulpi greatest, there is the least crime and the least sin. Compare the working classes in this country and in Ireland, and what a contrast do we find! What has ever been the shining star in Erin's firmament is the dark cloud that shadows the American priest's pathway, and leads him to an early grave. And why is this? Surely in a great measure from the difference in pulpit oratory. Any person travelling in Ireland

must have noticed the simple yet forcible method of the priests, more especially among the country places. There each person feels that the priest at some part of his sermon is talking directly to him, and his words strike home to their mark. Here in America, the simple, child-like faith is more wanting, and the priest is influenced accordingly. Here, perhaps, we have to beware lest Mr. —— or Mrs. —— may take offence at our words and altogether quit going to church, while over in Ireland the parish priest thunders out his anger at John —— whom he saw going down the street *drunk* the night before. God knows which is the better method, but if a more pious, religious, and God-fearing class than the Irish peasantry is to be found, their name has to be invented

This leads us up to the inquiry, "What is the cause of this want of simplicity and force?" Of course we may trace it in part to the customs of the age. It is hardly the fashion for hard-headed men and unsentimental women to listen to a pathetic and touching appeal about their eternal salvation — at least so it is the custom to think, and so nobody attempts to make his audience feel with him. The great harm lies in the fact that so many of our young priests are infected with it. Some of it comes with their training. Indeed it would be hard to find in this country or elsewhere, any college where a tendency to cynicism does not prevail. Every school-boy learns to sneer and to enjoy it, and as the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous is infinitely small, the college-trained priest cannot shake off his old habit, and for fear of becoming ridiculous does not bring any feeling into his discourse but becomes artificial and forced.

It cannot fail to be an object of surprise to any hard-thinking man to notice the *début* of our young priests in the pulpit. At first there comes the natural nervousness which time wears away, and which gives place to that unreal, artificial delivery which may become an unalterable fault. Let me not be supposed to infer that every young priest should have at the outset the glowing, forcible manner of one of the masters. No, but what we may expect, and have a right indeed to expect, is that we shall see in his delivery the germ of an earnest, clear style, which time will develop and improve, so that the audience may be able to realize that the speaker believes what he says and feels keenly every atom of his speech.

We have — and thank God for it — some institutions where the training for the pulpit is rigid and prolonged; where every postulant loses his awkwardness and his artificiality, and learns to speak naturally and from the heart. But are these not the exceptions? Do not a great number of our ecclesiastics show signs of very indifferent training? No doubt we have occasional evidence of highly polished diction and a graceful delivery — but where is the force, the heart, the will-power that send plain, simple facts straight from one's own heart into that of the audience? We may have a young priest who has been a hard student during his seminary life; he, no doubt, believed the necessity of studying his theology, and he acted up to his belief. He has come out into the world. He is now a theologian, surely — a zealous priest without a doubt, — a moral, living example to his people always,

— anything more? probably not. The spirit of the Lord is in his heart, but he is unable to circulate it. His parishioners admire his character, and have a vague, indistinct envy of his moral qualities — further than that their thoughts move not. Thus it comes to pass that we have so many — aye very many, priests of the present day, who are utterly unable to give *expression* to their feelings. Their powers of speech have never been rightly handled; they come out into the world to preach the Gospel, and their training is their first impediment. Recollect the numerous circle of priests that you have heard in the pulpit, and ask yourself how many of these good, pious, learned, but unpractical men, are capable of touching the heart of some long-lost friend of yours. We pray for the conversion of sinners, we have Masses said in their behalf, but God, who works through human means, sees the pulpit inadequately filled, and — shall I utter it — the sinners increase and multiply. The seminarian, in spite of warnings on all sides, pursues solely his religious search into theological lore, and his own natural powers, the special gift of his Creator, the wonderful organ of speech is untrained and uncultivated, and loses golden opportunities hereafter. Stored with theology enough to convert an army of heretics, he walks up into the pulpit, and becomes a visible and continuous failure. He provides himself against the attacks of enemies who approach not, whilst the little Catholic street Arab on his own doorstep goes away rebellious and unrepentant.

Surely here is need for stringent reform. This is not a question for an interchange of compliments. It is a burning problem, which is eating out the vitals of our social system. Unless a change comes over us we may look for intense apathy on the part of our congregations. Now they go to church to listen to Father so and so because he is such a *nice* preacher. After a while, they may cease going at all, until the mission comes round, when the more pointed and spirited remarks of the *strange* priests produce in many cases — thank God — a great reform. But it is only lifting up the wheel for a little time; it soon sinks again into the rut and drags everything down with it.

This, then, is surely a subject which ought to attract the attention of our clergy and seminaries. The want is discernible, the gap wide and plain to be seen. We may not have stated our case as the importance of it deserved — nay more, we may have shown considerable weakness in our position, but we hope it will be the means of allowing time for serious thought in this matter. Perhaps some person of greater experience may enable us to view the subject in a better light, and explain the inefficiency of our clergy as pulpit orators. In fine, our point has been to call in question the *method* of our preachers, and if this meets with an adequate reply, whether favorable or not, we shall have been amply rewarded. JOSEPH SCOTT.

IN reading-room, two boys, twelve and eight years old, looking at illustrated book — Elder (reading) — "India-rubber tree." Younger — "Is that a rubber tree?" Elder — "Yes: you hit that tree with a hatchet, and the hatchet'll bounce back."

Bishop Loughlin's Golden Jubilee.

OUR contributor, Peter McCorry, has for the past ten years written songs commemorative of the anniversary of Bishop Loughlin's consecration. These songs were set to popular airs, and sung by the pupils of St. James' Schools, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The following song by the same writer is commemorative of the Bishop's Golden Jubilee, and was sung by a choir of three hundred boys during the procession of school children in Brooklyn, on Sunday, Oct. 19, 1890.

SONG.

AIR: *The Wearin' of the Green.*

Oh, then what can we do for him, boys,
But cheer him on his way,
The glory of his Island See,
The hero of to-day.
May his blessing be upon us, boys,
On this his Golden Day,
To teach us and to reach us, all,
And guide us on life's way.

CHORUS:

Hail! the fifty Golden Years,
Hail! the crown that decks his head,
Banish all the bitter tears,
That we know he must have shed,
Hail! the seed of Blessed Colman,
And of Malachy the Brave,
Hail! error's constant foeman,
From his manhood to the grave.

May the weight of years sit lightly on
His loving heart to-day,
And lighten all his burden, boys,
For that we work and pray,
Oh, lighten all his burden, boys,
By that we prove our love,
And carry him within our hearts,
'Till called from us above.

CHORUS:

See how fifty thousand men to-day,
Revere his loving name,
And fifty thousand others, boys,
Proclaim his golden fame.
Fifty years of zealous work for him,
Of war and constant strife,
Oh, these make up the measure of
His truly Past'ral life.

CHORUS:

Like the sun when setting in the west,
His golden splendors rise
With deeper, glowing lustre
O'er the peaceful, azure skies,
So the beauties of his ev'ning life
In mellow radiance spread
Around him, and in all his works,
A glory o'er his head.

CHORUS:

Old and New Barbers.

THE barber's trade is the oldest trade known to man. It has flourished under all circumstances and conditions and will continue to exist. Although all nations employ the art and it has been the custom to employ barbers for more than twenty-six hundred years, there is practically no difference between the methods used to-day and those used twenty-six hundred years ago. Up to the time of Christ only kings and a very few wealthy men owned razors or employed a barber, and it was the custom among some nations to send for the barber when a distinguished guest arrived and have his hair anointed and his face shaved.

Mutes were usually instructed in this art, but be he mute or otherwise the barber was not allowed to speak in the presence of the one he shaved. They were either slaves or ranked as such. The custom of employing mutes was continued until one of the most noted rulers of Europe caused his chief counsellor to be trained in the art of shaving. This ruler being indolent in his court habits, vigorous only in the pursuits of pleasure, and bold in ignoring the customs of his forefathers, conceived the idea of being instructed while being shaved; and as the operation then occupied over an hour his learned barber gave him the points on the chief topics of the day, and thus relieved him of the trouble of studying and investigating the matters that interested his subjects. It soon became known that this ruler received instructions from his barber, and the custom became quite prevalent. And at the present time we find the barber the most loquacious workman that we meet.

In ancient times the operation of shaving consumed a much longer time than it does now, as the ancients shaved the head, the beard and the feet, and spent much time anointing their heads; but the lather used in olden times was what caused so much time to be consumed. Instead of a soap lather, such as we use now, they took the roots of a tender plant, ground it to a fine powder, mixed it with the juice of wild fruits and stirred it into a soft paste. This they spread on the face with a wooden blade and left it to dry. When sufficiently hardened they shaved it off, leaving the face soft and clean.

During one of the great political convulsions in Europe a criminal was brought in to be executed, but it was important that he should be

questioned before being killed. When he was brought before the king he was taken with an apoplectic fit. The barber was summoned and ordered to shave him, and in doing so he cut a vein in the man's neck. The blood flowed freely and the man thus relieved came out of his fit. This barber being a quick-witted man noted the cause and effect, studied medicine and became a medical man as well as a barber. Many other barbers followed his example, and it is commonly supposed that the striped red, white, and black pole got its origin from the fact that the barber let blood as well as shaved hair. Such, however is not the case. The striped pole was first seen in the United States after the Mexican war, when barbers found that in order to live at their trade they could not afford to be too exclusive, but must shave any and every one, and they hung out this sign, "we shave people of all nations, white, red, or black," and striped their signs accordingly.

There are one hundred and fifty thousand barbers in the United States, of which fifty thousand are colored, seventy thousand foreigners, and only thirty thousand Americans. H.

"Forcing Beds of Immorality."

THE evils of the public-school system have time and again been unsparingly denounced in the Catholic press throughout the land. But it has remained for a Protestant journal — the Commonwealth, of Boston — to expose this dangerous system of education in all its hideous deformity with a directness and plainness of language that admit of no reply. In an article on the subject which appeared in a recent issue the Commonwealth said: "People in New England have usually bowed down and worshipped our system of public education, without much thought about its faults or much knowledge about its virtues. But they are beginning to realize at last that if it has many virtues, it has perhaps as many faults. Where is the public school in New England to which parents feel safe in sending their children? Why do we hear on every hand that children learn as much evil as they do good? Why do we find all who can afford it sending their children to private schools? Because — let us be honest and recognize the fact — our public schools are often forcing-beds of immorality. It is this, and only this, that gives speciousness to the Roman Catholic taunt of the godlessness of our school system."

As a remedy for the evils spoken of, the Commonwealth advocates not "the mere perfunctory reading of the Bible," but "simple and yet fundamental teaching in ethics and morals." In this it almost expresses the sum and substance of Catholic teaching on the question. The Church insists upon the moral training of her children, without which there can be no true education. Morality cannot exist without religion, and hence the youthful mind must be imbued with the principles of true religion, that good, loyal citizens may be formed for the State.

TRANSPORTED for life — the man who marries happily.

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

ACCEPTING FIRST PRAISE.

At a crowded meeting held on September 8, 1851, at the Corn Exchange, Birmingham, Bishop Ullathorne publicly thanked Dr. Newman for his course of nine lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England." In reply,

Dr. Newman said he knew perfectly well that he ought to look for praise to God alone; but he thought the present was an exceptional case, and he therefore took what had been said — and with all humility he would say it — as an act of God's love towards him. It was a curious thing for him to say, though he was now of mature age, and had been very busy in many ways, yet this was the first time in his life that he had ever received any praise. He had been in other places and done work elsewhere, before being a Catholic, but there was no response, no sympathy; it was not the fault of the people, for they could not respond. Some instruments could only make beautiful music, and some, from their very nature, could only make a noise. So it was with such a body as that to which he once belonged: they could only make a noise — no echo, no response, no beautiful music. But it was quite different when a man entered the Catholic Church. In conclusion, he entreated the prayers of those who heard him, as it was only the prayers of Catholics which could sustain him on this troubled ocean to that shore which they all hoped to reach through God's blessing. *

ON RELINQUISHING THE RECTORSHIP OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

To the Vice-Rector, Professors, and Officers of the Catholic University of Ireland, in reply to an address which they had presented at Christmas, 1859 — an address which bears, among many others, the signatures of John O'Hagan, B.A., Robert Ornsby, M.A., Thomas Arnold, B.A., Le Page Renouf, T. W. Allies, Aubrey de Vere, J. H. Pollen, M.A., and W. H. Anderdon, M.A., — Dr. Newman said:

My dear Friends, — I am deeply grateful to you for the address which you have sent me. It comes to me on the last day of the year, and is a most acceptable and encouraging termination of it. The highest among the earthly rewards of exertion in any cause is to succeed in winning the approbation and attachment of fellow-laborers, who are our nearest witnesses and best qualified judges, as it is the first of trials to disappoint or displease them. You have given me this special gratification. I rather am the party who ought to make acknowledgments, remembering, as I do, so many instances of the heartiness and self-denying earnestness with which you supported me

* The *Tablet* of July 5, 1851, records that Dr. Newman delivered "the first of a series of lectures, on 'The State of Catholics in England' in the Corn Exchange, High Street, Birmingham. The public were admitted by ticket; and among those present was the Rev. H. E. Manning (late Archdeacon)." Dr. Newman, who wore the habit of his Order, and was received with prolonged applause, read his lecture, and remained seated. The sixth lecture was attended by "several gentlemen from London, including Mr. J. L. Patterson," now Bishop of Emmaus.

in the anxious work which brought us together. And I have to ask you to forgive my many shortcomings, excusing me, moreover, for venturing to commence what I avowed at the same time that I could not carry through, and making allowances for the imperfection of plans, which from the nature of the case, were but tentative and provisional. But to the generosity of your past co-operation you have added the fresh favor of your present affectionate leave-taking; and its expressions are too welcome to admit of my disputing them. I rejoice to know that I have made friends who, whether I see them often or no, will take an interest in whatever may be the will of Providence concerning me in time to come, and whom I may try to repay by remembering in His sight. I rejoice to believe that you represent others, too, known to me and unknown, who, together with you, will bear me in mind as years pass on, and will say a prayer for me when I am taken away. And I rejoice to have in my possession a testimonial, which I can deliver to my brothers here, to be preserved among their records, in honorable memory of the first Superior of this Oratory. And now nothing remains for me but to wish you all the best wishes of this sacred season, and all happy anticipations of the new year, you, and all yours, and the land in which you dwell, that home of warm and affectionate hearts, which, as you truly say, I have wished in my humble measure to serve, believing that in serving Ireland I was serving a country which had tokens in her of an important future and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith.

ON THE OCCASION OF WRITING THE "APOLOGIA."

The Clergy assembled at the Diocesan Synod of Birmingham in June, 1864, presented an address with reference to the attack made by Charles Kingsley.

DR. NEWMAN replied as follows: He had in vain attempted to prepare an answer to it from the first time he learned it was the intention of the clergy of the diocese to confer upon him this most undeserved and unexpected honor; but as often as he had tried he had failed, and had at last given up the attempt in despair, and determined to trust to the moment. And now that the moment had come, what could he say except thank them, which he did most sincerely, for the great honor which they were doing him, and which, from the solemnity of the occasion, the sanctity of the place, and the venerable and sacred character of those who were so honoring him in the very presence of his Bishop, was the highest they could confer. They had spoken in their address of the service he had by his late work done to religion, but he must assure them that he did not himself feel that he had any claim to such high praise in the work which had called forth this address; he had but performed a duty which had been thrust upon him by circumstances over which he had no control; if, however, in the vindication of his character he had indirectly done good by lessening prejudices against the Catholic clergy, or the Faith which was so dear to them all, of course he should be very grateful for this result.

This, however, was not the way in which he would wish to consider the address (viz., as an acknowledgment of his services to religion); he preferred looking upon it (and he had the greatest pleasure in so looking upon it) as an expression of their warm affection and kindly sympathy towards himself, when they saw he was in trouble. It was, indeed, the greatest comfort and support to him to have their sympathy at the present moment; nor was it the first time they had stood by him when he was in need of their countenance and aid. It had happened to him upon a former occasion to be threatened with a great trial upon the delivery of some lectures in this town, when, on the delivery of the last of those lectures, the clergy, hearing of the trial in which he was likely to be involved, headed by a venerable man whom he always remembered with the greatest reverence and affection, their late Provost, Dr. Weedall, came forward and gave him their support. He said in the last of those lectures that it mattered little what people at a distance thought of us, if those amongst whom we lived, loved and honored us. Those amongst whom he (Dr. Newman) lived had shown the truth of this remark *then*, and they were confirming its truth *now*. Whatever people who did *not* know him, thought of him, he was sure of the affection and esteem of those who did know him. This was a great comfort to him, for although it was our duty to look for comfort principally in the thought of Our Lord and in the prayers of the saints, yet still it was permitted us to receive consolation from each other, and he deeply thanked them all for the support they had thus given him in this time of trial. And it was this view he took of them as his friends in need, that gave him the right to say that he feared he should disappoint their expectations with regard to his future labors in defence of the truth against the prevailing errors of the day. He felt there were many things which led him to think that the time was not come to speak, and that he was not the man to speak. First, the very errors themselves were so vague, so self-destructive, that if the Church endeavored to combat them in their present shape she would be like one "who beateth the air," and that perhaps before the armor which was to be used in her defence was forged, the difficulties would have destroyed each other. Then the Church moved slowly; in her majestic march she had ever taken time. Four centuries had passed away from her commencement, and though she had great saints and learned men, she had allowed the calumnies of the world to pass unheeded, till God raised up St. Augustine to answer all objections hitherto urged, and many that should be urged in future ages down to our own time. When the time came, God would raise up such a one to defend the Church's teaching. But now our duty was patience, the Church's business seemed to be to show the world what a devoted clergy could do by spending their lives and energy in missionary labors. Then as to himself, it seemed to him that old age was more for suffering than for action, and thus it was in some sense a beginning of purgatory; and as prayers had so special a power in liberating from purgatory, when a soul could do nothing for itself, he felt that their prayers were the one thing which could do him a service now.

ON CERTAIN ASPERSIONS.

In reply to an influentially signed address of confidence, at a time when certain aspersions were thrown on his name, Dr. Newman, in writing, at the close of 1867, thus addressed the Right Hon. W. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly:

I ACKOWLEDGE without delay the honor done me in the memorial addressed to me by so many Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, which you have been the medium of conveying to me. The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved; but in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at this occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feeling of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many others whose good opinion is the more impartial, for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive the generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it. I rely on you, my dear Monsell, who from long intimacy understand me so well, to make clear to them my deep and lasting gratitude in fuller terms than it is possible within the limits of a formal acknowledgment to express it.

AT THE FUNERAL OF HENRY W. WILBERFORCE.

From the letter of one who was present at the funeral of Mr. Henry Wilberforce at the Dominican Monastery at Woodchester, in 1873.

DURING the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side; but H——— saw and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall, which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after awhile could contain his tears no longer, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At the end of Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and, after a little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do, viz.: to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that no one could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his life — of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good," in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man."

"Then the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become ——" here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence — "a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Saviour," and he reminded us of "the last hour, and dreadful judgment, which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed "that every one there present might have a holy and happy death."

ON RECEIVING NOTICE OF HIS ELEVATION TO THE SACRED COLLEGE.

In reply to the messenger bearing the biglietto *from the Cardinal Secretary of State, containing the notice of his elevation to the Cardinalate, whom he received at the house of Cardinal Howard, May 17, 1879,*

CARDINAL NEWMAN said: I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother tongue; it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me than if I attempted what is above me. First of all, then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father in singling me out for so immense an honor. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me and I was at peace. And was it possible that, after all, I had lived through so many years for this? Nor is it easy to see how I could have borne so great a shock had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he raised me to this high position. His act, said he, was a recognition of my zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favor. After such gracious words from His Holiness, I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer. This is what he had the kindness to say to me, and what could I want more? In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints, namely, that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this — an honest intention, an absense of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church, and, through the divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted, to the best of my powers,

the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did the Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world and upon the Holy Church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made. Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste — not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant Churches and to Catholic, may get good from both, and belong to neither. They may fraternize together in spiritual thoughts and feelings without having any views at all of doctrine in common or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about the management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society. Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force when I was young that Christianity was the law of the land. Now everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone or is going everywhere, and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the mass of the population to law and order. Now, philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching they would substitute, first of all, a universal and a thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober in his personal interest. Then, for great working principles to take the place of religion for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, they provide the broad, fundamental, ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like, proved experience, and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and in social matters, whether physical or psychological — for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, the intercourse of nations. As to religion, it is a private luxury which a man may have if he will, but which, of course, he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others or indulge to their annoyance. The general character of this great apostasy is one and the same everywhere, but in detail and in character it varies in different

countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think, it threatens to have a formidable success, though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which on the continent seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is that, though it ends in infidelity, as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects which sprang up in England, three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the union of Church and State, and would advocate the unchristianizing the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next, the liberal principle is forced on us through the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power. When you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions. How can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, I as have already noted, are among its avowed principles. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men — elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them. Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realized by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the work of truth, to the Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, faithful and true, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril, that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise when it is witnessed, is the particular mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. Commonly

the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still, and to see the salvation of God. *Mansueti hereditabunt terram et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.*

ON BEING CONGRATULATED.

Replying to an address read by Lady Herbert of Lea, in Rome, on the occasion of the presentation of a set of vestments, jewelled mitre, and altar candlesticks from the English Colony, in May, 1879, Cardinal Newman said:

My dear Friends, — Your affectionate address, introductory to so beautiful a present, I accept as one of those strange favors of Divine Providence which are granted to few. Most men, if they do any good, die without knowing it; but I call it strange that I should be kept to my present age — an age beyond the age of most men — as if in order that, in this great city, where I am personally almost unknown, I might find kind friends to meet me with an affectionate welcome and to claim me as their spiritual benefactor. The tender condescension to me of the Holy Father has elicited in my behalf, in sympathy with him, a loving acclamation from his faithful children. My dear friends, your present, which while God gives me strength I shall avail myself of in my daily Mass, will be a continual memento in His sight both of your persons and of your several intentions. When my strength fails me for that great action, then in turn I know well that I may rely on your taking up the duty and privilege of intercession, and praying for me that, with the aid of the Blessed Virgin and all saints, I may persevere in faith, hope, and charity, and in all that grace which is the life of the soul, till the end comes.

ON THE KINDNESS OF IRELAND.

In reply to an address of the Irish members of Parliament, read by Sir J. McKenna, to receive which Cardinal Newman came expressly to London in April, 1879,

His Eminence said: Gentlemen, this is a great day for me, and it is a day which gives me great pleasure too. It is a pleasure to meet old friends, and it is a pleasure to make new ones. But it is not merely as friends I meet you; for you are the representatives of a Catholic people. And, therefore, in receiving your congratulations, of course I feel very much touched by your address. But I hope you will not think it strange if I say that I have been surprised too; because, while it is a great thing to please one's own people, it is still more wonderful to create an interest in a people which is not one's own. I do not think there is any other country which could have treated me so graciously as you have done. It is now nearly thirty years since, with a friend of mine, I first went over to Ireland with a view to that engagement which I afterwards formed there. and during the seven years through which that engagement lasted, I had a continued experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness, from all classes of people: from the Hierarchy, from the seculars and regulars,

and from the laity, whether in Dublin or in the country. As their first act they helped me in a great trouble in which I was involved. I had put my foot into an unusual legal embarrassment, and it required many thousand pounds to draw me out of it. They took a great share in that work. Nor did they show less kindness at the end of my time. I was obliged to leave Ireland by the necessities of my own Congregation at Birmingham. Everybody can understand what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I had only engaged for seven years, because otherwise I could not fulfil the charge the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory. Not a word of disappointment or unkindness was uttered, when there might have been a feeling that I was relinquishing a work which I had begun. And now I repeat that, to my surprise, at the end of twenty years, I find a silent memory cherished of a person who can only be said to have meant well, though he did little. And now, what return can I make to show my gratitude? None that is sufficient. But this I can say, that your address will not die with me. I belong to a body which, with God's blessing, will live after me — the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. The parchment which is the record of your generosity shall be committed to our archives, and shall testify to generations to come the enduring kindness of Irish Catholics towards the founder and first head of the English Oratory.

ON THE PLEASANT CARE OF BOYS.

In reply to an address read by Lord Edmund Talbot on July 21, 1879, on behalf of the Oratory School Society,

Cardinal Newman said: I thank you very much for the address of congratulation which you have presented to me on the great dignity to which the Holy Father has raised me. Besides the honor, he has done me this great service, that his condescension has, in God's mercy, been the means of eliciting in my behalf so much kind sympathy, so much deep friendliness, so much sincere good-will, of which the greater part was till now only silently cherished in the hearts of persons known and unknown to me. I do not mean to say that I did not believe in your affection for me; no, I have had many instances of it. I have rejoiced to know it, and I have been grateful to you for it; but I could not till I read your short and simple words realize its warmth, its depth, and what I may call its volume. Your letter is the best reward, short of supernatural, for much weariness and anxiety in time past. Nothing, indeed, is more pleasant than the care of boys; at the same time nothing involves greater responsibility. A school such as ours is a pastoral charge of the most intimate kind. Most men agree in judging that boys, instead of remaining at home, should be under the care of others at a distance. In order to the due formation of their minds, boys need that moral and intellectual discipline which school alone can give. Their parents, then, make a great sacrifice, and also make an act of supreme confidence, in committing their dear ones to strangers. You see, then, what has made us so anxious, sometimes too anxious — namely, our sense of the great trust committed to us by parents, and our desire

to respond faithfully to the duties of that trust, as well as our love for, our interest in, our desire, if so be, to impart a blessing from above upon their children. No other department of the pastoral office requires such sustained attention and such unwearied services. A confessor, for the most part, knows his penitents only in the confessional, and perhaps does not know them by sight. A parish priest knows, indeed, the members of his flock individually, but he sees them only from time to time. Day schools are not schools except in school hours; but the superiors in a school such as ours live with their pupils and see their growth from day to day. They almost see them grow, and they are ever tenderly watching over them that their growth may be in the right direction. You see now why it is that the few words of your address are so great a comfort to me. Yes, they are a definite, formal answer to the questionings, searchings of heart, and anxieties of twenty years. Of course, I know that we have been wonderfully blessed in the set of boys whom we have had to work for — we have had a very good material. Also, I know when you speak so kindly of my personal influence and guidance that this is a reference to more than myself, and that I can only occupy the second or the third place in any success which we can claim. However, if to have desired your best good, if to have prayed for it, if to have given much time and thought towards its attainment deserves your acknowledgment, and has a call on your lasting attachment, I can without any misgiving of conscience, accept in substance your affectionate language about me. Before concluding my thanks, I must express my great gratification at your splendid gift of vestments, munificent in itself, and most welcome as a lasting memento of July 20, 1879, and of the address of congratulation with which that gift is accompanied.

ON AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE.

Acknowledging the presentation of a monstrance by Lady Alexander Lennox on behalf of the boys at the Oratory School, July 20, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN said: It is very difficult for me in set words to express the feelings of great gratitude and great gratification which such an address from such persons causes me. I have spoken in the answer I have just made to our late scholars — the members of the Oratory School Society — of the feelings which parents must have when they commit their children either to strangers or to those who at least cannot be so near and dear to them as those parents are themselves. I recollect perfectly well enough of my own childhood to know with what pain a mother loses her children for the first time, and is separated from them, not knowing for the time what may happen to them. It is, of course, an enormous gratification and a cause of thankfulness, where thanks are due, that I should be — that we should be — so kindly, considerately, and tenderly regarded as we are, and as that address which you have read to me brings out. Concerning our school, it may be pleasant to you to know that the Holy Father

at Rome seemed to take great interest in it without my urging it upon him. I brought before him the outline of the history of the Oratory for the last thirty years, and he showed great interest in it, and, I may say, even mastered all I said; and I could see it remained in his mind, for when the time came for me and my friends the Fathers to be presented to him to take leave of him, then, though what I asked for was a blessing upon this house, and upon the house in London, he added of his own will, "and a blessing upon the school." It was a thing he singled out; and as we have been blessed by the blessing of the holy Pope Pius IX. on the commencement of the Oratory, we may look forward to divine aid for being guided and prospered in the time to come. I hope you will not measure my sense of your kindness to me by the few words I have spoken, for if I attempted to express my full feelings, I should have to detain you a long time before I came to an end. But loth as I am to detain you with more words, I must not conclude without offering you my best thanks for the magnificent monstrance which you, and others, as mothers of our boys, have had the kindness to present me in memory of my elevation to the Sacred College, or without assuring both you who are here and those whom you represent, how acceptable to us is this token of the interest you take in the past and present of the Oratory.

TO THE ORATORY SCHOOL BOYS.

To a congratulatory address read by Mr. Richard Pope on the same date,

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in reply, said that the tribute of the boys, as the daily witnesses of his more private life, came home to him and touched him exceedingly. After referring in congratulatory terms to those boys who had left the school and gone forward in the career of life, and had fulfilled so well the duties of their station, the Cardinal concluded as follows: When I think of that, and think of you who are to go into the same world, and fight the same battles as they have done, I have great confidence that you, beginning with such tender feelings towards your teachers, and me especially, will answer all the expectations that we have formed of you, and the wishes that we have for you. I will say no more, but will thank you, and assure you that, as this day will remain in your mind, so it will remain in mine.

ON THE HAPPY CHARACTER OF THE TIME.

To an address from the Chapter of Salford on July 21, 1879,

CARDINAL NEWMAN replied as follows: In thanking the Chapter of Salford, through you, Monsignor Croskell, its Right Reverend Provost, for your most welcome congratulations on the dignity to which the Supreme Pontiff has graciously raised me, as I most heartily do, I thank you for bringing before the present hearers of your address, and before myself, the very apposite reflection — as regards suc success as has attended me in what I have done or have written,

whether in point of influence at home, or special and singular recognition on the part of the Holy Father at the centre of Catholicity — how much I owe to the happy character of the time. I myself, thirty or forty years ago, found it impossible to stem the current of popular feeling which was adverse from me, and found that patience and waiting was all that was left for me. But what a trifle of a difficulty was this compared with the real and terrible obstacles which confronted the Catholic champion in England in the sixteenth century. Now our enemies assail us only with gloves — not with gauntlets — and with foils with buttons on, and words that break no bones. Three centuries ago the weapons of controversy were of a deadly character; and how could even the most angelic sanctity, the most profound learning, the most persuasive talent, if embodied in the Catholic controversialist, preacher, or priest, succeed against the rack, the gibbet, and the axe? How could he attain to any issue of his labor save that of martyrdom? Let us, then, my dear Right Reverend Provost, derive from this meeting and the brotherly love which takes place between us to-day what is indeed its true moral — that God has been very good to us His children, in this poor country, that we owe Him great gratitude, and that His past mercies are an earnest to us, unless we be unfaithful, of greater mercies to come. "The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord; He is their helper and protector. The Lord hath been mindful of us, and hath blessed us. He hath blessed the house of Israel, He hath blessed the house of Aaron."

Should Women Propose?

THIS new question promises to become quite as interesting as the old one whether marriage is a failure. In Bulwer's Coming Race it is the women who do the courtship and pop the question. Among lions and sparrows alike it is the female who chooses the mate that is most agreeable to her. The lioness remains a true and faithful spouse to her chosen one for three years or thereabouts, naturalists say, then she shakes him and gets another one. She has the matter all in her own hands, or paws, and the lord of beasts has nothing to say about it.

Certain unterrified ladies in England, mindful of the ever-increasing army of unwedded maids in the kingdom, now contend with much earnestness that women, not men, should do the proposing. Thus there would be more marriages and fewer old maids and bachelors, though considering the divorce courts it does not necessarily follow that that would be an improvement. Women would stand a better chance of getting the men they want, while men could only sit bashfully by in a row and wait to be asked. Men have had a monopoly of popping the question for ages that are quite long enough, now let it be the other sex's turn, they say. There is one good result that might flow from it. The great mass of discontented and unhappy married ladies could not then blame their husbands for bringing them into misery. The misery would be of their own making.

Ireland.

Written for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE following beautiful poem on IRELAND was written by a Louisiana priest, bard, and poet, the saintly FATHER A. ROUQUETTE, Missionary of the Chacta Indians. To gain their souls to Christ this learned and highly cultured man lived among them in the forest, sharing their sorrows and their joys. So fully did he yield himself up to their habits of life, that they cognomed him "Chacta Ima," *like Chacta*, a title he appreciated more dearly than any the world could bestow upon his genius and worth.

IRELAND.

EMERALD of ocean and mystical jewel,
Glory and honor alone be thy due;
Though heavy thy crosses and weary thy burden,
Thou ever remainest so great and so true.
The land of the martyr, the land of O'Connell,
The saintliest spot neath the heaven's blue dome;
O'er *thee* Faith's bright beacon is steadily glowing,—
With thee, faithful Erin, Love has her home.

Bearing on high the Harp as thine emblem,
Thy heart ever answers to Liberty's plaint,—
O Catholic Erin, O verdure-crowned Ireland,
The blood of the Celt remains without taint!
Thy children are exiles all the world over,
They carry the dear faith from sea unto sea,
O chosen of nations, amid all Earth's people
My muse offers greeting and honor to thee.

For genius and faith, sparkling gem of the ocean,
Have sent gifts upon thee with bountiful hand;
O fearless Hibernia, the home of the poet,
Hail Isle of the Saints, hail ever blest land.
Neath the soft sighing breezes that ever blew over thee,
Tara's harp will respond with its sweet melody;
Though tear-drops fall heavy beneath thy white garlands,
Honored and glorious thou ever shalt be.

FATHER A. ROUQUETTE.

A PAMPHLET has just appeared in Copenhagen, says the London Universe, which winds up with the statement that Protestantism in Denmark is in full decadence. At the same time Otto Muller, a celebrated Danish preacher, declares that whatever of Christianity remains in Lutheranism comes uniquely from the papacy. But the most remarkable testimony to the power and influence of our Church is conveyed in a letter from a Danish Protestant pastor in the Aarhus Slifstidende. He says Leo XIII. is a man whose counsel is always hearkened to with avidity and interest. He knows his time, comprehends its wants, and is perfectly cognizant of what can be done in actual conditions. The words of the Pope are not only listened to and read with attention in Catholic circles, but in Protestant countries. Where they penetrate they find a pronounced inclination toward the mission which His Holiness has undertaken — namely, to reconcile religion with government, and piety with social life.

Glimpses of Irish Industries.

CHAPTER X.—AFFORESTING.

Ireland before the 16th century.—Vandalism.—English Bishops.—Action of Foreign Governments.—Les Landes.—The Value of Forests.—A Profitable Undertaking.—Spanish Peasants.—Two Irish Landlords.—A Mistaken Idea.—Fatal Emigration.—Capacities of Ireland.—Foreign Competition.—Forests as Rain Producers.—Fish Benefit by Them.—Forests as Water Purifiers.—The Best Trees.—The Basket Industry.—A Pleasant Occupation.—Relations between Landlord and Tenant—A Desolate Home.—A Baneful Influence.—Resident Gentry.—Fruit Growers and Railways.—The Royal College of Science.—National Schools.—A Long-Suffering People.—Mrs. Earnest Hart.—Continental System.—An Attractive Picture.

A TOURIST visiting Ireland for the first time, especially if his course embraces the most picturesque parts — the north and the north-west coast — is appalled by the spectacle of lofty chains of mountains standing in naked grandeur, as a rampart against the force of the Atlantic. For cliff scenery, sublime in its loneliness, it has no rival in the world. Contemplating its savage grandeur and the squalid wretchedness of the ruined villages that nestle at its base, it is difficult to imagine that this country was once the abode of a pastoral people with plains rich in herbage, woods full of game, lakes abounding with wild fowl, timber in abundance everywhere, and all the necessaries of life procurable without difficulty. There is no feature of the Irish landscape more characteristic than the desert baldness of her hills; robbed of those sylvan honors which once diversified the prospect, it now presents to the eye a type of the desolation and misery which have overspread the country. This barrenness of trees is but of recent origin; many localities, in every part of Ireland, derive their names from having originally been embowered in wood. The country was covered with dense and continuous forests prior to the 16th century. The vandal work of destruction began in the days of Queen Elizabeth, culminated during the Ulster plantation and has not ceased in our own day. Between the years 1841 and 1881, there was an absolute diminution of wood, to the extent of 45,779 acres. During this latter period, no systematic attempt to replant had been made. In some districts, wood was cut down to increase the arable land; and in others, to destroy the shelter which bands of outlaws found in their recesses. Two centuries ago, the manufacture of iron led to the cutting down of innumerable trees, in order to prepare charcoal for smelting. Immediate profit was the only object desired, and no care for the future was exhibited, until the lands have gradually become as naked as they are now. This destruction was carried on in many parts of the country with reckless profusion. Trees, to the value of twenty thousand pounds, were cut down on one estate in Kerry, the proprietor seizing upon the smallest profit, several of the large trees being sold for sixpence each.

When the lands of the Irish families were proscribed, the first act was to cut down the wood; even the English bishops imported to Ireland assisted in the devastation. Whitenhall, Bishop of Kilmore from 1699 to 1713, boasted of the number of trees which he removed from his diocesan property. Most of the wood was sold and at this time there was carried on an extensive export trade in oak. When the

confiscation of Ulster was inaugurated, one of the chief inducements held out to English and Scotch settlers, was the abundant wood to be found on the old Irish territory. About the end of the 17th century, a great quantity of wood from Coleraine and Belfast was shipped out of the country and, at the same time, the magnificent forests of Down, Derry, and Antrim were all destroyed. If due care had been taken of the forests, even during the last two hundred years, Ireland might now have a property of one hundred million pounds, in her woods and forests.

This reckless waste is in glaring contrast with the action of most Continental countries. Since 1660, a government department in forestry has been in operation in Denmark, and most other countries have exhibited a similar interest in their woods; every industry, directly or indirectly, is dependent on the production of forestry for its development and maintenance. Afforesting increases the value of land one thousand times. In Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Russia, the government compels the lands to be planted and derives a large benefit from such industry. The annual product of some American forests is reckoned more valuable than her wool crop, and actually ten times the value of her gold and silver minds. In Nebraska, forty-three million trees are now growing, where a few years ago, not one could be seen; the wholesale destruction of the Canadian woods has at last aroused its government to take steps to arrest the process of demolition. Perhaps the most notable instance of the value of wood to a country, may be seen in the case of the cultivation of the low-lying lands near the Garonne, a region which, thirty years ago, was one of the poorest and most miserable in France, the home of malaria and fever, where the sickly inhabitants travelled on stilts. Forty years since, on this territory of Les Landes, there were hardly twenty thousand inhabitants; now there are over one million, owing to the introduction of industries in connection with the forest. It was found that the planting of pines improved the climate and greatly aided the development of agriculture. The profits of forests, in most Continental countries, have been large and increasing. Sweden and Norway rely as much on their forests as on their fishing industry. Russia, in 1882, put down the value of her woods to the sum of 14,485,000 roubles; the value of a rouble in our money being equal to two shillings. What was true of Les Landes was also found true in part of our own dominions. It is not so many years since that, for sanitary purposes, we created forests in India, which cover from forty to seventy thousand square miles. The profit of this undertaking now yields considerably more than half a million sterling. There is no country in the world which fails to appreciate the value of wood as a means of its improved condition, but Ireland. This gross ignorance lies entirely at the door of her great landed proprietors; great only in their stupidity in failing to see what has been duly appreciated by the countries already mentioned. Even poverty-striken Spain, with its emasculated religious system and insolent grandness, feels the value of planting. Poor peasants may be seen, at the risk of their lives, carrying on their backs

bits of the soil up their steep mountains and planting trees round about. There is no occasion for this in Ireland, as there are always small ledges upon which the soil accumulates and there trees can be grown. With the exception of Lord Ardilaun and Mr. Mitchell Henry, there are few Irish landlords who have attempted to plant their estates.

One effort proved highly successful; some years ago four hundred acres of the slopes of the Galtees were planted; the land at the time was not worth a shilling an acre; lately, the same plot was sold for one hundred and fifty pounds an acre. The plantation, for the most part, consisted of pine and hard wood. On the whole, few ventures pay so well as planting; for every one thousand pounds laid out, eight hundred pounds of it is expended on unskilled labor, and the most necessitous parts of the country are precisely those on which land is most suitable for planting. The wide territory of the west, from Killala to Clare, is admirably adapted for the plantation of all kinds of forest trees. There are from three million to five million acres of waste lands in Ireland, seven million of mountain bog and river flat, of no use for agriculture; while from emigration, tyranny, and other reasons, arable land is falling out of cultivation every year. One of the many mistaken notions entertained of Ireland is, that she may, with proper care, be converted into a pasture country, capable of supplying John Bull with beef and mutton, while other industries should be left exclusively to England and Scotland. Many of the proprietors of large estates have acted on this principle, with fatal consequences. The neglect of tillage has not increased the growth of stock to any appreciable degree, but the loss to Ireland, of land going out of cultivation within the last thirty years, has been upwards of twenty millions sterling. By putting great tracts of land into grass, the owners of estates abolished the laboring class. Agriculture was nursed by this portion of the population; the land is at present but half tilled, and much of it falling into a prairie condition. Labor has left the country because it has gone into grass; the dying condition of agriculture in Ireland is owing to want of labor, skill, and enforced emigration.

There is no other country where so large an amount of what is called rent is spent out of it as in Ireland. The power to raise rent indefinitely and eject capriciously has impeded the cultivator's energy. Pasture is not as productive to the people or the country as tillage. Once, on a Sunday morning, a farmer at the chapel door might get five hundred laborers; now that the demand has ceased the supply has fallen off. One of the most mistaken panaceas for the improvement of Ireland has been that of emigration. This is a serious error. Its futility is obvious, for, as seventy-five per cent. of the population who emigrate are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, their absence throws the burden on the less capable at home. If the land question, which is the foundation of all interests, were properly settled, Ireland could feed fifteen millions of people and spare some food to export. The population of the country is infinitely below its capacity to support, and emigration is still taking place, owing to the strained conditions between landlord and tenant. Emigration, except by the family, is

bad in every respect. In Germany, it is calculated that a child, up to fifteen years of age, costs the State one hundred pounds; after that he begins to make some return for his maintenance. If he goes away at that age, it means a dead loss of one hundred pounds to the country. A million emigrants from Germany would represent a total loss to the country of one hundred million pounds; this same application is true of Ireland. Since the destruction of the Irish woods, agriculture has proved less valuable, grazing of cattle, except in a few places, has not been remunerative. Ireland is not a country for flocks and herds, whatever it might have been in the past. Only rich lands, which do not require cultivation, should be laid out in grass. A climate saturated with rain cannot produce permanent pasture. No doubt an improved system of agriculture would more than double the produce, which, in arable land under cultivation in Belgium, is more than treble what it is in Ireland. It would seem, however, that we are approaching a time when the food supply — meat and grain — can be carried on both by California, America, and Russia, and that it is only whipping a dead horse to think of rivalling the resources of those great countries. Ireland must develop fresh industries and cultivate an exchange of commodities. When wheat can be carried from Chicago to New York for five cents a barrel, and carried free to Liverpool, as ballast, it is high time for both English and Irish growers to consider their position.

A trade can be cultivated in flax, wool, paper, and other materials, but several industries which once flourished in Ireland cannot be revived by protection duties or by any other means. It is idle to think of returning to the old system of protection, though it would appear that Ireland, unlike England, cannot stand without a qualified form of it; that is, a duty on manufactured goods of all kinds; everything, however, in a raw state, required for food, should be let in, freight free. This would give employment to the people at home in the conversion of raw material into the manufactured article. The question of forests, however, demands our attention. In a general way, it has been proved that forests are a necessity to the country. Men of science further prove that the presence of woods largely regulates the flow of water in water-courses, insuring a steady supply during dry seasons, while they prevent sudden and disastrous floods. There is some uncertainty as to the power of a forest in producing rain, but there is no doubt as to its effect in conserving the water which falls. The humidity of the air above the forest is considerably larger than that of the air of an open country. Experiments in the south of France showed that the rainfall in a forest, as compared to that in an open, was in the proportion of one hundred to ninety-two and five-tenths hundreds, while the evaporation in the forest was only one-third of the evaporation on the plain. The actual water received and retained from the atmosphere is nearly fifty per cent. greater in a forest than that received and retained by the plains. Forests act as conductors of electricity; they influence the currents of vapors and their action is felt far above the actual height of the trees. They also condense the clouds into rain, by lowering the temperature, and act as bulwarks against the severity of

storms. The want of woods has produced disastrous results, as seen in the great floods and long droughts which took place in Spain, France, Sicily, Chili, Peru, Mauritius, and many other places. In the Murcia valley, the rivers were reduced to a succession of stagnant pools which, during the summer heat, developed malaria and fever, detrimental to life and health. But, as soon as the winter rain came, the rivers, in nearly all the valleys, became raging torrents, destroying life and property.

The forests, with their numberless roots and decaying vegetation, retain the rain water and prevent it from rushing to rivers and the sea, while it gives it off slowly and steadily. It simply acts like a great sieve and retains the firm particles of the soil which the influence of the air and the sun, the frost and rain, and the action of numberless roots have decomposed, thereby fertilizing the land, by forming moulds into which larvæ and other insects live and breed. The protective influence of forests is a question of natural economy which has a great claim on the attention of the Legislature. Besides other benefits, forests are of value in protecting the health of fishes. The decaying forest leaves produce a vast amount of nourishment for fish. Each breeze drops into the water numberless grubs, flies, and other insects, the kind of food most relished by fishes, while, from the banks and roots, worms and grubs are constantly supplying them with delicacies. The shade of overhanging trees is also agreeable to fish; one only needs to place a board over a stream and see the fish gather underneath it, to be convinced of this; it is well known that the best fishing is where the forest is close to the shore, as in Denmark. Overhanging trees prevent large evaporation and, at the same time, keep the water clear and cool in summer, while, on the same account, the winter frosts do not deal so severely with fish. Forests not only regulate the flow of water, but they purify it. This has been seen in Australia, in cases where the streams have been polluted by wool-washing establishments. The water, after passing a few miles through a dense and shady forest, will reappear as clear and pure as it was above the wool wash. When fish desert a river, it is often because the shelter of the forest or the border of trees have been taken away. In stocking a river with fish, it is not enough to place spawn and fry in the water; they must be provided with food and shelter.

The most suitable trees for the purpose of planting are oak, beech, plane, larch, poplar, and willow. The question of planting, however, is one which requires both skill and experience. Firs and pine, with larch and oak, have been largely cultivated in Denmark. There is a new variety of shrubs and annuals which might be grown on the banks of rivers or on the margins of bogs. Several American and foreign trees might be introduced, willows should be extensively planted, for this tree has a preference for water, particularly running water. Fish are fond of willows. In Australia, the best fishing places are close to some weeping-willows. The yearly consumption of osiers in England is greater than the national supply, as the basket industry is constantly increasing; it would be, on this account, advisable to further the cultivation of willows. There are many places close to the mouths of rivers and creeks which might be made highly profitable.

During the long winter nights, the Irish peasant could not find a pleasanter employment than in osier work, an art easily acquired. The osier takes no more than ten years to grow. This work might supplement the ordinary means of living. The genius of Celtic art was first exhibited in the form of basket-work. Bog oak ornaments of a very inferior quality, wanting in design, are sold about Killarny. This indicates an existing taste which, if only developed, might produce good results. Stone carving was an industry which Ireland excelled in long before the Christian era. The transition to wood carving is natural; this is a branch specially recommended; machine-made goods can never supply its place, and it affords ample scope for imagination. The presence of wood gives birth to a host of industries unknown in Ireland. The entire destruction of the Irish forests has been a serious loss to the country. One of the principal causes of the destruction of salmon in the province of Ontario, has been owing to the rapid clearance of the splendid woods which abounded in that country. Farming, forestry, and fish culture have a natural affinity; they aid each other. When forests are cut away, the rainfall is interfered with, and agriculture is affected. There are localities in Canada where forests have been wholly destroyed, which are now unable to raise the same kind of grain as in former years. There is no doubt that the clearing of the forests is injurious to agriculture and may have something to do with the deterioration of the potato crop, once so flourishing in Ireland. That country will grow everything but wheat; the climate in the south and west is favorable to the culture of fruit and vegetables, but no attempts have been made to start such industries, mainly owing to the debased system of land tenure. If the cottier showed any improvement in his garden or personal appearance, it brought on him an increase of rent. The relation between the owner of the soil and the people tended to make the latter idle, and deprive them of the incentives to industry which belongs to every well-regulated community. The Irish cabin to-day, so far as industrial occupation is concerned, is as great a blank as the wigwam of an Indian. Insecurity of tenure prevents both progress and accumulation. Now that the occupier is fast becoming the owner, the time to make a move is come. The long period of inaction has ruined the character of the Irish peasant and perhaps much cannot be expected from the present generation. Often, want of enterprise and downright laziness prevent him seizing the opportunities within his grasp. It is marvellous how baneful has been the influence of a landlord of the worst type in destroying the confidence of all the people in the neighborhood. Resident gentry, as a rule, did not encourage industry as the same class in England. Neither have they been examples of morality; rather the contrary; many men of rank corrupted the neighborhood rather than improved it. The fact remains, that the evils of Ireland are as much social as political. One noble lord, with an income of fifteen thousand pounds a year, instead of encouraging local industry, made himself agent-general for the co-operative stores and lost no opportunity of circulating the lists among all his acquaintances.

Fruit-growing might be conducted with profit in Ireland, the soil being neither too cold nor too hot. With the exception of Armagh, no orchards are attached to any of the farms in Ireland. In Loughgale, an attempt has been made to found an industry of the kind. The apple farms of Armagh have been cruelly treated by the railway companies, and, to a large extent, they have been robbed of the fruits of their industry. On one estate in Kent, the magnificent sum of ten thousand pounds has been obtained on cherries alone. Ireland can grow gooseberries, currants, strawberries, apples, and pears. The fruit-growers of Armagh are badly circumstanced, for want of a market. The distance to Belfast is about thirty miles and the railway charge for this distance is twelve shillings six pence a ton. The through rate from the same place to Glasgow, including steam, is twenty-four shillings five pence a ton. The exorbitance of this charge may be inferred by comparing the rate from New York to Liverpool, thirty-five hundred miles; for this distance the charge for the carriage of the apples is only thirty shillings a ton; and from Lisbon to Liverpool, eleven hundred and forty-seven miles, twenty-one shillings a ton. The Irish growers about Armagh complain that they are injured by the importation of foreign apples.

There are few things of the ordinary north-west of Europe which will not grow in Ireland, but no organized effort has been set on foot. In Killala, peaches are known to ripen in the open air, but the people are entirely destitute of agricultural education. Nothing serious has been done in the way of drainage since 1715, and unless a great national system of arterial drainage be taken up, private attempts to drain little farms are of no use. A single sample of the ignorance displayed in this respect will show the extreme backwardness of the country. Hay has often been allowed to rot in the fields or stacked in wet places, when the same article was at famine price in Dublin. The first requisite for the improvement of agriculture, is the better and more skilful cultivation of the land, especially in regard to the choice of manure and the rotation of crops, and the saving and proper use of refuse as manure. So little has the value of training in agriculture been appreciated in Dublin, that the chair of agriculture at the Royal College of Science was abolished within the last few years. Dr. Davey was allowed to retire because he could form no class. What is wanting is a greater diffusion of property in land among the people, a judicious application of capital to improvements, and a more general sound agricultural education. Plots of ground might be attached to five thousand out of the seven thousand national schools in the country, which would enable the teachers to give practical instruction; conferences might be weekly held among the farmers, with a trained instructor present, to give information in an easy conversational manner; less school and more handicraft knowledge might be given. National schools should teach girls domestic and home industries, cooking, bread-making, and domestic economy. The Irish national schools mainly direct the interest of the pupils towards literary, rather than technical instruction. No standard of taste is inculcated, and the highest ambition

of a boy or girl leaving the national school, is to become a clerk or a school-teacher. The country is greatly in need of a diffused system of cottage industries, such as has been adopted on the Continent. This would prove a great blessing to the Irish people, as it would afford a healthful and remunerative occupation during the long winter evenings. Nothing can be more dreary than the life of the Irish peasant; without books or occupation, remote from towns, the wonder is that the discontent which this life engenders is not more widespread. If the country were planted, the possession of cheap wood might prove a strong incentive to the population to learn the use of their hands in the construction of many articles which at present are imported from abroad, giving foreigners work which could be well executed at home. The whole of the toy manufacture of the Black Forest and Tyrol has been created in recent times. Switzerland has no more mineral wealth than Ireland — no coals or ore, but the skill and enterprise of her people and the excellence of her government have produced both comfort and independence. Many of the old Irish industries died out from competition with British manufacturers, whose products have been brought to the door of every small shopkeeper in Ireland. Besides this unavoidable casualty, the Irish labor market was heavily weighted in the race, owing to the fact that, fifty years ago, most of the skilled trades in Ireland were in the hands of Protestants exclusively. Catholics were not admitted into apprenticeship, because of the political power attached to trade. This arbitrary regulation helped effectually to kill those industries. The poverty and degradation of the people were further augmented by a defective education; young people of the laboring class possess great manual dexterity and aptitude which only need developing. The experiment in Donegal is weighty evidence in favor of such a trial. Besides, the question has been tested and found to work well on the Continent, where the intelligence of the people is not above the average.

This is how the system of instruction has been conducted in Austria and Germany, in mountain homes, and in villages remote from railways and towns of any importance. A school for instruction is first started in a modest way, a single room in a vacant cottage being hired by a local committee, and managed by a council, chosen from the surrounding districts. Local authorities find the premises, and th State pays the teachers and provides models and examples. A regular prescribed course is laid down. All the tools are supplied by the school. The work executed belongs to the workers, on paying or the wood. The school meets three evenings a week. Two hours are given to drawing and modelling, followed by an average of eight hours' practical work. The course of instruction lasts four years. No boy can be received into the school before the age of fourteen, and until the completion of his course in the elementary schools. In all these the pupils are instructed in drawing and modelling, and the trades taught are carpentry, joinery, turnery, carving, and wood inlaying. In order to secure proficiency, the government institutes periodical visits by a staff of inspectors, who present reports to the

ministers respecting the state of the schools, the quality of the instruction, and the changes which appear advisable. Such schools are in active operation at Nuremburg, Salzburg, and the Black Forest; also in the Tyrol and South Austrian provinces, where all instruction is gratuitous. Furthermore, to provide for the sale of school work, a depot or show room has been opened in Vienna, in which examples are gathered of all the best work done in the schools. They are also provided with a technological trade museum, with collections of tools, plant, raw products, models for instruction, a library, and a monthly journal.

As to the teaching staff, the invariable custom is to select, in the first instance, an artisan of skill and ability to give the needful practical instruction. From among the best pupils, it becomes possible to procure competent young men to give similar instruction in other schools of the same character, and thus the nucleus of a few schools is made a nursery for a large staff of instructors. The boys taught, naturally turn their attention to the pursuits which hold out the highest inducement in the shape of pay. The council, in order to secure the services of the best pupils, offered them better pay as teachers than they could earn in the workshops. In this way, a large proportion of men trained in the schools were secured as instructors. The system of school workshops, inaugurated by the Austrian government, is the most complete in Europe. There are many districts in Ireland resembling the Austrian provinces, where much might be learned from this inexpensive method of improving the condition of the people. There are also plenty of philanthropic people, both in England and Ireland, who would help this work by subscriptions and personal service, if the governmemt would initiate the work. It might be left to each locality to select its own home industry. The existing institutions in Ireland might be made to supply a complete system of technical education. These are Trinity College, the Royal College of Science, and the three Queen's Colleges. Trinity College is full of excellent material, but the scholarship and ability of her professors and fellows have become ossified from clinging to old routine and not moving with the times; all it wants is to be roused to a sense of its duty, when its intellect would shine forth to the world. What has been said of Trinity College applies very generally to everything in Ireland. There is no reason why the Royal College of Science might not become a complete polytechnic school, if only the Dublin people would take an interest in it; the cause of its decay rests entirely with themselves. A moral rust seems to have settled down on the country, as testified in its threadbare streets and the unkempt appearance of windows, doors, pavements, and everything, including the people. The cottages in Clare, Galway, Mayo, are thatched mud-holes, unfit for human habitation. In the district of Thuringia, where the modest industry of straw plaiting is conducted, the homes of workers are neat and comfortable, the cottages pretty and well kept. Most of the windows contain flowers and bird-cages; many of the houses have pretty gardens attached to them. The

people are tastefully dressed, and have an air of being well fed and contented, while the groups of laughing girls one meets coming from the class schools in the evening, with their bright eyes and happy faces, form a pleasant picture that lingers in the memory. This is what we desire to see in Ireland; only let the agrarian interests, which are the foundation of all others, be well established, and other industries will revive and prosper.

Chapter XI., Fisheries, in our next.

The Grand Old Man in Bonnie Scotland.

MR. GLADSTONE addressed an audience of five thousand persons in the Corn Exchange at Edinburg, evening of the 21st of October.

Ireland, he said, continued to eclipse all other subjects. The country now fully recognized that the Irish questions must be settled before others. The opponents of home rule had hoodwinked and deluded their constituencies by pledging themselves against coercion, promising local government and expressing themselves against granting large advances of British money to buy out landlords. Yet their first favorite measure after gaining power was coercion. Local government was vanishing in the air, and there was a proposal before Parliament granting forty million pounds to buy out the landlords. The Conservatives took credit for setting Ireland right by firm and resolute government. Their administration of the law was worse than the law itself. The state of things was such that the Irish ought to hate the law, though he would not say they ought to break it. The government itself was a perfect pattern of illegality. Its methods tended to provoke the people.

Mr. Gladstone then referred to the Tipperary affair. It was grossly illegal, he said, to close the doors of the court house against the people. The appointment of Magistrate Shannon to try the case was a gross scandal, not merely because he was an executive officer, but also because he had been involved in a serious personal altercation with Mr. Dillon. If such tricks were played in England by wantonness of power, a very short way would be found to remedy such abuse. After the examples of police misconduct at Mitchellstown and Tipperary it was impossible to respect the police or the administration of law by the police. Their brutality and harshness constituted the crowned insult of absenteeism — the grossest that could be inflicted on the people at such a time. Mr. Balfour appeared to feel that it was not a part of the business of the minister for Ireland to reside there. Besides, how many of those present knew whether there was a lord lieutenant of Ireland or not? (Laughter.) Nobody heard of him. Absenteeism, which was among the lowest signs of degradation in the last century, seemed now a constant habit, the Irish minister flaunting his absence in the face of the people. The government vaunted itself on peace in Ireland, yet kept six times more policemen there than in England and Scotland.

British taxpayers paid one million six hundred thousand pounds yearly to the Irish police simply to assist in collecting rents for the landlords. English and Scotch landlords met their tenants fairly and had not found it necessary to appeal for the help of policemen to collect their rents. Yet British landlords had lost more on rents than Irish landlords had. If the government would grant a general election, the state of public opinion would prove that the country was won over to home rule.

On this great question of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone concluded the last of the fortresses of bigotry and oppression would go down before the Liberals' attack. Justice to Ireland would rid the empire of an intolerable nuisance and a deep disgrace, and would gild with a glow brighter than that of any former period the closing years of a glorious reign.

The speech was received with enthusiastic cheers.

Shortly after the conclusion of the speech Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended a concert at which Mme. Patti sang. Dense crowds were assembled outside the concert hall as Mr. Gladstone's carriage drove up, and he was heartily cheered. He was also cheered by the concert audience.

After the concert Mr. Gladstone had a long and pleasant interview with Mme. Patti.

Mr. Gladstone spoke at West Calder on the 23d of October. He referred to the result of the Eccles election as a forecast of the triumph of the Liberals in the coming general election, which, if the present ratio of gains continued, would give them a majority of ninety. Recurring to the Irish question, he objected to the name "separatist" as applied to the Home Rulers. The appellation, he said, was untrue and unfair. There was now no question among the Liberals about removing the Irish representation from Westminster. Nor did they propose to repeal the act of union. But they did propose to delegate to Ireland the control of local affairs. He advocated the principle of one man, one vote, and shorter parliaments.

Commenting upon the enormous power workingmen now possess, he said it would prove beneficial. He would not venture a decisive opinion upon a general eight-hours bill until he saw a definite measure. In spite of the recent vote of trades unions, Mr. Gladstone did not see his way to consider a general legislative proposal. A special eight-hours miners' bill was on a different footing. He was inclined to think that eight hours a day was quite enough for miners.

He Suffered in Silence.

"MONSIEUR VINCENT," said the Queen of France to St. Vincent de Paul, one day, "have you heard what is being said of you?" "I am, indeed, a great sinner, madam." "Nevertheless, I think that you should justify yourself from these charges." "Ah, madam!" replied the saint, "mightier accusations than these were brought against my Master, and He opened not His mouth."

Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter.

HIS LATEST LIBERAL VIEWS ON CATHOLIC CEREMONIES.

WHAT HE TOLD THE WRITER, A FEW DAYS PRECEDING HIS DEATH, OF HIS VISIT TO ROME.—THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

"THE well-considered and attractive articles in some of the leaders of the American secular press, having for their theme the late eminent English Catholic divine, Cardinal Newman, have been the subject of much favorable comment," was the remark of a highly cultured gentleman to the writer quite recently. This gentleman seemed animated with his topic and continued in this strain: "There is much in them that reminds me of a long talk I had had with the gifted public and pulpit orator and lecturer, Rev. H. BERNARD CARPENTER, the Friday evening previous to his sudden and much lamented decease. It was on one of the Penobscot river steamers, while he was en route from Boston to Sorrento, Bar Harbor. Heretofore we had met casually on lecture platforms and on similar occasions; had been introduced, and was kindly remembered.

Years ago at the old Hollis Street Church, I had heard him deliver his magnificent eulogy of the great Irish patriot, Henry Grattan,—a Protestant, who, like Mr. Carpenter himself, was in heart and soul devoted to the liberty of his country. Now, on this last occasion we chated along with great freedom. He spoke of the tour of Europe which he had made not long since, and dwelt with great delight on his visit to Rome. He told with evident pleasure of his admission to ecclesiastic conferences of Dominican fathers in the holy city, saying with his usual modesty, "I was the only layman admitted, and I received much light on subjects that had hitherto hung over me like dark clouds; but I thank God that they are forever dispelled. I considered it a special grace that I was admitted to listen to the theological discussions and arguments of those learned and pious clergymen. Christian Church organization is a great thing. Who *can predict in this country what the Catholic Church* will be as the rallying point for all Christian denominations against the tendencies of infidelity and socialism which are in America already making great headway?" He was free to say that "Martin Luther and Calvin went to the verge of being called cranks" in abolishing so many of the beautiful symbols and suggestive ceremonies of the old Church.

"I believe," I said, "Catholics find the greatest spiritual consolation in the prayers of the MASS! treading along in its ceremony the thorny and cruel path of Calvary. The Reformation made mistakes." "Oh, yes," he replied, with warning look and gesture, "Protestantism made a great mistake in its abolition of the ceremony of the Mass. What is it? SACRIFICE! The type of the passion of Christ and His sacrifice on the cross. What true Christian is there to whom the thought is not holy and suggestive of prayer while the minister of religion leads the way. How the soul is thus prepared to receive with benefit the zealous efforts of the pulpit." Mr. Carpenter paused a moment and then enthu-

siastically resumed: "That which is typical of sacrifice gives true soul-feeling for religion. We love our mother for the sacrifices which she makes for her children. We honor the soldier for the sacrifices which he endures for his fellow-man; he is a hero in our thoughts because he sacrifices himself, and if we almost deify him for what he has done in human affairs,— if we visit the battlefields where he has fought and shed his blood, and dwell with interest on the scenes of his heroism pictured with artistic skill and effort in varied forms,— how much more should we dwell constantly on the sacrifices of the Saviour, and, that too, as typified in the Mass ceremony of the old Church. To her credit I will say she persists in having the highest and ablest services of man in architecture, sculpture, music, painting, and ceremony to the glory of the Giver of all Good."

I was obliged to decline a most kind invitation to join his family next morning at breakfast in Rockland, but promised an early visit to Sorrento, and was contemplating making, in a day or two, that visit to this most gifted and delightful Christian gentleman, when the appalling news of his sudden death sped over the wires throughout the land.

In the earlier part of the evening of our chat, I happened to sit in the steamer saloon at supper, where I saw with what glee and pleasure he attended his wife and winsome little son. The latter he had playfully placed at the head of the table, and while helping to cater to his wants, evidently amused the bright child by his humorous and happy chat, to the evident great delight of the estimable lady, his wife, so bitterly bereaved in the sudden loss of a most devoted husband.

How seeming true the old pagan saying: "Whom the gods love die young." Mr. Carpenter was a Unitarian minister. He was brother of the Church of England dignitary, Rev. Lord Bishop of Ripon, who recently married Explorer Henry M. Stanley to his bride, at Westminster Abbey, London. I. M. T.

Was the Hall too Cold, or the Audience too Small?

WE guess the latter. The Boston Daily Globe of October 23 has the following report:

"The Escaped Nun," otherwise known as Mary Frances Clare, did not speak at the Ferdinand Street Hall. She said the hall was too cold. At eight o'clock there was an audience that a little more than half filled the hall, and on the stage were the escaped nun and an elderly female of considerable avoirdupois, and the gentleman who appeared to run the affair. When the time to open the evening's prospective entertainment came the small man stepped forward and announced that he would feel deeply under obligation if the audience would sing a hymn which he named the title of. He said he would lead, and he did. He also filled in the middle and finished. When his voice had wavered through the first stanza, he became discouraged at the lack of vocal enthusiasm and finished the hymn in a way that showed most plainly his utter want of interest in this exercise. He then started to say something, but was soon interrupted by a vision of the escaped nun and her weighty chaperon walking rapidly down the aisle toward the door. Abandoning further remarks at that time, and forgetting, in his perturbation, to apologize for his abrupt silence, he started after the, this time, escaping nun. He did not catch up to her until they had passed through

the door. Out of sight of the audience, a consultation was held and the manager of the affair went back to the platform and in a very half-hearted way said he guessed the audience had better sing another hymn. He was the only one who took any part in the vociferation. His appreciation of his own efforts was pronouncedly unenthusiastic. Then he waited a little while and said the escaped nun would not speak. In fact she had told him that the hall was too cold. He continued to say that he guessed if the hall was too cold for Mary Frances Clare, the audience could get along without her. She had, unsolicited, asked the privilege of speaking there, and he had so advertised. He said he guessed the audience had better sing another hymn, but all but thirteen people left, and the entertainment was declared adjourned *sine die*.

Poor Nun of Kenmare! "How have the mighty fallen!"

Advice — Come back to Mother Church. Her arms are open wide to receive you. You will never be at peace unless you do so.

Our Saviour says: "Learn of Me, that I am MEEK and HUMBLE of heart."

Disgracing Old Irish Names.

THOUSANDS of those in the United States and Canada who read DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE must be aware of the fact that the female hippopotamus in the Central Park of New York City has been named "Miss Murphy," and since she has given birth to an infant, Mrs. Murphy. It is possible they may have asked themselves the question whence the name? Was the beast so called for any intelligent reason? For instance, was the name of the man that imported her Murphy, or her keeper, or any one having charge of her in any possible way? The answer must be in the negative, and the next question that presents itself is why was she so named? The response to this is that the animal was called Murphy because it is Celtic-Irish.

Celtic-Irish! But what has a hippopotamus to do with a matter of ethnology concerning merely a branch of the human race? Well, absolutely nothing, except that those who bestowed the name hate the Irish and are only too happy when they have an opportunity to express their contempt, or pretended contempt, for them with impunity. Were Miss Murphy a solitary instance, it might be considered an accident, and be allowed to pass, but it is not. You will remember that a monkey which died a year ago bore the name of "Crowley," and that the one who succeeded it as a curiosity was at once called "O'Toole." Hence it will be observed that the factor of coincidence is lacking. And the custom is growing very fast, for I am informed by an indignant Central Park policeman that many of the animals recently imported are given Irish cognomens. It may appear singular that in a city which has the reputation of being controlled chiefly by Irishmen or Irish-Americans such a disgrace to the nationality should be permitted, but on investigation the singularity will disappear. The truth is that those names are bestowed by a New York newspaper of large circulation controlled chiefly by Jews and edited by Englishmen and Scotchmen. The names stick, and the Irish-American element does not resent the insult: the abuse is allowed to continue and to grow.

And yet half the readers of the paper in question are Irish-Americans, that is to say, they come of a race which is proud as any on earth, and at one time was only too quick, perhaps, to resent such an insult. If any one can explain their apathy in the glaring cases mentioned I shall be pleased, for I confess I cannot. I know the Germans would not stand it twenty-four hours, and ethnologists affirm that the Teutons are the most patient and stolid people on the earth's surface. And yet we can easily imagine their indignation if brutes in the New York Central Park were called Schmidt and Strausse and Cohen, respectively. They would, in the first place, boycott the paper, and in the second, wait upon the mayor and call for a surcease of the offence.

Can it be that this new world climate has wrought so great a change in the quick Celtic nature of Irishmen that they do not know when they are treated contemptuously? Outside Central Park the same phenomenon may be witnessed every day, not only in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, but in every city and town in the United States. Look at the theatrical bulletin in which Irish men and women are so caricatured that they resemble the portraits of wild beasts. London Punch and Judy, even, in the days of their bitterest anti-Irish feeling, did not surpass these show pictures in anti-Irish nastiness. I remember seeing a crowd of Germans admiring the pictures of an Irish caricature in the play of "My Aunt Bridget," placed opposite a Fourteenth Street Theatre, in New York, last summer, and laughing at its hideous ugliness. It seemed to me that the fellow who drew that picture must have a black heart, surcharged with anti-Irish gall. And it was, too, a faithful likeness of the same character as represented on the stage that same night, a character that drew applause from an audience of which the majority were Irish-Americans. They would not tolerate this in Dublin, and current history teaches us that they would not tolerate it in Montreal, where a few years ago the young Irishmen's club prevented the presentation of the wake scene in the play of the "Shaughraun." If an element of wit or humor were interjected into those pictures or characters, or the nomenclature of the Central Park brutes, one would not so much mind, for an Irishman appreciates a joke even at his own expense. But there isn't; it is the very essence of stupidity intermixed with race hatred, and its toleration in this country must tend to bring the Irish race into disrepute.

People outside of New York who are not well informed may ask, Why do not the Irish editors on the daily papers write this thing out of existence? Well, that is difficult, seeing there are no such entities as Irish editorial writers on the New York dailies. There are Hebrews and Germans and English and Scotch, but no Irish. The only editorial writer on a New York daily paper that I know is Mr. Clarke, of the Morning Journal, as was stated by Mr. Godkin, of the N. Y. Evening Post, some time ago, in a home rule article he published in the Nineteenth Century which was an answer to one written by Professor Huxley, if I am not mistaken. Mr. Huxley contended that Americans were not in sympathy with the home rule movement although their

newspapers, the New York newspapers especially, being run by Irishmen made it appear so. I know these are unpleasant facts I am relating, but they are true; for though Irish-Americans manage one or two of the Metropolitan dailies, there is only the one editorial writer. If there is another I am not aware of his existence. Hence, we do not see a burst of indignation, now and then, from any of the big dailies relative to so gross an insult to twenty millions of Irishmen and Irish-Americans in this country.

But what are we going to do about it? I cannot help thinking that if the matter reaches Irish-Americans through this MAGAZINE the offending newspapers would be brought to their senses, and that the animals in Central Park would receive the names that properly belong to them. JOHN C. FLEMING.

The Desecration of The Stage.

THE members of the Boston Board of Aldermen have, among other things, the privilege of granting licenses for theatres. They also have the right to revoke a license, if they see fit, as the police commissioners have to revoke the license of a liquor dealer for doing something contrary to law.

On Monday evening, October 13, "The Clemenceau Case" was produced at the Park Theatre. The house on that night was crowded, standing-room being at a premium. What was there about this piece that drew so many to the theatre that night? It had never been here before, and not a member of the company had ever achieved any honors before the footlights. The story is a simple one. In plain language it was a nasty thing; a shameless woman was known to pose as a model in skin-colored tights, and appear as nude as safety would permit. On this night in question the audience was made up principally of Harvard students, loafers, and as at all ballet and immoral shows, bald-headed rakes. There were some women present, but they were in the minority. The papers the following day attacked the piece and the players, and without exception declared it the very worst thing ever seen on the stage. They even went further and deplored, for the dignity and future prosperity of the stage, that such a beastly and immoral thing should be allowed.

The Boston Aldermen had heard the stories which came in advance of the piece and sent a requisition for tickets for the opening night. They were told that every seat, even the boxes, were sold, and that admission to the theatre was the only thing that could be granted them. They waited, and on Tuesday were given two boxes. Several of them went and their witnessing of the show resulted in a special meeting of the Aldermen on the following day, when the theatre's license was revoked. Hence, "The Clemenceau Case" was given in Boston two nights, but had the city fathers received tickets for Monday night the theatre would have been closed on the second night. Strange as it may appear, there were more women present on the second night than the first, but we must refrain from classifying them.

The Aldermen are to be congratulated and commended. While it will undoubtedly advertise the show, and excite in the minds of the morbid a strong desire to drink in its poisonous fumes, it also may induce the Aldermen of other cities to imitate the good example set by the Aldermen of Boston.

A strange feature in connection with this infamous piece is the fact that the posing of Miss Johnstone is one of the least objectionable features. The whole story, from beginning to end, is reeking with a coarseness and suggestiveness that is really detestable and disgraceful. It shows the lowest type of man and woman, and, that such things are permitted in this country, and licenses granted to houses wherein such sensual exhibitions are paraded, is pitiable, to say the least. As it is refreshing and healthy to the mind to drink in from a well of purity, so is it detrimental and dangerous, particularly for the young, to see such plays as "The Clemenceau Case."

Other cities may revel in it, as have Paris and New York. Boston does not envy, but rather sighs for them, that their minds are in such a state of putrescence as to relish such beastly exhibitions. Much as we know that abuse of these things is likely to excite in the minds of some a curiosity, if nothing more, to see it, we would urgently advise all to keep away from it. We cannot believe that any of our readers are so far gone as to be taken in by this immoral, indecent, depraved, and totally startling exhibition of vice and wickedness.

The effect that such pieces are likely to have upon the stage is plain. It is therefore cheerful to find all the papers and managers of the Boston theatres, saving the Park, contemn such plays. A great deal of money was sunk by the management of the Park Theatre last season, and they are desirous, if possible, to even up things this season. With this view in mind, they were looking for anything destined to coin money, so to speak. They have made a great mistake and when they get their license again, we trust they will have the good sense, if not the decency, to present respectable plays. Truly might they be reminded of the proverb —

What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

THE following rebuke administered by the New York Tribune to Bishop Coxe, of Cleveland, notorious as the Jesuit hater, is stinging and just. It simply holds up Coxe's smallness in the light of Newman's greatness, and is applicable in other quarters as well as Buffalo: "Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, has conceived it to be his duty to make what will seem to most people a bitter attack on the memory of the late Cardinal Newman. Far otherwise did Cardinal Newman refer to his old theological opponent, Charles Kingsley, when he died. 'It has rejoiced me,' he said, 'to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed, and, as it seemed to me, his views generally nearing the Catholic view of things. I had always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part; and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.'"

Catholic Young Men.

THE sixteenth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was held in Washington, Oct. 7 and 8, 1890, recalls to mind the words of the Prelates of the Third Plenary Council, words which cannot be too often read or too forcibly impressed upon the hearts of all good Catholics who earnestly desire the welfare of the rising generation. The fathers of the Council in a pastoral letter addressed to the faithful, said:

"We likewise consider as worthy of particular encouragement, associations for the promotion of healthful social union among Catholics, and especially those whose aim is to guard our Catholic young men from dangerous influences, and to supply them with the means of innocent amusement and mental culture. . . . And we appeal to our young men to put to good profit the best years of their lives, by banding together, under the direction of their pastors, for mutual improvement and encouragement in the paths of faith and virtue."

It seems as if nothing could be stronger or more convincing than this, and yet to make it even more emphatic the good prelates follow up this practical advice by solemnly and most affectionately blessing the Union itself, and commending the aims and endeavors of its members. It is not strange, then, that a feeling of widespread interest and solicitude should be felt for the growth and success of this body of crusaders who are to take so active a part in the struggle against the powers of evil which threaten faith and morals in our day.

The Union is still in its youth, although many of the societies composing it have reached years of maturity. Sixteen years ago it was organized in Newark, N. J., under the guidance and leadership of the Very Rev. G. H. Doane, Vicar-General, who had prepared the way for the National Union, by his earnest and zealous work in forming the Diocesan Union. He became its first president, and presided over the convention at Newark, in May, 1875, and one held in Philadelphia during the centennial year. The second president was Rev. T. S. Preston, under whose administration a convention was held in New York in 1877, and one in Buffalo the following year, when the vice-president, Rev. J. Walsh, presided. On this occasion resolutions were adopted in regard to our policy towards the Indians of America, and social features were introduced into the annual meetings, in the form of a grand concert, a reception by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, and a banquet in the evening of the closing day. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, was elected the third president, but being unable to attend the convention at Richmond, in 1879, the Rev. J. J. Mellon presided in his absence.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane was the fourth president, and held the position four years, during which very useful and enjoyable conventions were held in Washington, 1880, Chicago, 1881, Boston, 1882, and Brooklyn, 1883. The last was presided over by Mr. E. J. Dooley, and a letter was read from the Rt. Rev. President, then in Rome, declining a re-election.

Rev. J. H. Mitchell, was elected fifth president of the Union, and under his administration, conventions were held at Baltimore, in 1884, and in Newark, in 1885. At the latter place, resolutions were passed endorsing the work of the Total Abstinence Union, the establishment of libraries for local societies, the claims of the Catholic press, and thanks to the Prelates of the Third Plenary Council, for their encouragement and blessing. During all these years the membership had been steadily increasing; and the Union assumed at each meeting a more national character, stretching its arms from the Atlantic seacoast, north and south, toward the mountians, valleys, and forests of the west.

In 1886, Rev. Joseph H. Meehan, was elected president. The convention was held at Philadelphia, in the Academy of Music, and resolutions were passed in favor of the Brownson Memorial, and endorsing Mr. Gladstone's efforts in favor of Ireland. The Rev. John M. Grady was chosen president at the convention in New York, 1887; he presided and was re-elected at Cincinnati the following year; but shortly after, the Union had to deplore his death, and his place was filled by the vice-president, Rev. D. J. Stafford, of Cleveland, at the Providence convention, in September, 1889. The delegates received a royal welcome in Providence, where they held a public meeting on the evening of September 3, and were entertained at dinner at the Ocean House, Newport, on the following day. Mr. M. J. Harson presented the report of the Brownson Memorial Committee, stating that over two thousand dollars had been received, and urging renewed efforts upon the part of the various societies to increase the fund. The Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, New York, was elected president, and Washington was selected as the place in which to hold the sixteenth annual convention, October, 1890.

The Carroll Institute, upon whose members devolved the pleasant duty of entertaining the delegates, was organized in this city seventeen years ago. The library of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was loaned to the young literary society, and a donation of seven hundred books from the Massi family was added. It has since grown to considerable proportions by the annual addition of standard books and magazines, and the Institute is indebted to Major Edmond Mallet, one of its most distinguished members, for an excellent catalogue, which greatly enhances the interest and utility of the collection. Rev. J. A. Walter, the great-hearted pastor of St. Patrick's Church, put Carroll Hall, old St. Patrick's, at the disposal of the young men, and there they had their headquarters until 1884, when they purchased their own domicile.

The present rector of the University was, in 1873, the zealous young assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and it was under his leadership that the new society was organized, and adopted for its motto: "Truth and Duty." John Carroll Brent was one of the most liberal and energetic friends of the Institute in its infancy, and his death in 1876 was sincerely mourned by all who had been so happy as to be associated with him during life. The first president of the

Institute was Mr. Daniel McMahon; the first secretary, Mr. D. I. Murphy, who afterwards, in 1882, and again last year, was elected president. Besides these two gentlemen, ten others have ably presided over the society; some of them have passed away, others are still among the most active and energetic members.

In 1875, during the administration of the lamented John Bingham, the Institute organized a free night-school for boys and young men. Another excellent feature worthy of imitation is the supplying of good papers and periodicals to Catholic soldiers and sailors far from home, and remote from religious influences. After the purchase of their own building, the members were able to furnish neat and comfortable amusement and reading rooms for their own use, and class rooms for the pupils of the night-school, besides a commodious hall with a stage. They give a regular course of literary exercises every winter, an annual dinner, and generally a series of river excursions during warm weather. Ladies can become library members of this society, and indeed it is to the assistance of their lady friends that the members of Carroll Institute are indebted for much of their success. One of the finest entertainments they have ever given was the public reception to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, their beloved friend and spiritual father, on his return from Europe, May 24, 1889, the first anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University, a description which appeared shortly after in the pages of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Since it was decided to hold the convention of the National Union here this fall, the members of the Institute have been eagerly anticipating the coming of their guests. The delegates commenced to arrive as early as Sunday, October 5, and made their headquarters at the Arlington Hotel. On Tuesday morning they marched in procession to St. Patrick's Church to commence their annual convention, as is their custom, by assisting at Solemn High Mass. The members all wore their badges, and, headed by their President, Rev. Father Lavelle, entered the church at half-past nine. It was a fine-looking body of men, and a grand profession of faith; would that they had numbered tens of thousands instead of only a few hundreds; but we must not forget that these were only a few representatives out of thousands of members.

The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Walter, the sermon was by Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, the well-known and beloved friend of the young men. The sanctuary and altar were radiant with lights, and the music was of the highest order.

The Bishop in his sermon, after welcoming the delegates, congratulated them on their beautiful custom of beginning their conventions with the celebration of the greatest act of religion. He described the objects of the Union, and of the societies composing it, and alluded to their custom of observing a general communion day. He spoke earnestly on the great necessity of unity, and of a broad Catholic spirit as opposed to sectionalism, and he prayed that the blessing of God might be upon all their deliberations.

The Convention was called to order in Carroll Hall, which was tastefully decorated in honor of the occasion. The back of the stage was draped with a magnificent papal flag, and the whole hall was festooned with American, papal, and Irish colors, while a profusion of palms and flowering plants gave a tropical beauty to the scene.

Father Lavelle, in a beautiful opening address, welcomed those who had been identified with the Union since its foundation, as well as those present for the first time, and alluded especially to the national character of the organization saying: "We know no Saxon, nor Dane, no Tudor nor Celt, but are one in our determination to advance the interests of the National Union of the young men of our country."

Father Bermingham, the vice-president, Major Mallet, and Mr. De Lacy were detailed to wait on the Cardinal, and they soon re-appeared escorting His Eminence, who was accompanied by Bishop Keane. He was received with rapturous applause, and was gracefully welcomed by the Reverend President. His Eminence addressed the assembly in his usual felicitous style, and his remarks were received with great enthusiasm and applause.

Mr. D. I. Murphy, President of Carroll Institute, addressed the convention, and introduced District Commissioner Douglas, who, in a brief but appropriate speech, welcomed the delegates to the city of Washington. The reports of various officers and committees were received. It was found that more than fifty societies were represented, and fifty-three new ones had applied for admission. The greater part of Tuesday was consumed in business details, and devoted to hard work. The Rev. Francis Ryan, S. J., delivered a splendid address describing the work of the reading circles, as exemplified by his magnificent society, the Loyola League of Baltimore. There was an informal reception at Carroll Hall that night.

The second day's proceedings included a great many speeches and resolutions; and a cablegram was received from His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., granting his blessing which was asked for on the previous day. Two colored delegates addressed the convention; Mr. Wood, of New York, spoke in words of gratitude for what the Church has done for his race, and Mr. Kelly, of Baltimore, made a strong appeal for the establishment of an industrial school for colored boys and girls. He said they wanted a chance to make an honest livelihood; that the negro had been a failure as a politician, and it was time for him to put his trust in industrial pursuits. If the Catholic Church could have the teaching of the colored race for twenty years, the country would have cause to be proud of its negroes.

Mr. T. C. O'Sullivan, of New York, delivered a very eloquent oration, which was received with great applause, as was the address of Mr. D. I. Murphy; and Rev. J. H. Conroy, pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral, Ogdensburg, delivered a short but brilliant little speech on the "Catholic Press and the Young Men's Societies." The resolutions were brought in by Major Edmond Mallet, chairman of the committee; officers were elected; votes of thanks were tendered to the citizens of Washing-

ton, the city press, and the Rev. Father Walter, for courtesies extended to the delegates; and the Rev. Doctor Stafford, of Cleveland, was called upon and made a very eloquent address just before the close of the convention.

The officers elected were: Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president; Rev. W. J. Bermingham, and Mr. Henry W. Sohon, vice-presidents; Mr. Charles A. Webber, secretary and treasurer.

Our city press published very good reports of the convention, many of the papers read, and a summary of the resolutions. The latter endorsed Catholic schools for Catholic children; the building up of the Catholic press, the suppression of intemperance, the formation of local unions of societies, the increase of the number of reading circles, the support of historical societies, the work of the colored Catholics, and of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. They deprecated the bigotry and prejudice with which certain persons continued to misrepresent Catholic doctrines; they passed resolutions of sorrow for the death of Cardinal Newman and of John Boyle O'Reilly, and congratulations to the venerable Bishop of Brooklyn, upon the occasion of his jubilee.

It would require a volume to do full justice to the many beautiful addresses delivered, the zeal and enthusiasm shown by the members, and the countless resolutions made for the further advancement of the interests of the Union. What matter if these resolutions are not all perfectly fulfilled. There is no man living who has ever reached the height of his ambition; but the loftier his aim and the more frequent his endeavors, the greater will be the measure of his success; and thus it is with every human enterprise, so that these annual conventions of our Catholic young men cannot fail to bring forth great results for the good of our Church and our country.

On Wednesday evening a brilliant reception was tendered by the Carroll Institute to the visiting delegates and their friends, in the handsome parlors of the Arlington. Bishop Keane again addressed the assembly, reiterating his advice of the previous day, and pointing out the dangers to be battled against and overcome by those whose aim is to elevate the manhood of America to the ideal which it is the ambition of every member of the National Union to attain. Mr. O'Sullivan and Father Conroy were also called upon, and responded with great force and humor during the course of the evening, and the reverend president addressed a few words to the enthusiastic assembly, after which he was surrounded and obliged to go through the presidential custom of handshaking, which is a necessary adjunct of the office; the Right Reverend Rector of the University, a few moments before, had been the centre of a similar informal reception. An elegant buffet lunch was served during the course of the evening, and the Marine Band discoursed a fine programme. The entertainment was very enjoyable on account of its social features, the pleasant reunion of many old friends, and the meeting of new ones; and it was fully midnight before the happy crowd dispersed to snatch a few hours' repose before a day of sight-seeing. Thursday was a perfect day, and the

visitors were escorted to points of interest about the city, especially old Georgetown College, and the new Catholic University, and the afternoon was taken up by a trip to Mt. Vernon.

A fitting finale to this week of mingled work and pleasure was the memorial meeting in honor of Father Mathew, on Friday evening, October 10. This was held in Carroll Hall under the auspices of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Union. The decorations of the Hall for the Convention were still as fresh and beautiful as if they had been put up for the special purpose of honoring the great apostle of temperance, and a very large gathering bore eloquent testimony to the interest elicited by the great and good cause. Father Walter presided with his accustomed ease and dignity, introducing the speakers, who, however, were too well known to the audience to need introduction. The proceedings were opened by Father Hannon, a young priest, who was, as he said, "a St. Patrick's boy," having been born and educated in the parish, and having in this very hall chosen the holy priesthood as his state of life; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane here entered upon the sacred duties of the holy ministry; the third speaker, Mr. Milton E. Smith, editor of the Church News, was here received into the Church by Bishop Keane, and the fourth speaker, Rev. Father McGee, has been for several years assistant pastor and the zealous leader of his flock in the cause of temperance and all other good works. No wonder that the four speakers waxed eloquent in the midst of such inspiring memories, and that their words were received by the large audience with sincere and ringing applause, evoking in all hearts an increased reverence for the great champion of total abstinence, and renewed resolutions of combatting in every way the frightful evil of intemperance. Thus closed a week which will long be a memorable one in the hearts of Washington Catholics, and in those of the delegates, who carried to their distant homes fadeless memories of the pleasant hours of their sojourn in the National Capital. AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C.

AN interesting account comes from Naples of a little ceremony which took place on the evening of the Feast of St. Peter. It seems that Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, is a very great favorite with the fishermen. He went on that evening to give Benediction in the chapel of Serotina, in the Borgo Loreto. It was crowded with fishermen and sailors. As soon as the service was over a deputation of them went into the sacristy to implore him to come out and bless the sea, as they would then be sure of good fishing during the year. The request was granted, and he was accompanied down to the water's edge by hundreds of sailors and fishermen, with their wives and children, who, kneeling down, were themselves blessed by the Cardinal, after he had, with the usual rite, blessed the sea.

A BRIGHT little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

The Real Blight of Ireland.

IRISH PEASANT: "Thank you, Mr. Bull, for your offer to build some railways and to ship me to Canada, as a cure for the Distress.

"It is not the failure of the potato that reduces me to the condition of a pauper every few years. It is that Vulture up there, who is always hovering over my crops, ready to carry off the produce of my sweat and toil. He will do it even this winter, by aid of your troops, while the alms of the charitable world will be feeding myself and children.

"In the great famine of 1847, he took shiploads of food from Irish ports to your cities, while American ships were crossing the Atlantic with relief for a starving nation.

"In the years 1879, 1880, no less than fifty million pounds of cattle, sheep, pigs, butter, eggs, bacon, and other eatables left Ireland for Great Britain, while over two million pounds of charitable contributions came here from America, Australia, and your own country, to keep alive the people who had produced all this food.

"Tell me, sir, if this is to continue any longer, and, if so, why?"

JOHN BULL: "I confess I never looked at the problem of Irish distress in that light before! I begin to see what the real Blight of Ireland is. That Vulture must go!"

Science and Religion.

SCIENCE and religion manifest the deepest harmony in that which they teach. Science conducts us into the outer court of the great temple of nature where we view the effects; but religion lifts the veil, tears away the dark scenery, and we behold the Divine Hand that flies the machinery. Both unite in showing us that there is a chain of mutual dependence running through all the kingdoms of nature, through all ranks of animated beings, from the mighty archangel to the worm in the dust, and that this chain is linked to the throne of God from which an energy proceeds which keeps in harmonious play the vast machinery of the universe.

Science and religion proclaim certain limits to the human mind. The mind of man is susceptible of high development; yet, however great his intellectual acquisitions, or however wide the range of his mental powers, there are limits beyond which he cannot transcend with safety; there are boundaries beyond which lie vast regions which the human intellect cannot explore. The soul stands trembling on the confines of new wonders, whilst the sweet voice of religion calls gently upon her ear, "The secret and hidden things belongeth unto the Lord"; and thus, after the loftiest efforts and highest achievements, the human mind is taught to admire the wisdom of Him who has spread out such vast fields of knowledge before her.

We live in a period of time upon which intelligence has shed her most genial rays, and thrown a lustre around the walks of literature, so that all may cull the choicest flowers which grace the ample fields of learning. Our institutions of learning are like so many radiating points of knowledge. But while men are expatiating upon the influence of literature upon society; while philosophers are pushing their investigations still further into the hidden recesses of nature, and one genius after another like meteors pass over us, we find that the intellectuality of man attracts more attention than his morality or religion.

Man should cultivate both mental and moral powers; let science be the compass to guide our bark through life, but religion must be the pole star by which its variations are to be corrected. Nothing is so horrible or dangerous as to behold the intellectual nature of a man soaring above the masses, while the moral nature is dragged through all the filth and pollution that degrades our species. If we pay a studious regard to the development of the two natures, the soul may be so cultivated so as to gather all her mighty energies to a point of concentration, and put forth influences which shall change from the murmuring rivulet into the laughing brook, swell into the bounding stream, and widen into the magnificent river, rolling its refreshing waters through all the valleys of society, conveying blessings to thousands; and as the splendor of the midnight heavens is reflected from the watery surface, so will the remains of divinity in man be reflected on the world from his cultivated mind.

On the other hand, if the mind is improperly developed, it will roll

its influences on society in an impetuous current, arresting the attention of the world by the ruin which attends its headlong course. Planets would shoot from their orbits and roam madly through trackless regions of space, unless bound by a powerful agency to their centre; and so the mind, if not bound by a moral influence to God, will run through all the dark wastes of sin, and have its godlike lustre quenched in the gloom of despair.

Society has but little to apprehend from an uncultivated man; but the man of towering abilities, nursed by intellectual training, and skilled in all the arts of the wicked, may lay schemes which would ruin an empire. The learned atheists of our country have opened fountains which are ever sending forth streams of iniquity, rolling their dark waters over many a bright mind, blasting its moral and intellectual aspects; for as well might we expect the flowers to bloom and blush, the rose to bud and blossom, where the sulphurous lava rolls its fiery waves over the earth, as to expect virtue to flourish in a mind under the influence of atheism.

Science and religion exert a reciprocal influence on each other in man's cultivation. Perhaps the present age has never seen a man in whom there was a more equal development of the intellectual and moral forces, than in the late lamented Cardinal Newman. His mind was one of the loftiest capacities, enriched with all the graces of literature, adorned by all the discoveries of science, and possessed of all the lustre and refinement which religion can impart; in him we have a good model of a properly developed soul. And whether we think of him seated in the professor's chair, or preaching from the pulpit, or pontificating at the altar, we are in the first awed at his sublime views of the teachings of the Church; in the second, thrilled at his eloquence; and in the third, edified at his profound piety and devotion.

Byron and Shakespeare, though brilliant stars in the literary firmament, would doubtless shine with a more dazzling splendor had their powers been reared in a religious atmosphere, and had their capacities unfolded to the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Science may improve the perceptive faculties, cultivate the reasoning powers, strengthen the judgment, give wings to the imagination, and impart great energy to the action of our minds; but religion starts where science stops, and introduces us into a higher and nobler sphere of thought; and there the mind may grasp and grasp, and take in knowledge, and yet not be able to gather infinity within her mighty sweep of thought; there she may soar without the possibility of reaching the height of God's perfections, and dive without ever fathoming the depth of His glory.

Harmony between the intellectual and religious nature of a man will elevate him to the highest possible pitch of human happiness. Human happiness is always in proportion to the extent and range of the moral and intellectual powers, and we do not hesitate to lay it down as an axiom that the men who take the widest range of thought, with a corresponding improvement of their moral powers, rank highest in the scale of human happiness. When men shall once appreciate the

value of science and religion, a change will come over the spirit of their dream, and a renovation in the constitution of society will take place.

A scientific and religious man has innumerable sources of enjoyment; planting himself in the great temple of nature, and witnessing all the agencies at work that minister to his comfort, he may well consider himself rich. Such an individual lives in an entirely different world from the man whose thoughts never soar beyond the lowest sphere of appetite and gratification; his life is, as it were, sailing in a sea of thought; pleasures springing from every point in the universe flow freely through every avenue into his soul; his mind is associated with all that is elevated and pure; his language and his desires soar away beyond the gilded toys of this earth, finding no object worthy their capacity, until they rest in God. Truths, big with importance, then burst on the mind and rise in progressive series, each bearing characters of new and mighty import. In grappling with these, his soul rises to its loftiest exercise, and he feels an influence pervading his spirit, filling him with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. He beholds the vast aspect of the universe spread out before him, lit up with innumerable fires to cheer the quiet night, worlds rising on worlds, and creations vast standing out to his view, where the Deity reigns in all the grandeur of His perfections, peopling immensity with His wonders, moving in the greatness of His strength His unlimited Empire.

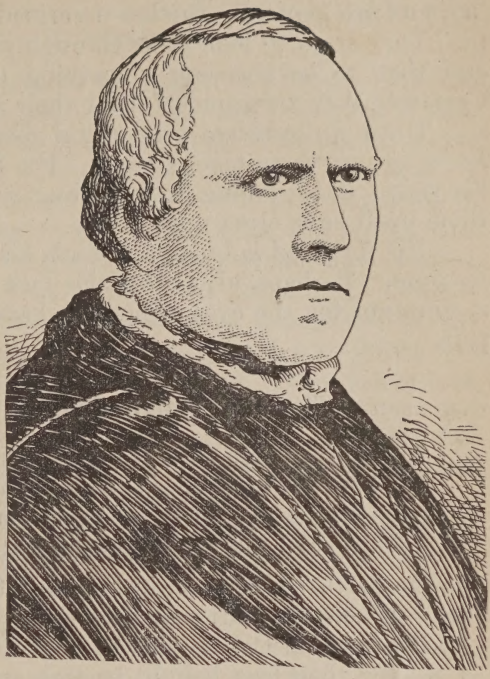
The scientific and religious man bows in adoration before the wisdom of his Maker, as he reads on the unfolding pages of time, that all these myriads of glowing worlds shall have their lustre quenched, and their brightness marked with desolation and decay; but turning within himself he is assured that his soul, with all its knowledge and piety, shall survive the darkest scenes that may convulse the universe. In contemplating all this, well might he exclaim with the poet, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" The scientific man who views the works of the Almighty hand in this light occupies a proud eminence, one which overlooks all the enchantments of a giddy world; he looks down to the dust whence he rose with eagle strength, and pities those who drifted about the restless current of a world's applause. To such an eminence it is the privilege of man to aspire, and to such an eminence it is the office of science and religion to elevate him.

THOMAS A. DWYER.
Catholic University, Washington, D. C., October, 1890.

A GENTLEMAN had accompanied a friend home to dinner, and as they seated themselves at the table the hostess remarked: "I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankley; my servant left me unexpectedly and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest, with great emphasis, "I can put up with anything."

Golden Jubilee.

A RECEPTION in honor of the golden jubilee of Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held in the rink on Clermont avenue, on October 17. Nearly eight thousand people were present. The introductory address was made by Chairman James McMahon, while the principal speech on behalf of the laity was made by John D. Kelly, Jr. Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, made a brief address, as did also Archbishop Corrigan. A purse of twenty-one thousand dollars, contributed by the laity, was presented to the Bishop. The Bishop made the final address, and spoke feelingly of his connection with the Catholic Church in Brooklyn, and the success that had attended his efforts.



BISHOP LOUGHLIN.

Cardinal Gibbons at the golden jubilee of Bishop Loughlin said: "What is the present condition of the diocese of Brooklyn? It possesses two hundred priests, one hundred and fifty churches and chapels, many of them elegant and imposing houses of worship. It has one hundred and eighteen schools and academies, where twenty-eight thousand children of both sexes are receiving a sound Christian education. It has asylums, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, amounting to twenty in number, with a Catholic population estimated, in round numbers, at a quarter of a million. And all this work has been accomplished during the life and under the supervision of one man, the modest prelate who is the centre of our thoughts to-day; a prelate, who lives, thank God, to contemplate the fruit of his labors in the evening of his day."

Personnel of the Bishop.

IT was generally commented upon that Bishop Loughlin is still a sturdy and vigorous man in spite of his advanced age. His hair is quite gray; his face is just beginning to show the effects of time and cares. In other respects he is wonderfully preserved. As he goes to the post-office every morning, striding swiftly along, erect and square, you would not think he was more than half as old. He is of average height, with a compact frame and a large, square head set rather for-

ward. His eyes are the most remarkable feature about his face. When you have looked into them once you are not likely to forget them: it is like looking into two coals of fire. They are black, glowing, and are generally further described as piercing. That isn't quite it. They seem to look clear through you and read all there is in you, and then to be perusing something on the wall quite behind you. Certainly they are wonderful for their depth and brightness.

Until quite recently he could distinguish the faces of people he knew two or three blocks away. His friends have noticed lately that his vision is beginning to fail him; sometimes he does not recognize them until he is close upon them.

His forehead is broad and high, his lips thin, and his chin firm and resolute. Perhaps, altogether, his face would not be so remarkable if it were not for the eyes; you will have to go far to see such another pair.

The Immaculate Conception—December 8.

THOU alone free from the primal stain!
Thou bearer of Light from out the shade:
By heart, than crown, far more than a queen,
Mother of innocence and loving maid!

On earth I love thee, in heaven I thee implore;
Where thou art seated on thy golden throne,
Baptized on Calvary in thy dear Son's gore,
Joy thou hast bought by sigh and moan.

Close art thou now to the God of Light;
The world invokes thee, owns thy might,
Thy radiant sceptre and thy flowery crown!

At thy name all bow. Starlight of the morn!
Mary, to thee all cry! yet who of women born
Would brave thy dolours, e'en for thy glorious crown?

H. W. I. G.

The original sonnet was composed by the celebrated Parisian journalist, Henri Rochefort, of *La Lanterne*, in 1854, on occasion of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. Rochefort's life was once saved by the *miraculous* interposition of the Mother of God, in this manner: A fellow-journalist had challenged him to a duel, and his bullet struck Rochefort over the heart, but did not penetrate; it was afterwards discovered that a lady friend had sewed a medal of the Immaculate Conception in the lining of his vest, and upon this very spot the bullet struck and glanced off.

A LITTLE girl had been playing with a black kitten, which at last ran under the house, from whence there presently emerged a gray kitten of the same size. "Oh!" exclaimed Annie, "Titty's changed her jess, and put on her clean one."

An Important Event at Harvard University.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY JOIN HANDS.

THE Dudleyan lecture delivered in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, October 23, was attended by a large crowd anxious to hear what the president of the Catholic University, of Washington would say. Bishop Keane is the first Catholic who has ever lectured in Appleton Chapel. It was an unusual sight to see a bishop clad in purple standing in a pulpit where only Protestants and a Jew had spoken before. Then, too, it was of great interest, as Chief Justice Paul Dudley, who gave the fund in 1750, was a pronounced hater of the Catholic Church. In fact, one of the subjects prescribed by him to be treated in the course was "the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, their tyranny, unsurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickedness in their high places; and, finally, that the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that woman of sin, that apostate Church spoken of in the New Testament."

Bishop Keane's subject was: "For the confirmation, illustration, and improvement of the great articles of the Christian religion, properly so called for the revelation which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was pleased to make, first by Himself and afterwards by His holy apostles, to His Church and the world for their salvation." He said: "When in our better natures we ask ourselves, 'What am I?' 'What is expected of me?' and myriads of such questions, they ring in our hearts, and will not hush till reasonably answered. And this answer requires all philosophy. Our Aryan ancestors wrestled with this question. They yearned for union with God, absorption in Him. They yearned for it with all their hearts. Their conclusions drift further and further away. Greece in all its glory, where sage assisted sage, and were increased by Chaldean, Arabian, Persian, Chinese, and Egyptian wisdom,

Struggled Against Scepticism.

Socrates, the great moralist, drank hemlock for his struggle. Plato says 'Mortals can do nothing,' and Cicero, in some difficult case, says: 'It would take a god to tell us which of these systems is true.' All recognize the existence of the Infinite.

"From idealism to materialism is said, by philosophers, to be impossible. The best intellects of the world have been engaged in the problems of the soul. As long as men have sought for conclusions, they have sought in vain. Human nature is so constituted that it demands an answer, and our power cannot give the answer. The Creator must have made some revelations. The universality of nature's laws cannot make man a contradiction, and, as he finds the things around him inadequate, his nature expands.

"Herbert Spencer says the finite, the transient, could not exist,

unless the eternal, the absolute, was. There must be a God — God, the author of our nature and of our aspiration.

"There must be a divine revelation. Where is it? What does it teach us? The answer is not hard to find. The religions of the past have said, 'God has spoken,' and their oldest utterances are what God has said. They vary in their utterances, and are divided into two classes, the Gentile and Semitic. We can make a crisis in each of thought and aspirations. We see men come up through romance, and we see how far their principles of reason, and how far their endeavors to lift the people up, failed. They were mortal men telling what they could see of the distant light.

"The descendants of Shem have handed down the old traditions of Him who was to bring grace and light. God raised prophet after prophet — Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel. Everything tells of the coming. Tacitus says: 'In Rome the pulsations of the coming light were felt.'

"The light came and shone forth, and shone among the myriads in darkness.

He is the Light,

and all light on earth is from the fulness of His race. All do Him honor. Every prophecy is realized in Him. He is the explanation of all the history of God and all Paganism. Sages pointed to Him, He who possessed what they dreamed of so feebly. Buddha had thought of the equality of men, but as a curse. Jesus teaches us that we are all equal through a father's love, a father's care. Zoroaster tried to show evil, but Christ said, 'Deny yourself,' and thus all evil was explained. Plato had sought the ideal and infinite, but he knew no means.

"Christ shows us that the soul is worth the whole material universe. All the works of philosophy succumb to the Lord's prayer. The traditions coming from patriarch to Him are historically and logically the true ones, the realizations. During His stay on earth Christ condensed the light that was to burn forever, the true wisdom, the true light. 'You are the light of the earth.'

"Christ's disciples carried on the religion to Asia, to Greece, and to far Rome. Jerusalem was the focus of the light, where it was weak, but when the light was strong it went to the centre of the world, to Rome. It prepared the way for Constantine and Christianity.

"Christianity combines everything; and, like a rotten colossus, Paganism fell, and from the chaos of Europe rose the Church of Christ. Trace Christendom from Charlemagne to to-day. Everything is creditable to mankind, and evil has come from unfaithfulness to Christ. He who has shown us of nature, our origin, our purpose, our relation to God and our duty, He alone can explain the past. History is nothing without Christ. He is the light of social systems, He alone can maintain them. Governments exist by so far as they are

Faithful to Christ.

"Christ is the maker of homes, happy homes and mourning ones. He made the mind of the great man, and of the little child. He is the

light of the heart. He gives comfort to all the sad, impassioned, and lovesick. Painters may paint what they will, but nothing can be so beautiful as that picture of all ages, all races, turning to this one man; all the hearts He has cleansed, souls consecrated and aspirations fulfilled. No life is evil that follows Him. 'Thou art my Lord and my God.'

"There are too many, alas! that love darkness. They try to banish Christ from history and from the home. They rank Him with sages, but they ignore historical facts. Every philosopher has acknowledged that he knew nothing, and was far from the truth and light. Our own days have gone back, and we are rolling back for centuries. The safety of the world depends on coming back to Him who has started the world. America shall be above all nations faithful to Christ.

"They have tried to drive Him from education. In some countries they have driven Him from the schoolroom. In America He is shut out, not because men believe not in Him, but it is thought the best. O! throw open your windows of the schoolroom, that the light may enter in.

"They try to put Christ from the pulpits, but ethics without Christ would leave men still groping in the dark, as in Sparta centuries ago.

"Agnosticism, the art of not knowing anything, is an insult to reason and to Christ. Goethe said on his dying bed, 'Let the light enter.' Had his life not always been in the dark and this the revelation?

"There must come a reaction, a nearer faith, a brighter light than any ever yet seen. You young men of Harvard, who are to be the guides and leaders of your fellow-men, God grant you may help to disseminate its rays."

It does look as if intelligence was dawning in the most unlooked-for places when the Baptist Western Recorder says: "The Catholics of New England, anxious to have their children trained in what they believe to be God's truth, have established schools for their own children, just as the Baptists have done in hundreds of places. For our part we honor the Catholics for this action, and we wish every Baptist parent from Maine to Texas would follow their example and send his children to Baptist schools. In these money-loving days, it is a grand and inspiring sight to see poor men, as many Catholics in the large cities are, preferring to pay out tuition rather than send their children to schools free of tuition, in which the children will not be taught what their parents believe the true principles of religion."

A Californian newspaper is said to have been sued for libel by a widow for speaking of her deceased husband as having "gone to a happier home." "Dear sir," writes an amateur farmer, writing to the secretary of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

A Tale of the Great Famine.

Part I.

"Mary, let you and I go to America. The mother will care for the children, and your brother, Jim Lillis, will look after the place and the little tillage till we send for them all, please God, next year. If the famine lasts, everyone almost will die of the hunger. Let us go in time whilst we have anything to bring us."

"Couldn't we all go, Matt? She would cost nothing, and Johnny couldn't cost much."

The young wife bent over the cradle of a sleeping child, before she turned a wild, yearning look on her husband.

"Agra, machree! don't you think I turned it over in my mind and studied on it? All we can make out is about twelve pound. Con Rourke is giving me six of that; so we won't have to sell the cow from the creatures, and he will get the preference of the place when 'tis sold. Our passage money will cost eight; then, neither of us has a decent stitch of clothes. When we are ready for them, they can all come. It is not to be thought of bringing them now. I spoke to the old woman before I spoke to you, and she is satisfied."

The woman wrung her hands.

"Matt," she said, "I could not leave them — the little ones — nor the old mother."

"My good girl, don't you see there will be another before long, and with the three so young, we could do nothing of any use in the strange place?"

"Leave me with them, Matt," she said with quivering lips. "I would be no use, only an incumbrance on you, and you'll send for us sooner. I'll break my heart after Johnny and Ellie and the old woman. Besides, you must go decent, and not shame your people in America."

Sorrowfully the husband and wife agreed the best plan was that he should go alone, and he commenced preparations for the voyage.

Matt Joyce's farm was separated from Con Rourke's by a little brook. The music of it made a low melody which ever pervaded both houses, they were so near. Their cattle quenched their thirst in it, and rested lazily from summer heat under the alders that fringed its banks. Little children from both cottages had paddled in it — pulled the water lilies, white and yellow, that grew in its pools, and sailed their boats made of the broad leaves of the iris, or, as they named it, fellistrum, jumping from one stepping-stone to another to see how they weathered the rapids caused by the swirling waters around them. The pleasant stream widened into a lake about a quarter of a mile distant, and there, meeting amongst trees and shrubs, on a fair lawn dotted with flower-beds, was the residence of Mr. Blake, a small land owner, who farmed a portion of his estate, as was the rule of his class. Both Joyce and Rourke were his tenants.

When Matt's plans were matured, he went to the "big house" and discussed them with "the master," who gave his consent to the

sale of his farm to Rourke, when he was able to provide a home for his family in the New World. The land would be a very desirable addition to Rourke's holding, and it was agreeable to Mr. Blake that so good a tenant should have it.

The wild March days tamed down to soft April weather, when the sailing orders arrived for several young people in the neighborhood, who purposed going in the same ship with Matt. Kate Maguire, Jim Lillis's sweetheart, was amongst them. She was going to her sister Sarah, who had emigrated the previous year, and who had paid her passage. As Matt Joyce was going to the same place, she would have his protection, until she had arrived at her destination.

The last days arrived, on which the emigrants, dressed in their best clothes, took leave of their friends and neighbors, receiving messages and tokens for exiled kindred. The simple old things that come from the homes of their youth — even a sod of Irish turf — has been asked for, and sent across the ocean. A sod of Irish turf! How many reminiscences it would awake — the blazing fire on the hearth, the old women carding wool in the long winter's nights, its spinning into thread to be woven in the loom by some country tradesman, the cloving of the flax, which was a very carnival in the district — when the girls collected, the barn (sometimes the kitchen) was cleared, and they squatted in what would have been an uneasy posture for any but the exquisitely light and supple limbs of an Irish girl, then their joyous "Bleechim Blee," with a touch of sadness in the air, which united the name of each girl with her probable, or possible, suitor, in an interminable string of verses, sung by one after another, the connection of names being indignantly repudiated, when not acceptable, in the improvised song, which of course was in the Irish language. All those things have passed away, except in far off mountain glens, where the cottage industries are still carried on in their primitive form. Old world fashions and old world stories are passed, and passing away.

Katie Maguire had spent some days at Lisdoon. She and her sister both had become trained servants in the employment of Mr. Blake, who, as was usual with all small landowners at the time, recruited his household from amongst his tenants, replacing them, when they left to better themselves, often from the same family. It was like losing a well-loved member of the family when Katie left Lisdoon. Grace Blake, a girl of her own age, was intensely interested in her outfit, and had helped in its preparation, and now had promised faithfully to keep a watch on Jim, who had a leaning towards certain amusements and companions steady-going people did not approve of, besides a very decided inclination to go on "a spree," if he were crossed in anything. Life had gone smoothly enough with him up to the present, save when the said Katie looked with what he thought too favoring eyes on some of his many rivals, for truth compels the admission that she was just the least bit of a coquette.

Jim did a giant's work in a few hours of those last days, so that he could waylay her at every point when his allotted task was finished;

but, unfortunately, others had the same desire. So he met Phil MacMahon, who was his especial aversion, much too often for his ease of mind. "You would make as good a face out of a turnip, with an old knife, as that *sheffera* has," Jim would pronounce with emphasis; but still, Katie accepted his attentions until the very night of "the American wake."

Can we properly recognize the feeling that has given the pathetic name to the last night on which intending emigrants, friends, companions, and neighbors gather around them in the old home they are leaving forever? Forever! Surely, those gone are lost to the aged — have passed out of their lives — their sad, dark lives, into the sunshine where they cannot follow them. They must take comfort in the thought that the gloom of broken fortunes may never more cast a shadow on their path.

It is in the late spring or early summer, when the world is fairest, when trees are bursting into leaves that shelter the brooding birds to whom their mates sing jubilant songs from the hearts of deep green woods. The soft and lovely gloaming brings from far and near youths and maidens attired in holiday garb — some carrying concertinas, on which instrument many of our young country folk have become proficient; others a flute fashioned from the hollow stem of the glourane, the holes in which are bored by a red-hot nail or skewer, and which will discourse most eloquently the old Irish airs with a ring of sadness in the merriest notes which their sparkle cannot hide, the corncrake calls from the dewy meadows, the cuckoo's soft notes come from the old hawthorn tree, whose snowy blossoms fling out a fitting accompaniment of perfume to add to the perfections of the night. Beautiful Erie of the mountain and the glen, the lake and the stream, the dashing waterfall making rainbows in your dells, all so unregarded by the possessor, but so longed for, so pined after when parted from and lost.

Jim Lillis took his way to the cabin of Kate's father. The westering sun threw a red glory on the brown bogs, over which a very rain of music fell from the upspringing larks, and the tender green of the young crops growing luxuriantly in the reclaimed land round the little whitewashed house. A girl was coming towards it. Kate came out to meet her, but, seeing Jim, joined him, and they both turned down a narrow lane sheltered by alders, walking hand in hand, and talking earnestly. The man's eyes had tears in them. He was young, and would have to endure his life in the monotony of home, with its round of simple duties and cares, whilst she was far, far away. There was a deep flush on her smooth young cheek, a bright look on her pretty face, and even her slender, supple body seemed instinct with the joy that hope imparts. Who ever failed to recognize it?

"Matt will take care of you," he said, after a little silence; "and don't be minding boys, who will be only making fun for themselves out of every pretty girl they meet."

"'Tis well you said once in your life that I am pretty," replied the girl with a short laugh that had the suspicion of a sob in it. "But don't you think, Jim, I'll manage to get a little share of the fun out of

these boys that would be trying to humbug me? Wouldn't I have more with them than with an old married man like Matt?"

"The devil a fear but you'll try, anyway," he said ruefully, "and I won't be there to smash their skulls for them. But, Katie, you'll behave yourself like a good girl, and leave off your tricks, and — and, be true to me always. My colleen bawn, there is no one in the world like you."

"Remember that," she answered, "and come out as soon as you can. Maybe you'd come in harvest — the passage will be cheap then. We were never a day in our lives without seeing each other and having a fight, and how will we live at all, so far asunder?"

Her eyes were wet enough now with a sudden burst of tears. He stroked her sunny hair.

"My colleen bawn, never fear. I'll work hard. 'Twill make me work harder than ever,— and you know I was never an idle boy,— when I know my earnings will bring me to you. I must help Mary and the children, but, please God, we will all go out next year early in the spring. I'd break stones on the road to get to you. Tell me again — I know you won't forget me, but I'll be many a long day debating and considering your words when I won't see your darling face to tell me — how true you'll be to me."

"You know very well, Jim," replied the girl, a wealth of earnest love shining tenderly from her blue eyes, "that only I know my going will bring us together sooner, I'd stay at home and starve with you. You know that well. It ought to give you courage, and I ask your pardon for all the times I vexed you, dancing with Phil MacMahon. But I did it to see how fond you were of me."

His face changed and darkened. "Katie, they say he'll sell his farm and follow you; and I'll be here."

"Foolishings, Jim! Ah, if you only trusted me as I do you, you wouldn't be ever jealous. I wonder will you be that way when we're married?"

"But if Phil goes after you, I won't be there to break every bone in his body."

"Why then, maybe you wouldn't be able."

"There, now; you are taking his part before you are gone at all."

"Folly, Jim; America is a wide place. There's room for him and for me in it. 'Tis big enough for the two of us, and, never you fear, if it was my last word, Jim, that no one will ever come between us, if it isn't your fault."

She flung her arms round his neck and laid her cheek to his. For a moment their tears, not wholly bitter, mingled. They turned, and looked yearningly over the wondrous beauty of their native place, which they would never more see together again after that night. The moon had risen above the hills, throwing its pure white light on the sheen of waters, as it moved serenely in the blue-gray sky; the sunset glory was fading from the purple clouds in the west; it was night all over the land. They stopped a moment; she looking with regtreful gaze at earth and heaven, where the stars were dimly appearing; he

looking at her. There was a call for Katie. He caught her passionately to his breast again, kissing her sweet, willing lips. Then, they returned, feeling they had taken their loving leave of each other.

Sounds of music and revelry were coming from the house, and they were soon in the full enjoyment of the American wake. There were tea and currant cake for the youngsters, and some whiskey for the few elderly people among the guests. When tired of dancing, songs were sung, the old favorite melodies given in the native Irish by the old men; and the younger generation wedded to Davis's immortal verses.

The moonlight was dying out; in the east a line of primrose color was shining; birds began to give a drowsy twitter; the tumbled clouds changed their tints, as spears of light darted above the horizon, throwing long shadows from every object, raised above the earth, on the early meadows and springing corn. Then the cattle, rousing from their rest in the pastured lands, with a contented low, commenced to crop the dewy herbage, lashing their dappled sides with their tails to banish the flies who were also seeking a latitudinal meal. In a few moments more the sun was up and the world awake for the toil and pleasure of a new day.

Katie's friends with many a warm embrace parted from her and took their way to their homes to have a few hours' rest before they met again in the village to convey the emigrants to the pier. Matt M'Gee had come for a short time during the night to Maguire's house, and several of the neighbors had gone to his, which remained open; but there were no festivities there, it being considered, what it really was, a miserable necessity which compelled the husband and father to leave his wife and little family. Festivity there would be out of place.

About ten o'clock the friends began to assemble again with horses and cars for "the funeral." There was a soft mist falling. It touched Katie's face with the gentleness of a caress as she went to the "big house" to take a last leave of the Blakes.

"Don't forget poor Jim, Katie," Grace Blake had said with a smile, though her eyes were wet with tears; and the girl replied with an answering smile on her red, quivering lips.

"Never fear, Miss Grace: and won't you talk to him and advise him for me? He'll be very lonesome, and you know he is fond of a drop when he gets into bad company. He is too great entirely with that misfortunate Patsey Daly. I'm afraid he'll lead him astray. If Mr. Connor was at home he'd be safe enough, for he'd be said and led by him. He'll soon take you away, and I'll send you a ring, please God. Give him my respect and love. 'Twas he and I stole the cake long ago out of the pantry window. He cut it with his penknife and gave me half. Jim and I ate it in the apple tree. You were so vexed, Miss Gracie, I was afraid to tell you. We were all children then, you and him, and Jim and I. You'll be always near the old place; but I'll miss it. I do — I do!"

With a burst of bitter weeping she parted from her young mistress, whose promise to look after Jim gave her at least some comfort.

She walked to the pier, joined at every cross-road by fresh contingents of emigrants and their friends. There was soon a very respectable procession, which moved at a veritable funeral pace until they arrived at their destination. The unfailing concertina was again put in requisition. The young people got up a dance. The old folk, sitting on the wall or on a convenient stone, talked of their piece of butter and the prospects of the country.

A scout came with the intelligence that he had seen the smoke of the steamer; dancing ceased; the emigrants went from one to another weeping, so bitterly, for the kindred and the old land they were leaving. Here a cry broke from a mother's heart; there a sob from a strong man as his arms enfolded his little girl. The grief and misery of parting deepened to painful intensity, until a diversion was created by the appearance of one of the emigrants, a wit in his way, who had taken so many parting glasses with his friends as to have become quite unable to stand, and who came on the scene, a supporter on each side — his mother and sister, who were drowned in tears a few moments before, were following him in suppressed indignation.

"For shame, Jack! You're not able to stand. Come back till you're thrown in the car, and we'll take you home out of the eyes of the people," whispered his sister in tones of wrath.

"Is it me, Nelly? I only took a needleful from Paddy and Mickey and" —— he hiccoughed.

"And every one," added his mother angrily. "Bad luck to the needlefuls! There's your passage lost now. Come back this minute, before you're smothered and killed, and stretch yourself in the car and hide yourself."

"That's it. Faith, then, I won't. *Mavrone Dotha!*" (hiccough) "'tis you'd be at me, my old lady — for the sup I took, and 'twas a good sup" (hiccough). "They'll lay me fair and easy in the stream and I'll go to — to — sleep. I'm not — I'm not — drunk at all; only in — in — inebriated. By gor, I — I couldn't get that word out if I were drunk. Mother — mother, you're too — too honest. Don't blame me, poor old mother, for being overtaken. 'Tis only my walk that's gone. It didn't get into my tongue" — he shook his head — "but into my legs — bad luck to them! Mother, I'll come back again to see you. Mother" ——

She wrung her hands, "'Tisn't safe to let him into the boat. Come back with me, *asthore*, and I'll never say a hard word to you about it."

But Jack, drunk as he was, knew very well he would have a bad time of it if he returned, and persisted in being helped into the steamer, where, after a few muttered words, he sank down in a safe corner, where his friends brought him, and fell asleep so soundly that all the bustle, the waiting, the embraces, never disturbed his repose. His mother bent over him, wetting his face with her tears which were caused as much by his intoxication at such a time and place, as by the grief of parting.

To be Continued.

The Late Rev. Wm. Francis Clarke, S. J.

Among those who received the summons of the angel of death during the year 1890, there was none whose life was more beautiful than that of the Rev. Wm. Francis Clarke, S. J., who died in Washington, D. C., October 17.

Father Clarke was of distinguished ancestry. He was born in the city of Washington, March 19, 1816, and was descended from Hon. Robert Clarke, one of the founders of Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, and a member of the assembly which enacted the famous Maryland act of civil and religious liberty. On his mother's side, he was descended from the family of the Boones, early settlers of the Land of the Sanctuary. He was a brother of Dr. Richard H. Clarke, well known for his deep historical researches, and brilliant literary attainment, and of Dr. Daniel Clarke, one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the nation's capital.

Father Clarke completed his education at Georgetown College, and at the time of his death was the oldest living alumnus of that venerable institution. Although but thirteen years of age when he entered, he immediately took a leading place in his classes, and graduated with great distinction in 1833.

He entered the Society of Jesus, August 14, of the same year, and made his noviceship at Whitemarsh and Georgetown, at that time the only Jesuit novitiates in the United States; his death leaves the Rev. Father Ward S. J., the only surviving Jesuit who was a novice at Whitemarsh. He was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, July 4, 1843, and soon became distinguished for his profound learning and gentle eloquence. He was truly a master of words, and his discourses charmed all who heard them by their choice rhetoric and burning earnestness.

As a writer, Father Clarke was noted for his beautiful style and the accuracy of his statements. In 1853, while pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, he wrote a series of articles against certain Protestant ministers who at a mass-meeting had denounced the Jesuits; the result of his scathing rebuke was that the principal of these detractors of the Church and the Jesuits was compelled to leave Baltimore.

The burning eloquence of Father Clarke was never more impressive than when speaking of the Most Holy Eucharist. On one occasion, while preaching at St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, on the adornment of the sanctuary, he requested those who came not prepared to contribute, to leave some pledge, and afterwards redeem it. The wife of the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, who was present, placed her diamond necklace in the box, and redeemed it later with a check for one hundred dollars. A gentleman in Baltimore, after listening to one of his eloquent appeals in behalf of the sanctuary, called on him, and presented him with three one-thousand dollar notes to purchase a chalice of pure gold and diamonds. Through his eloquence St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, became the possessor of another magnificent chalice, presented by several of his friends. These chalices are said to be the most valuable in the United States; one contains one hundred and eleven diamonds, the other eighty. The same church has a solid gold ciborium adorned with precious stones, and a silver chalice containing Miss Barnum's diamonds, valued without the setting at sixteen hundred and thirty dollars.

Father Clarke was often the chosen orator on grand occasions. He delivered the centennial address at the celebration of the centenary of American Independence, St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia; again he preached in the same church on the Yorktown centennial, October, 1881. He delivered the sermon at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Jesuits to Maryland, and the fiftieth of the founding of the Maryland province of the society, at St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, in 1883. He was the orator on the occasion of the tercentenary of the feast of St. Theresa in the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore; and delivered centennial sermons at St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, on the inauguration of our first President, and on the establishment of the American hierarchy.

Father Clarke was uncompromising in his convictions, and although

extremely kind and courteous, was noted for his firmness. He carried into practice on all occasions, the motto: "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." It is said that not one of his many converts ever left the Church, so strict and thorough was the training received at his hands.

Father Clarke was a model Jesuit in the holiness of his life, the refinement of his manners, and in his extraordinary devotion to the Holy Father. He was never so happy as when discoursing upon matters connected with the interests of the Church, and urging all by word and example to arouse men to a correct understanding of the duty of Christians towards the Vicar of Christ.

At the time of his death, Father Clarke was at St. Aloysius' Church, Washington. He had been in feeble health for some time, and his death was neither sudden nor unprepared. He died as he had lived, fortified by the Holy Sacraments which it had been for many long years his joy and privilege to administer to others. His funeral took place on Monday, October 20. Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., pastor of St. Matthew's Church, delivered a most appropriate sermon, sketching in eloquent and vigorous words the life and character of the deceased, showing how beautiful is a life devoted entirely to the service of God. He spoke of the venerable father as a holy priest, a perfect Jesuit, and a thorough gentleman, and exhorted all those who had for so many years profited by his zealous ministrations to show their gratitude by praying for his eternal repose.

After the close of the sermon, which followed the Requiem Mass, the funeral cortege proceeded to Georgetown, and the remains of the beloved priest were buried in the little graveyard where so many of his brethren of the Society of Jesus rest. The tolling of the bell in the great tower, the solemn chanting of the college choir, and the sublimity of the simple funeral service, left a deep impression upon the hearts of all present; and doubtless few bade farewell to that humble grave without thinking how much better and purer the world is made by such lives as that of Father Clarke.

MILTON E. SMITH.

What it Cost the Brutal and Bloody Times.

THE Parnellite business has (says a London correspondent) cost the Times one hundred and eighty thousand pounds (nine hundred thousand dollars). That is the exact figure, everything included, and it has been paid by the shareholders of the paper foregoing their dividends for last year and for the first six months of this year. The Walters, however, are not losers to the extent commonly supposed, for John Walter stands towards the paper in a twofold capacity. He is owner of sixteen shares out of sixty, and the dividend on each share for 1889 was three thousand pounds. Therefore, John Walter's loss was, on his sixteen shares, forty-eight thousand pounds. But he is also printer of the Times, and this printing business is kept separate from the publishing. He supplies paper, ink, printing, etc., and the profits thereon belong exclusively to him. On these he lost nothing, for it was decided that the printer of the paper could not be called upon to bear any share in the general losses accruing to the publishing department. The whole of the one hundred and eighty thousand pounds has now been paid off, and it is reckoned that a dividend of two thousand pounds will be paid per share at the close of this year.

LORD WOLSELEY succeeds the Duke of Saxe-Weimer as Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Ireland. It was this mighty conqueror of unarmed savages who once said, referring to the same Ireland, that he knew how to put down a rebellion. Perhaps he does, but he certainly has never looked a white enemy in the face since he served in the Crimea as Captain of Engineers. To quote a line from Gay's fables, "The beasts that he conquered or frightened were asses."

THE Comte de Paris is now in this country. It will be remembered that during the Rebellion he served on the staff of General McClellan. He visited the grave of his old commander last week in the company of many distinguished American officers. To their consternation he knelt down and prayed on the grave.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Christmas Bells.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Little Dick's Christmas Carols.

AMY FOWLER (Sister Gertrude).

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Dick's mother died when he was only eight years old. She had sold flowers in the streets of London, to keep her child and herself from starvation. All day she tramped about, taking Dick with her to excite compassion by his tiny thin face and large brown eyes, like a robin's. Oftentimes Dick nearly fainted with hunger, fatigue, and cold; it is so hard walking about the whole day, with only dry crusts — sometimes nothing — to eat. But Dick rarely complained. The hard, self-denying life of the poor teaches them, in early days, to bear pain and suffering uncomplainingly. Now and then, in the winter when the rain wetted Dick to the skin (poor little fellow! it was not

difficult for it to do that), or the cold snow chilled him, he would gaze wistfully into a warm, fire-lit room in a comfortable house; and perhaps seeing children of his own age snugly sheltered from the winter's inclemency, would feel only too willing to exchange his lot for theirs. Sometimes, in the winter, too, there was no money in the morning to start with; then Dick's mother could buy no flowers, and they had to sing in the streets. Those were the very hardest days to bear, for they were generally looked upon as a nuisance, and told harshly to "move on," not alone by policemen.

Dick's mother was an Irishwoman. She had been brought to England by a young Englishman, who had liked her pretty face, and thought for a time to be a good husband to her. When they had come to England he had grown tired of her, and been ashamed of her brogue, and, above all (for he was a Protestant), of her religion. By-and-by he left her with little Dick, a boy not a year old, and she never saw or heard of him again. Bravely she had struggled against poverty and starvation. All in vain! Every winter her cough grew worse and worse. At last she was too weak to go out, and little Dick had to go alone with the basket of flowers.

One day he had come home full of glee. An old gentleman, touched by his wistful, pleading face, had given him a whole shilling, and little Dick, wise in the worldly shifts of the poor, had laid it out to great advantage in coal for a fire (the first they had that winter, though it was nearly the end of January) and tea for his mother. He had also bought a not very stale kipperred herring to tempt her appetite. Poor little Dick! The woman who kept the lodging-house in the dark court where they lived met him as he came in, and said:

"Don't take on, little Dick, for your mother's for sure happier now; but she's dead, and that's the truth for yer!"

Dick brushed hastily past her, and ran up the rickety stairs as fast as he could, almost falling through some of the big holes where the wood had fallen away, for it was a wretchedly tumble-down house. He burst into the attic where they lived — dark, cold, and cheerless on that rainy winter's day.

"Mother!" he called — "mother!"

He struck a match, and lighting an old candle that stood in a bottle on the floor — for there was no furniture in the room — went over to the corner where he had left his sick mother lying on a heap of old rags. She lay quite still, a peaceful smile parting her lips. Dick touched one of her hands; though he was half-frozen with the cold outside, it sent a deadly chill through the whole of his body.

Dick threw himself down on the floor, and sobbed in agony. The woman of the house had followed him up stairs; she had boys of her own, and it touched her to think of what they would feel if they were left alone like Dick. She picked up Dick's purchases, which had fallen scattered on the floor in his grief. Then she touched Dick gently on the shoulder.

"It's no use staying here, little lad. Come down, and I'll get yer supper and give yer a warm at my own fire — for ye'll freeze to death up here."

"No, no," cried Dick; "I must stay and pray for her."

Little Dick's mother had at times taken him to Mass, and taught him some of the Catechism — as much as she remembered — for she had grown careless in that God-forgotten, evil court, where no priest was ever allowed to set foot.

"And if yer dies in the night of cold and hunger, who'll be to pray for your mother then?"

She had touched the right place in Dick's heart. He rose, and kissing his mother over and over again, went down stairs with the woman, sobbing all the way.

She gave him his supper and made him eat it; for the first mouthful choked him, and he would fain have left it and gone back to the attic where his mother lay. But the landlady had the motherly kindness of most poor women, and coaxed him and fed him till he had eaten enough to satisfy her. Then she laid him down on a heap of rags in the corner, where, tired out with his day's wanderings, and lulled by the unusual warmth of a fire in the room, he soon fell asleep; not however, until he had said the "Hail! Mary," which his mother had always insisted upon, morning and evening.

The next morning Dick woke early, and, for a moment or two, stared about him in hopeless amazement. Then, when the truth came back to him, his tears burst forth afresh. He got up very softly, for the other occupants of the room — seven in number — were all asleep, and stole out of the room and up stairs. He had a dim, shadowy hope in him that the alarm of last night might have been a dream, and that he would find his mother preparing their poor breakfast, as they had had a good day yesterday. He was sure that was not a dream — for after bad days they went out cold and breakfastless. Alas! no. She lay cold and stiff, and little Dick knew now that his mother would never look at him, never speak to him again. If Dick had been a little older, and had thought about it, he might have said:

"She was killed by my father. All these years of poverty and want, cold and hunger, were his handiwork, through which she has died."

When she had been fascinated by the young Englishman, and had promised to marry him, her people had spoken against him, not only because he was a Protestant, but as he was much richer and better educated than herself. But he made many promises, and persuaded her to leave her country and her people, only to break all his promises, and leave her to die from consumption brought on by starvation.

Dick went out into the streets with a new feeling of desolation and loneliness, that numbed him more that the driving snow and the bitter wind. The pain in his white face and hollow eyes made many compassionate to him, and at the end of the day he had more money than had ever been in his possession before.

"What is the use of it to me now?" thought bereaved Dick.

The landlady let him sleep in her room.

"An attic to yourself is more than you want, or can pay for," she said, "and I'll only take what you can spare for your bed."

What a bed it was! A heap of rags picked out of dust-holes and rubbish-heaps.

In two or three days his mother was taken away and buried by the parish. The woman of the house knew nothing of God or His holy religion, and Dick's instructions had not extended so far as Christian burial. Little Dick was eight years old, and left to gain his own livelihood in a bustling, selfish world. Worse still, there was no one to care for his soul. But had he not a guardian angel? and does the mother of Jesus Christ forget one of the little ones for whom her Son — once a child Himself — suffered, bled, and died?

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY in Paradise Court was a day of laziness. No one thought of getting up before eleven or twelve, except those who were driven out into the streets by cold, trying by exercise to put a new life into the chilled blood and stiff limbs.

Dick had made up his mind to go to Mass; his mother had sent him every Sunday since Christmas Day. She had been too ill to go herself after her communion on that day. How well Dick remembered that feast-day, how, when he had asked his mother what they were going to have for Christmas, she had answered:

"I have bought a slice of pudding for you, darling; my Dicky shan't have only dry bread for his Christmas."

And then Dick, with his unselfish love for his mother, had said, "Mother, you'll have some of the pudding, or Dick won't like it."

Her tears had fallen fast as she had answered:

"Mother's feast will be in the morning, when she goes to Communion, darling."

Little Dick had begun to follow her up to the altar rails. Why should not a little boy, who wanted Jesus, go to Communion, too? A girl in the church had pulled him back and told him he must not, his mother had shaken her head, and one of the priests had looked at him till he felt quite ashamed, and knelt down again, hiding his blushing face in his hands.

He remembered it all that Sunday morning, and how he had promised his mother to go to Mass, and not stay playing with the boys in the street. So he got up, pulled his jacket straight, and tried to shake his curly hair into order. That was Dick's most elaborate way of performing his toilet.

"Where are you going?" called out Tom White, the landlady's eldest son, a boy of fourteen.

"I'm going to Mass," answered Dick, fearlessly.

"Oh, my!" said Tom. "I s'pose yer means going to church? Well, lie down again, and don't be such a fool."

Dick paid no attention, but ran off, just getting out of the room in time to miss being hit by the boot Tom shied at him. When he came home he found Tom and the other boys waiting for him in the street outside of the court.

"Now look here, young saint," said Tom, "we ain't a-going to have you doing the gentleman, and thinking yerself so much better than us. Will you promise never to go nigh meetin'-house ag'in?"

"No," answered little Dick sturdily.

He was alone, amongst a crowd of big boys who looked threatening and angry. May we not think that the King of Martyrs accepted the ignorant though loyal service of His little one?

"We'll give yer a lot of our sweets and marbles," said another.

Only a boy who has never tasted more than one sweet in his life, who has only had stones for marbles, can know the force of the temptation to Dick.

"No," he again said, as boldly as before.

"I'll give yer some of the apples what my father gives me when they're not all sold," tempted another.

"I'll take you to the theatre sometimes."

Dick had heard the other boys talk of the glories and excitement of the theatre.

"I'll give you a good dinner every Sunday."

Dick's dinner, half a loaf of yesterday's bread, only a twopenny loaf, was in his trousers' pocket at that moment.

Still, to all the temptations, he returned a firm, unwavering "No."

Then the boys changed their tone.

One seized his arm and twisted it round and round till Dick almost screamed with pain. Another, a big boy with nailed boots, stamped on Dick's bare toes till they were blue with the bruises. Another thumped his head. One boxed his ears till he was almost deaf with the buffeting. Lastly, the boy who had offered the apples left from his father's cart beat his back and shoulders with a thick stick, which was kept for ill-using the half-starved donkey that drew the cart.

All in vain. Little Dick was very ignorant, very ragged, very poor, but he acted more nobly than many a wiser, richer boy would have done under the same treatment. Almost fainting, he managed to gasp out before he fell:

"No, never! not if I die for it — so there!" Then he dropped like a log in the street.

The cruel boys looked at each other in terror for a moment or two. Tom White said:

"Give us a hand, Joe, and we'll carry him home and say it was an accident." Which they accordingly did.

"What have you got there?" said Mrs. White, coming out of her door.

"'Tis Dick O'Bryan, mother. We picked him up. He was knocked down in a fight in Green street."

Mrs. White took him in and bathed his forehead with water.

"He's covered with bruises all over. I expect he's been fighting," she said presently. "How foolish! — a little lad like that, too."

When he came to himself, she said:

"Why did you fight? You're much to small to hold yer own ag'inst anybody."

Dick looked up and saw Tom with raised fist and threatening face, glaring at him from behind Mrs. White, so he said nothing, while she went on:

"Don't yer do it ag'in, if yer can help it; ye're sure and certain to get licked, for the tiny scrap yer are, for eight years old."

She was very kind to him all that Sunday, and gave him some of the bacon and greens she was preparing for their own dinner. We may be sure this did not increase the other boys' love for little Dick.

CHAPTER III.

FROM that time, Dick was subjected to perpetual martyrdom. Unless he woke before them all, and got away before the other boys were about, he was beset in the morning and teased and ill-used as only wicked, brutal boys know how. The chief amusement was to run after him, kicking him, while they cried:

"Here's summat to send yer to work, double quick."

This pleasant sally was received with the laughter it undoubtedly deserved. It was so very witty.

At night, unless he managed to creep in under cover of the darkness, one or other was laying in wait, to wrench his hard-won coppers from his weak little hand. Then they hurried off to spend them at the cook-shop, or, worse still, at the gin-palace round the corner. Dick was allowed twopence a day to keep life in his little body.

"Such a small chap can't want much food," was one of their cruel jests.

Threepence a week had to go to Mrs. White for lodging — that was ninepence less than she generally charged for the shelter of a roof. Dick lived, or rather starved, on ninepence a week, and occasional scraps given him at the door — scraps that many an aristocratic dog would disdain to eat.

At night, Tom and his brothers woke the poor little orphan from his sleep by pinching him, pricking him with a pin, or scratching him with nails. Little Dick, in his loneliness, thought of God and longed to go to Him.

One day, when he came home very tired, stiff, and aching from the bruises the boys had inflicted on him, Mrs. White met him with a face red with anger.

"You've stolen a shilling from me," she said. "That's what yer getting up early in the morning means. Give it up directly, or I'll give yer up to the police."

Dick turned sick and faint.

"I haven't — indeed I haven't! Do you think I would be so wicked as to steal, when you've been so kind to me too?" he faltered.

"Come now," leered Tom, "none of that. I saw yer get up and take summat off the mantel-piece this morning, and I'll be bound it's in yer pocket now, unless it's all spent. I've been telling mother how all yer money goes at the cook-shop, and yer pretends not to have no more than about twopence or threepence a day."

"You're a wicked liar," said little Dick, in a passion. He was only eight years old, and so ignorant, so uninstructed in the laws of God and the Church.

Tom's answer was a blow in the face that made Dick's nose bleed. Mrs. White seized the unfortunate child, and began searching in his pockets. She uttered a loud exclamation as she held up a shilling, which she found in one of them.

"There's my shillin'! I know it by the green paint, that was on it when White brought it home. He's been painting some railings. Oh, you bad, wicked, lying, deceitful boy!" she screamed, rushing at him and dealing out blow after blow at the boy's head. "When I've kept you in my house for threepence a week, and given you some of my din.er often and often! And you rob me like that. Get yer gone, and let me never see the sight of your false face again."

She went in and banged the door, giving Dick no chance of speaking. It was some little time before he recovered. He was stupified with the horror of the accusation, and the hard blows she had given him in her fury.

"You've got your deserts, young man," said Tom, the sound of whose voice roused Dick from his stupor.

He ran to the door, opened it, and went in. Throwing himself on his knees, he begged Mrs. White to believe that he was innocent; to take him back — not to cast him out alone into the cold streets. Mrs. White had quarrelled with her husband — had paid several visits to the afore-mentioned gin-palace — she was not in the best of tempers. She took the boy by the shoulders, dragged him to the door, and put him out, giving him a rough push to get rid of him, for he clung imploringly to her. He fell heavily onto the uneven pavement of the court. Mrs. White was too angry to heed that. She went in and banged her door, taking care to lock it this time.

In an instant Dick was surrounded by all his enemies, who took his money from him. He watched them unresistingly, for he was too much hurt, both in body and mind, to care. When they were gone, he got up and staggered slowly out of the court into the streets. Eight years old, and homeless, motherless, and penniless. But once a King was born in a stable; for His mother had no roof to shelter her.

CHAPTER IV.

Dick wandered on in the streets as in a dream. His head reminded him that he must find some shelter: there was a dreadful pain in it, and every now and then he grew dizzy and faint. Once he sat down on a doorstep; but a policeman shook him roughly by the shoulder, and bade him "Move on." Poor Dick said to himself sadly:

"Where am I to move to? Does he know what it is to have nowhere to go, I wonder?"

Suddenly an idea struck him. He was very near the church where he went to Mass on Sundays. He would go and see if it were open, and try to creep in a dark corner and stay for the night. It was

lighted — he could see that as he drew near; the organ was being played. He opened the door, and his heart beat wildly at the sight. Dick had never been at Benediction before, and the altar, with its star-like tapers, vases of bright flowers, and the golden throne of Jesus, was a beautiful and wonderful sight to him. The singing stirred his heart and brought tears into his eyes. He knelt down at the bottom of the church, and for a little while was in heaven. All his troubles, bruises, and griefs were forgotten in the presence of his most sweet Lord, to whom he poured out the tale of his woes in prayer.

After Benediction a man went round to put out the gas, beginning with the burners at the bottom of the church. This was just what Dick had hoped for; and when nearly all the people had gone out he crept into a confessional, near which he had been kneeling. By-and-by he heard a man come down and lock up all the doors.

"Now," thought Dick, "I am safe."

Still he trembled as he heard footsteps approaching, and saw under the curtain — which he lifted up a little — a light coming down the church. He did not know that in London the churches are thoroughly searched at night, in case of any one lurking in dark corners, with intent of robbery and sacrilege. The footsteps were close now. The curtain was lifted, the light shone full in his face. For a few seconds he was dazzled by the light, and could not see who was looking at him, but he heard a kind voice saying to him:

"Come out, little boy. Don't be afraid of me."

It was one of the priests. He took Dick's hand and helped him to get up. An involuntary cry of pity broke from him. He led Dick up the church, through the sacristy, into a passage with several doors in it. He opened a door and led Dick into what seemed like Fairy-land, though in reality a very plainly furnished room. Another priest — quite a young man — was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, resting after an exhausting day's work.

"Ring for Anna, will you, please," said the priest who had discovered Dick in his hiding-place.

"What have you got there, Father Montague?" said the younger priest.

"I found him in my confessional. Look!" pointing to the boy's curls, all matted and tangled with blood.

"Poor little chappie!" said the other. "My little man, how did you get yourself in such a plight?"

Dick was speechless with terror and shyness, supposing they believed he was a thief, as Mrs. White did. But there was no means of escape. If he darted to the door, he did not know his way out, and they would soon catch him, even if he did. So he remained mute, with his eyes fixed on the ground. He felt very ill, and the room began to go round and round. The priests disappeared in a mist; and when Dick recovered from the swoon, which was so deadly that the priests were quite alarmed, and would have gone for the doctor, had not the housekeeper assured them that it was quite unnecessary, he was in bed — an altogether new sensation for him. By the bedside

was sitting a woman in a black dress, with a white cap and apron, and a kind, smiling face. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, a kettle singing merrily, and a soft lamp. It was the kitchen, and all the things shone as brightly in the dancing fire-light, and the kitchen tables and dresser were so spotlessly clean that Dick felt as if his eyes would never be tired of looking at them.

When the housekeeper saw his eyes open, she got up, and taking a basin from the top of the stove, brought it to Dick's bedside, and began to feed him with bread-and-milk. Dick thought he had never tasted anything so delicious in his life.

"Where am I?" he said at last, reassured by the housekeeper's good-natured face and her kind way of feeding him; "and who are you? And why have I got on this nice white thing, instead of my jacket and trousers?"

"Father Montague asked me to give you a nice warm bath, my dear; and he lent you a night-shirt, for I could'nt have put you in my clean sheets in your clothes. But you mustn't talk. Finish the bread-and-milk, and then I'll go and tell Father Montague that you're awake."

She gave Dick the basin of bread-and-milk, and went out of the room. Dick lost no time in finishing his delicious supper, and had just put the basin and spoon on the chair by the bed when the door opened and the elder priest came in.

"I'm not going to have any talking to-night, my boy," he said; "to-morrow you shall tell me all about yourself. But I came to ask you if you know how to say your night prayers. Let me hear you."

Dick said an act of contrition and the Hail Mary.

"That's all mother had time to teach me. She was going to make me say some more when I was bigger; but she died," said Dick with tears in his eyes.

"Good-night, my boy!"

Dick fairly sobbed for joy, as the tall priest stooped down and kissed him before he went away. And soon Dick was sleeping more soundly than he had done for many a day.

Conclusion next month.

The White Cat.

THIS is a lively game, and is a new version of the old game of puss in the corner. A good-sized room being a little cleared of the furniture, the players take possession of the corners, while the white cat stands in the centre. The players are then bound to change corners with their neighbors as frequently as possible, the white cat striving to gain one of the corners in the intervals. In any case the cat retains the office, but when one of the other players is caught out of her or his corner, that player is obliged to retire from the game. The corner is then considered "stopped" and must no longer be used. If any one unluckily enters a stopped corner, that player must also retire. The game is continued until the players have thus been caught and placed in banishment. Two or more players may occupy each corner at the commencement of the game.

How Washington Spent Christmas Night.

In December, 1776, the American people and the officers and soldiers of the army were sadly depressed and almost hopeless of success, owing to the defeats and disasters that they suffered.

On the 18th of December, 1776, Washington wrote to his brother: "If every nerve is not strained to recruit the army, with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty near up. . . . You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of evils, and less means to extricate himself from them."

He was not ready, however, to give up "the game" yet.

On Christmas night he crossed the Delaware to attack the Hessians at Trenton. The river was so full of ice that the Marblehead regiment, made up of Marblehead fishermen, found it very hard to manage the boats.

After crossing the men marched nine miles, through a driving storm of sleet, their snowy pathway being marked with blood from their wounded and shoeless feet.

As they drew near Trenton, Washington, who rode in front, asked a man chopping wood by the roadside: "Which way is the Hessian picket?"

"I do not know," was the surly answer.

"You may tell," said the officer at Washington's side, "for this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you," said the man instantly. "The picket is in that house, and the sentry stands near the tree."

Washington and his brave men surprised and defeated the Hessians, and captured over one thousand of them. Then, to avoid a superior force of the enemy close at hand, he immediately recrossed the Delaware.

This brilliant success at Trenton inspired the army and people with hope in their cause, and gave them greater faith in Washington, who, they now saw, knew how to be bold, as well as prudent.

Desperate Fight with a Deer.

Noah Williams, a farmer in Winston County, Ala., had an exciting adventure with a deer a few days ago, which came near costing him his life. Williams, it appears, went out hunting, armed only with a small squirrel rifle. He had tramped through the woods several hours with indifferent success, and sat down on a log to rest. He had been sitting there only a few minutes when he saw a large deer walking toward him. The deer was about one hundred yards away, but, fearing the animal would take fright and get away before he could get a shot, the hunter raised his rifle and fired.

At the report of the gun the deer dropped to the ground, and without waiting to load his gun Williams ran to secure his game. He was within twenty feet of the prostrate deer, when the animal suddenly leaped to its feet and sprang at the hunter. Before he even had time

to raise his gun to defend himself by using it as a club, the animal's horns struck him and knocked him down. Then the deer leaped into the air, and, with his sharp hoofs close together, came down on the body of the prostrate man, cutting his flesh severely. Again and again the deer leaped on the writhing, struggling man, and each time the sharp hoofs cut terrible wounds in the hunter's body and limbs.

Williams, fortunately, did not lose his presence of mind, and managed to get his pocket knife open. Then he struggled to his hands and knees and finally succeeded in catching the deer by the horns with one hand, and with the knife in the other, he commenced cutting at the animal's neck and throat. It was a desperate struggle, for the man was growing weak from loss of blood; but he was mad with pain, and finally succeeded in reaching a vital spot with his knife, and in a few minutes the deer lay dead at his feet. Williams finally succeeded in stopping the flow of blood from his wounds and with difficulty made his way home. He sent his son and neighbor after the deer and his gun.

An examination of the body of the animal showed that the bullet from William's rifle struck the deer about the centre of the forehead and flattened against the skull without breaking it. The force of the ball had been just enough to knock the animal down and stun it for a minute. Williams' clothes were torn to shreds, and his body lacerated in nearly fifty places by the sharp hoofs of the animal.

The Manger.

"They found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger."

THE scene witnessed by the shepherds is now being contemplated by the whole Christian world. Bethlehem, at the time described by St. Luke, was full of visitors, owing to the decree of the Roman Emperor that a census should be taken not only at Rome, as was usual, but throughout the whole Empire. Bethlehem, therefore, was crowded, so that there was no room for the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph in the inn. It was not any want of respect for them that led the host to refuse them admittance. The people of Bethlehem did not know how great a treasure was among them, and treated our Lady and St. Joseph as ordinary visitors. So they had to seek refuge in one of those caves which are often used as stables in the East, and there the Blessed Virgin Mary brought forth her first-born Son. The eye of sense discerned in that cave only a man of humble appearance, with a fair young Mother and her Child; but we, as Christians, can look on the same scene with the eye of Faith, and contemplating each person in this human Trinity we may meditate upon their greatness.

MINISTER (dining with the family). — So your papa lets you have a second piece of pie sometimes, Bobby? I'm afraid he is very indulgent. Bobby. — Yes, sir; ma says he indulges altogether too much, but I don't think so.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1890.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ATTENTION is directed to the concluding article in review of the great book of Most Rev. John Healy, by Peter McCorry, who has gone to Ireland to write up the affairs of that country for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Our readers are well acquainted with Mr. McCorry. He has no superior on Irish affairs.

Pictures as Premiums.

WE direct attention to the beautiful pictures printed elsewhere in this MAGAZINE. Nothing contributes more to devotion than good pictures. Read our premiums and commence canvassing now for new subscribers.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS will receive the December issue of our MAGAZINE and commence their subscription January 1, 1891.

SEE the inducements we are offering as premiums for the coming year, elsewhere.

THE opening of the series of entertainments given by the young men of Boston College was a great success — every seat in the new hall being occupied.

Relief for the Starving in Ireland.

CHANCELLOR MCCARTIE, of the Newark, N. J., diocese has telegraphed to Ireland that a collection of twenty thousand dollars had been taken up in the one hundred and nine Catholic churches of Newark diocese, by direction of Bishop Wigger, and that the contribution would be forwarded to Ireland at once for the benefit of the poor of that country.

A large meeting was held in Buffalo, N. Y., at which a large sum was collected. In Philadelphia, twenty thousand dollars was contributed. In Boston, a large amount.

CAPT. MURPHY, the commander of the Cunard steamer *Gallia*, died in Liverpool on the 25th of October. He left New York on his last homeward voyage on the 6th of October. Capt. Murphy was a very popular officer, and was a lieutenant in the royal navy.

MR. BALFOUR, says the Boston Daily Globe, who has been making a tour of the poor districts of Ireland, finds no evidence to prove that there is going to be much suffering there this winter. He allows that the potato crop is badly damaged, but he triumphantly points to the fact that the Irishmen who have been working in the English harvest fields have saved up as much as forty dollars, with which to support themselves and their families during the winter. This rather throws Jay Gould's one-suit-of-clothes argument into the shade.

Some Mistakes.

IN the November number — page 478, seventh line, you say that the late Andrew Carney, was the first president of the Bank of Mutual Redemption: not so; the Carney who was first president was a Lowell man. Page 479 — second line from the bottom, you say that Bishop O'Reilly was ordained to the priesthood in Castle Street Church. Not so. He was ordained in the old Cathedral in Franklin street, with Rev. M. Moran, of St. Stephen's Church, and the late Father Harnett of Salem. Page 495 — item in relation to the church in Salem ; wrong. Archbishop Williams, and Bishops O'Reilly and Healy, were never attached to this church.

THE Irish National Leaguers of Dorchester and Milton have forwarded sixty pounds for the relief of the famine sufferers in Ireland. Next!

Davitt Should be Careful.

MR. DAVITT is making things lively in the Labor World. He has had very little difficulty in showing up Mr. James McDermott as an utter scoundrel; and at present someone is engaged in contributing to his journal a series of papers entitled "English Catholic Intrigue Against Ireland in Rome, by a Member of the Society of Jesus." The papers in question are so dull, so stupid, and badly written as to make it evident that Mr. Davitt has been the victim of a hoax. "We have not the slightest hesitation," says the Irish Catholic of Dublin, "in expressing our belief that no Jesuit Father ever wrote a line of the articles in question which, from the evident design of their writer to misrepresent the probable causes of Papal action, must be objectionable to every Catholic."

A Catholic Exhibit.

ON the 9th of October a meeting was held in Chicago of a number of prominent Catholics from various parts of the country, particularly representatives of Catholic schools, academies, and universities, to take steps towards presenting at the World's Fair a complete exhibit of Catholic educational work in the United States. Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, presided. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., enthusiastically advocated the project. Vice-President Bryan, of the World's Fair directory, on behalf of the board, promised every assistance possible and ample space, and Secretary Dickinson, of the World's Fair national commission, sent a letter tendering his services in promoting the exhibit. A special committee to prepare a circular setting out the plan in detail was appointed, as was also a board of directors consisting of twenty leading clergymen, representing the secular priests and all the Catholic religious orders of the country.

THE appearance of the Comte de Paris in Canada is the occasion of a fierce division of factions touching the question of what recognition should be accorded him. What if the Comte should bank on the ancient inheritance and language of his forefathers, and establish a French kingdom in America? Some Canadians would like it, thinks the Boston Daily Globe.

THE Rev. J. H. Doe, Vicar of Eaton, Bray, near Dunstable, England, who has held the living for twenty years, preached for the last time in the parish church on Sunday evening. He informed the congregation that he intended entering the Catholic Church.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP FOLEY, of Detroit, some time ago gave free scholarships to a couple of the city newsboys, and they will be sent to a boarding-school out of town next fall. The Bishop generously says that in case these boys take hold with the right spirit and make good progress he will give twelve more Detroit newspaper boys a free education in the same manner.

MESSRS. Daniel J. Curley, James Donahue, James O'Brien, and S. C. Griffiths, of St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y., sailed for Rome last Wednesday morning, where they will enter the American College as ecclesiastical students for the Archdiocese of New York. Mr. Curley is a brother of the Rev. John M. Curley, first assistant at the Church of St. Michael, Thirty-first street and Ninth avenue, and a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's College. The course of studies which they will pursue will cover a space of five years, after which they will return home ordained priests.

THE Know-Nothing order of Sons of America, at their recent national camp, established a military degree. They are going to wipe us off the face of the earth. But in the wiping-off process, we may not be the only ones to get hurt, says the Catholic Columbian.

REV. J. J. MCCOY, pastor of St. Luke's Church, Westboro, Mass., after mature consideration has decided not to accept the office of chaplain in the United States army, which was offered him through the medium of Cardinal Gibbons.

REV. W. T. MELOY, a Presbyterian clergyman of Chicago, preached a sermon the other night upon the folly of laying up treasures on earth. When he returned home he found that burglers had rifled every bureau and trunk in his house. Whether he was grateful to them for helping him to carry out his doctrine in his own person is not stated.

Strikes Not Approved.

MICHAEL DAVITT in his newspaper, the Labor World, says: The method of the strike is not one that can recommend itself as a permanent weapon for the assertion of labor rights. It is, at best, a disagreeable as well as a dangerous means to an end. It entails the maximum of risk to those who employ it, while it seldom succeeds in winning more than a minimum of advantage. It tends to put the important factor of public opinion on the fence, and to bring it down upon local leaders and unionism generally when outside interests have been injured by the dislocation of business which a strike entails, without any corresponding advantages having been gained. Some better remedy must be thought out. It should be possible to discover a plan of action that would avoid the waste of means and the dangers inseparable from strikes. An inestimable service would be rendered, both to the cause of labor and to the general interests of the community, by whoever will propound a plan of action that will recommend itself to working men as a successful substitute for the strike.

IF pure milk only were sold in London, it is estimated that from twenty to thirty thousand more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply. How many cows would be wanted in Boston, if we were to get pure milk?

The New College in St. Paul.

MR. WILLIAM HILL, mentioned in our last, a prominent railroad man of St. Paul, Minn., has given to the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland five hundred thousand dollars, on condition that the Archbishop will gather together the best possible faculty at St. Paul for the higher education of priests. Mr. Hill insists on being the only subscriber to the theological seminary, and promises his Grace as much more money as is necessary: Archbishop Ireland, on his side, gives fifty acres of land, the value of which is at least one thousand dollars an acre. Mr. Hill is not a Catholic, though his wife and children are. What are our Irish-American millionnaires doing?

THE poem, "Skull Butte," which appeared in the November issue of our MAGAZINE, was credited to the wrong person. Rev. P. J. Cullen, of Liberty, Mo., is the author. The production reflects credit to any poet.

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago there was not a single Catholic church in Brooklyn, N. Y. To-day there are over one hundred and thirty churches and chapels.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN says of the Catholic Church: "It is the only power to-day that can bring the great contending forces of the world — the rich and the poor, the governors and the governed, capital and labor, together, join their hands as brothers, and impart to them the blessings of the Founder of Christian civilization, who was the unitive principle of all parties — Himself rich, yet poor; a ruler and a subject, a capitalist and a laborer, the King of kings, and the carpenter's son and co-laborer."

THE CARMELITE NUNS celebrated the centenary of their foundation in this country on October 15. Baltimore has the oldest convent of the Order, and in that city the principal celebration was held. There are but three other convents in the United States, one in St. Louis, one in New Orleans, and one in Boston, the latter having been established only a short time. The Carmelite Sisterhood is, perhaps, the strictest of any. The nuns are cloistered, and once they enter their convent they never leave it.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Wakefield, Mass., after having been remodelled and otherwise improved was rededicated by Archbishop Williams, on Sunday, Nov. 9. There was a large attendance of the clergy and people. The pastor is Rev. J. Millerick.

Influence of Education on Crime.

THE Dubuque Sunday Herald contains an elaborate and very interesting statistical article going to show the influence of education on crime, and insisting especially on the importance of technical education. The writer says that eighty per cent of the crimes committed in the United States are crimes against property. He quotes Mr. Ethelbert Stewart as saying: — "If the State thinks it wise to teach the criminal a trade, after he has reached the penitentiary, to enable him to live in the future without crime, why not apply the preventative to the boy before he becomes a criminal?" That is certainly a very pertinent question, and worthy the serious consideration of our educators. The statistics of divorce, as given by the writer, are interesting and important. "From 1867 to 1886, twenty years, the number of divorces were: England, 5,408; Scotland, 1,124; Ireland, 55; United States, 328,716; Germany, 46,572; France, 57,115; Sweden, 3,734. The population in round numbers is as follows: England, 26; Scotland, 3¾; Ireland, 5; United States, 51; Germany, 45; France, 37; Sweden, 4½ millions.

Celebration in Ireland.

IN Cork there was a procession composed of delegates from total abstinence societies of all the three kingdoms, the mayors and municipal councils of the principal cities of Ireland, trade and other societies marched through the streets. The procession, which was two miles in length, stopped at the junction of South Mall and the Grand parade, where from a platform Sir Pope Hennessey delivered an oration on the life and character of Father Mathew. In the evening the city was illuminated. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

The Celebration in Philadelphia.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, was celebrated at the Academy of Music, night of October 21. Archbishop Ryan presided. Among those present were Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati; and Bishops Shanly, of North Dakota; and McGoldrick, of Duluth. Father Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., ex-president of the C. T. A. U., delivered the oration on the life of Father Mathew.

The Episcopal Jubilee of the Pope.

A LETTER which has been issued at Rome relative to the appeal which has been issued by the committee which has undertaken the organization necessary for the proper celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father in February, 1893.

The Gentile Christmas — January 6.

THE Feast of the Epiphany, often and aptly called the Christmas of the Gentiles, is one of the most solemn of the whole year. It commemorates three great manifestations of Our Lord's divinity: at Bethlehem, when a miraculous star guided the Wise Men from the East to the feet of the newborn King; in the waters of the Jordan, when a voice from heaven like the rumbling of thunder was heard saying: "This is My beloved Son: hear ye Him," and, finally, at the marriage-feast of Cana, when Christ revealed His almighty power by changing the water into wine at the request of His Immaculate Mother — the initial act of His public life. Most appropriately, therefore, is this great solemnity called *Epiphania Domini* — "the manifestation of the Lord."

WILLIAM F. MURDOCK, of Lynn, Mass., pleaded guilty to placing a rail on the Boston and Maine track at Saugus. He did it in the hope of obtaining a reward, and he immediately afterward notified the railroad officers. He was sentenced to nine years in the State prison. Served him right..

THOSE who have amassed riches do not always find that they are happy. The great Scotch preacher, Chalmers, says: "The grand essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for." And these essentials every man may possess without great wealth.

BEGIN to canvass for subscribers for 1891.

LECTURE and CONCERT COURSE.

Programme of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College.

THE Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College is the largest organization of young men of that religion in the State. The lecture and concert courses of past years have always been of a high order, and have attracted and entertained large audiences. The committee appointed for the course of 1890-'91 have secured an excellent array of talent, the fame of the lecturers being national in several cases. The increased advantages offered the young men in their new building have necessarily increased the expenses, and for that reason the committee of this year labored harder than in previous years to make each number of such interest as to increase the attendance, thus helping in a material way to lessen the debt at present on the new building. In this effort they have met with remarkable success, and the object sought is more than likely to be fully realized.

Tuesday, October 28, the opening night, the attendance was very large. The subject selected was "Art and Religion; or, the Passion Play of 1890." This is an illustrated lecture, with dissolving views and appropriate music, by Mr. Thomas Harrison Cummings. In addition, the characters and scenes were accompanied with a grand chorus under the direction of Sig. Augusto Rotoli.

The second night, Wednesday, November 12, a lecture on "An American View of the Irish Question," was delivered by Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr.

A grand concert, including solos, duets, trios, and quartets of eminent artists and choruses, all under the direction of Sig. Augusto Rotoli, will be the programme for the third night, Wednesday, December 10.

"An Evening with Catholic Authors" is the attraction announced for Wednesday evening, January 7. This will include readings from their own works by Charles Warren Stoddard, James Jeffrey Roche, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, Katherine Eleanor Conway, and Mabel Louise Fuller. Mr. J. J. Hayes, of Harvard University, will read selections from the poems of the late John Boyle O'Reilly.

On Wednesday evening, January 21, Charles Jer me Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Md., will lecture, taking for his subject, "The Catholic Church and Its Relations to American Institutions."

The sixth and last night, Wednesday, February 4, will introduce Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and the most eloquent preacher and pulpit orator of the Catholic Church in this country to-day. His subject will be "Our Christian Civilization and How to Perpetuate It."

Season t ckets for the full course are one dollar; good for reserved seats, two dollars. Seats may be secured of any member of the society, and at the Catholic bookstores.

St. John's Seminary.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS dedicated the Philosopher's building of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., on the morning of Thursday, October 23. He was assisted by the Very Rev. Charles B. Rex, S. S., president of St. John's Seminary, and the Rev. G. André, S. S. The handsome altar was then consecrated by the Archbishop, assisted by the same priests. The Mass was celebrated by Father Rex. Among the priests present were the Rev. T. H. Shahan, rector of St. Malachi's Church, Arlington; the Rev. John Flatley, rector of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge; and the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson, Prefect-Apostolic of Borneo. The following are the professors of the new department: the Revs. P. P. Chapon, S. S., G. C. Clapin, S. S., L. S. Walsh, S. T. L., F. E. Gigot, S. S., D. J. Kelleher, S. T. B., and D. J. Mahony.

Michael Davitt Sees No Need to Ask Outside Help.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in the Contemporary Review, asks why external help should be asked or expected by Ireland, when there are thirty million pounds now in Irish banks and other institutions, a fraction of which would avert starvation and the shame of receiving alms.

The Irish Privy Council has approved the project for the construction of a railway from Skibereen to Baltimore.

Catholic Schools for Deaf Mutes.

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE for the improved instruction of deaf mutes, established at Fordham, N. Y., in 1869, is developing in a way most gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of this afflicted class. It has now two houses for girls — one at Fordham, the other on Buffalo ave., Brooklyn. It has also a boys' department at Westchester, N. Y. These various houses give an excellent practical education. Instruction in speech and lip-reading has a prominent place in the course. There are industrial departments, with competent instructors, in useful trades for both boys and girls. Type-setting is taught; and no pupil entrusted to the management for a sufficient time goes hence unfitted to earn his own living.

A Successful Association.

THE Parnell branch of the Irish National League of Dorchester and Milton has forwarded a draft for three hundred dollars, through President David Sullivan and Treasurer Patrick F. Burke, as its first contribution to the Irish Famine Fund. This branch is a specially active one. It subscribed one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars to the Irish Parliamentary Fund, two hundred dollars to the Parnell Defence Fund, three hundred dollars to the Eviction Fund, and raised six hundred dollars by the sale of anti-Coercion certificates.

St. Joseph's Advocate,

EDITED and published by the Fathers of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, in the special interests of their missions and (generally) of all such among the colored races. This magazine is published quarterly, contains sixty-eight large pages, well illustrated, — all for one dollar a year. Address, 401 Courtland st., Baltimore, Md.

THE Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., president of Boston College, started, October 16, for a health-visit to Hot Springs, Ark. He will be absent several months. The Rev. Francis McCarthy, S. J., will represent him at the head of the college, etc., in his absence.

The Good Samaritan.

THE novel spectacle of a clergyman in sombre black dress kneeling beside an insensible man at one of the corners of City Hall Square, New York city, at an hour in the evening when the street was crowded with people hurrying to their homes, caused hundreds of pedestrians to halt, and many were the remarks of praise for the good father. The priest was a stranger in downtown districts. Lifting the sufferer's head upon his knee, he quickly plunged his hand into a breast pocket. Then he drew forth the viaticum and quietly performed the office prescribed by the Church in cases of sudden death. Then he surrendered his temporary charge to one of the surgeons of the Chambers Street Hospital ambulance, not, however, until he had assisted in carrying the injured man to the ambulance, and personally arranging the stretcher with pillows and blankets, that the sufferer's ride to the hospital should be as comfortable as possible. The injured man was a truck driver, and had been injured by being run over by his own truck.

AMONG the most successful of the parochial schools of the Archdiocese of Boston, is St. Joseph's, Waltham, founded by the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan in September, 1888. It has now an attendance of ten hundred and fifty, and the prospective graduates of June, '91, number seventy. The school is crowded to its utmost capacity. The older boys are taught by secular teachers; the girls and small boys by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Books and writing materials are supplied free.

THE Church News of Washington, D. C., recently commenced its fifth volume. This journal has in the four years of its existence advanced to the front ranks of American Catholic journalism. It is ably edited, dignified in tone, and always full of fresh Catholic matter. One of its leading features is the publication of the lectures of the Catholic University. Its editor, Mr. Milton E. Smith, enjoys an enviable reputation as a writer, and is regarded as one of our most eloquent Catholic lecturers.

A NATIONAL church consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the heights of Pichincha, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, will soon realize the pious project of Ecuador's martyr-ruler, Garcia Moreno. In the Republic of Venezuela, where in 1876 the legislature suppressed the liberty of the pulpit and forbade religious education, the President has lately subscribed twenty-eight thousand bolivars for the construction of a Church of the Sacred Heart; and in the Argentine Republic, a hotbed of Freemasonry, the Apostleship of Prayer is extending its ranks on every side.

A FRENCH reviewer says of the present state of France: "In this nineteenth century, in this land of France, which is ours, are not we Catholics pariahs, despoiled of our most sacred liberties? I await an O'Connell; but even an O'Connell will be powerless without a Christian and well-organized people marching behind him."

IN his Catholic Democracy of America, Mr. Bodley calls attention to this very important fact: In the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to the American nation we have one of the most interesting phenomena it is possible to conceive — the contact of the most venerable and powerful organization of the old order with the most advanced and prosperous community of the new.

A DESPATCH from Rome to the Dublin Freeman, under date of October 18, says that the Rt. Rev. Thomas Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and Dr. Lyster have had an interview with the Pope in regard to the distress in Ireland.

Cardinal Newman Saying Mass.

THE London Tablet has been publishing some interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Newman. One of these relates to "the absorbing earnestness of his Mass." It is said of him that he agreed with the eloquent Willis (in his own life-like Loss and Gain) that the Mass should proceed rapidly. "Quickly as Dr. Newman's Mass went, it was none the less — nay, partly by very reason of its speed — an inspiring spectacle. He would sway forwards and sideways as he hurriedly recited the opening psalm *Judica me Deus*, and the balanced cadences of the succeeding *Gloria in excelsis* became a sort of exultant chant. Most noticeable, also, were the audible whisperings at the words of consecration, inclusive of a lingering emphasis and an unearthly tone at *mysterium fidei*. And then came the *Pater Noster*, recited with lovely devotion; each section of its first half being very feelingly dwelt upon, and divided off from its immediate neighbors by truly speaking pauses, yet without any sense of broken continuity. And then that tender petition for daily bread, *Panem nostrum quotidianum*, in the second part, became as the trustful cry of a loving child to its father; and was fittingly sustained, too, by the solemn, heartfelt supplication at the *ne nos inducas in tentationem*. Surely," continues the writer, who mentions that he often served the Cardinal's Mass, — "surely the meaning of our Blessed Lord's prayer was borne in upon our young souls as it had never been before, as it never will be again; while scarcely to be wondered at was a London Oratorian Father letting fall the comment that he quite expected one day to see an aureole shining round the Padre's head as he stood at the holy altar."

THE Archbishop of Alexandria has consecrated at Port Said, the first Catholic Cathedral built in Egypt in thirteen centuries. It is dedicated to St. Eugenia, out of compliment to the Empress Eugenia.

AT the late election for members of Japanese parliament a native Catholic was returned. This is the first time the Catholics have had a representative in the legislature of the land.

THE only increase in New England's population is Catholic increase. The Catholic population is nearly one-fifth in Maine, one-third in New Hampshire, nearly one-fourth in Vermont, two-fifths in Massachusetts, more than two-fifths in Rhode Island, and one-third in Connecticut.

A DESPATCH from Rome to the Freeman's Journal, says that the most Rev. Thomas Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and Dr. Lyster have had an interview with the Pope in regard to the distress in Ireland.

AT a funeral in Rome the other day the infidel friends of the deceased jumped upon the hearse and wrenching the cross from its socket cast it into the Tiber. The relatives of the deceased protested in vain. Are these the men who are to regenerate Italy? asks the Western Watchman.

A GENERAL census of the Catholic Church in the United States is now being taken under the direction of Dr. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. Y., who has been assigned to that duty by the general government.

HERR WINDTHORST, the German Catholic statesman, paused in his eloquent address at the Coblentz Catholic Congress to recite the Angelus.

THE Montreal Gazette points out that the Father Mathew centenary has revived the advocacy of voluntary as distinguished from coercive temperance effort, which latter, even its advocates admit, has been far from a success. The former gave temperance its start, and has won for it its only real growth. It may be, our contemporary remarks, that a return to first principles would justify the wisdom of the fathers of the movement.

Donahoe's Magazine.

THE Boston Daily Herald: The most noticeable thing to be said of this periodical is that it is constantly improving in all its departments. It is the popular magazine among Roman Catholic people. It is not devoted to fiction to any extent, but is divided between news matter and topics which are of interest to the people in general. The present number is full of something for everybody to read, and Mr. Donahoe has rather exceeded himself in his power to make the magazine thoroughly entertaining.

COMMENCE to canvass for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for 1891, now.

Don't Keep Out.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA in Catholic News says: In all movements for reform, for the general good, for better charitable work, for literary, scientific or æsthetic progress, Catholics ought to take part, not stand aloof. The difficulty in many cases is that we Catholics do not meet with our fellow-citizens, of both sexes, in such movements, but stand aloof, and then complain of results. Our fellow-countrymen are not as a rule dishonest, unscrupulous, tricky, or knavish. They are in the main honest, and act according to their lights. Those lights have been dimmed by anti-Catholic prejudices, but if Catholics meet with them at the outset and help to guide a movement, they can in most instances remove misconceptions, and by taking an active part, showing sympathy with the object in view, they can prevent much positive wrong, committed often through sheer ignorance of the real situation and with no real intention of infringing on the rights or hurting the feelings of any class of the community. Even if there be a few zealots, who are offensively partisan in their views, the Catholic, putting forward his views modestly and without offence, will be sure to find many worthy persons to side with him or with her, as the case may be.

A RECENT number of *La Revista Popular* announces that a band of twenty-five Sisters of St. Anne, who had voluntarily offered their services to the wretched lepers at Providencia, lately left Lerida for Barcelona, whence they sailed to the leper settlement. Providencia is an island off the coast of Venezuela. These holy women were not allowed to depart without a demonstration on the part of the pious inhabitants, who flocked from all sides to bid them farewell, and to pray for the success of their mission. On the way to Barcelona the Sisters stopped at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Montserrat, under whose auspices they had undertaken the work. They assisted at the solemn services held in the monastery church, after which they repaired to the Cave of St. Ignatius, where the Holy Sacrifice was again offered in their behalf.

Irish Sentiment on John Boyle O'Reilly.

Mr. A. Shuman, of Boston, on Ireland's Political and Industrial Progress.

Mr. A. Shuman, the well-known Boston merchant, was one of the oldest and most intimate friends of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly. The Boston Transcript notes as a curious instance of the beloved poet's practical influence, that his friendship and admiration for O'Reilly made Mr. Shuman an advocate of Home Rule, and an active importer of Irish woollen manufactures, which he made a leading article of consumption in the United States.

Mr. Shuman was in Ireland when John Boyle O'Reilly died, and was profoundly moved by the outburst of national grief which followed.

Interviewed by a representative of the Pilot on his return to Boston, Mr. Shuman had much of pathetic interest to tell on this subject, and much also, in his own clear-sighted and suggestive way, as to Irish national and industrial progress.

Of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. Shuman said:—"It is difficult to convey any idea of the widespread feeling of grief prevailing everywhere for the loss of one whom they looked upon as a great patriot, supremely great in character, and whom they had learned to consider a dear friend. He seemed to be the strong and binding link between the people of Ireland and those who had come thence to this country, and their descendants. His unexpected death became a public calamity. Ireland needed just such buoyancy of spirit as he possessed. The grief of those who personally knew him was as of those who mourn for a dear one lost from the family circle. There was no authority more quoted for many years in Ireland on America and Irish-American affairs than John Boyle O'Reilly, and those who never knew him loved him for his bold, fearless, yet gentle advocacy through the columns of the Pilot, not alone of the cause of his own countrymen, but of the cause of the weak and defenceless, irrespective of creed or color. Each one who read his paper seemed to personally know the man; it is wonderful to think how his genial spirit seemed to convey to his readers something of the nature of the man, and I was told that no matter how dark and hopeless seemed the fate of the Irish people, there was ever in The Pilot a ray of hope, and a noble heart spoke gentle words of encouragement, and pointed trustfully to ultimate success."

Pilot Reporter—"What is the effect of the apprehension of a widespread famine in Ireland on the land question, and the Home Rule struggle?"

Mr. Shuman—"Since I was in Ireland two years ago, things seem to have been fairly prosperous in some districts owing to the considerable reductions in rent obtained by some tenants through the agency of the Land Commission and the partial revival of some Irish industries, but unfortunately the potato blight of this year, which threatens with famine a large district of the west and southwest of Ireland, shows how treacherous is a seeming prosperity produced by a year or two of favorable agricultural returns. I have made it my business to visit parts of the West, and I find that on small holdings of land it is impossible for tenants to make a provision for a visitation of blight such as Ireland is threatened with at present. The climate is so moist and uncertain that agriculture is carried on under very precarious conditions, and it is very hazardous for farmers to engage in the raising of grain crops. Again, owing to the climate, Ireland is the most favored grass-producing country in Europe; her emerald verdure is proverbial, and if a home government directed and developed the great natural talents of her people into industrial channels, she would in my opinion be one of the most healthy, prosperous, and law-abiding countries in the world. But the enforced demands of the landlords in times of plenty leave the people hopeless and helpless, and dependent upon the charity of the world when the blight comes. The effect of the impending famine is to strengthen the desires of the Irish people for Home Rule, and it seems morally certain that the next general election will secure it. At any rate it cannot be delayed much longer, as the present Parliament expires in 1893."

Pilot Reporter—"Had you much evidence of the better understanding between English and Irish people?"

Mr. Shuman—"I find that the English people are gradually awakening to the fact that Home Rule for Ireland is not inimical to English imperialism, but would rather tend to strengthen the power and influence of England. The English people are slow to act, but once they have made up their minds to the justice of a cause, they will stand by it. I have closely observed the characteristics of the Irish people, and have been astonished at the great natural talents they possess, talents that if properly treated would make them successful competitors with their English neighbors in industrial enterprises. The natural advantages of Ireland are great, and when Home Rule is obtained, I believe there is a great and glorious work before Messrs. Parnell, Davitt, and the other leaders of the people who are making such a brave and stubborn fight for them in the English Parliament."

Pilot Reporter—"What do you think of the woollen mills which you visited while in Ireland, and what advancement have you noted in this direction?"

Mr. Shuman—"My principal object in going to Ireland was to visit the woollen mills, and I was very much pleased to find that they were developing each year, and that the enterprise of the owners was meeting with encouraging success. The Irish Woollen Export Company, of which Michael Davitt is president, and Peter White managing director, is doing good work and enjoying the confidence of the manufacturers and traders throughout the country. They have profited by their American experience, and have introduced

some bright ideas into the conduct of their home trade. Their American success has emboldened them to try the English and Scotch markets, and at their store I met the representatives of those markets, who told me that they had done very well for the Export Company, and that the field for Irish goods in England and Scotland was very promising. The encouragement given to this Company by America has been the means of doing great service not to them alone, but to the Irish woollen trade in general. I have talked with a number of the leading woollen manufacturers of Ireland, and endeavored to point out to them what, in my opinion, is the surest path to success for their goods in our American markets. My suggestions were very kindly received, and some of them will very probably be carried out. It is really surprising to know what great progress has been made since I was here before, towards developing the woollen industries. The output, as I am informed by Mr. Michael Davitt, is nearly twofold. I had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Davitt, and notwithstanding I found him in the midst of an immense amount of work incident to the publication of his new paper, The Labor World, yet he was as enthusiastic and devoted as ever to the development of Irish industries. Mr. Davitt's desire is to develop, as far as possible, the woollen industries of Ireland, with the view of adding to the present scanty opportunities of employment for the people, and to this extent provide them with an incentive to stay at home. I certainly am much gratified at the information, inasmuch as I have earnestly tried to render some small assistance in achieving this result in the United States."

Pilot Reporter—"Perhaps you will kindly give your views as to how Mr. Davitt's desire can be fulfilled. Your pioneer work in the development of the Irish woollen trade in America, and your minute and recent investigation of industrial affairs in Ireland, give peculiar weight to your opinion."

Mr. Shuman—"On this matter of Irish manufactures I wish to make a matter-of-fact business statement. Here is Ireland with all the potentialities of a great manufacturing nation along certain lines. She possesses unexcelled water power which is much cheaper, and will always remain much cheaper as a motor than steam or electricity; and this power is to be found in abundance in every section of the island. I believe there is power sufficient easily applied, in the swift-flowing Irish streams and rivers, to keep in rapid motion all the driving wheels in the world. The country possesses a quality of wool of extraordinary length of fibre, with which there is nothing to compare for durability when woven into cloth. The skill of the Irish poplin weaver is far-famed. The superior excellence of Limerick and Monaghan laces has long been recognized by the best judges. The art of carving bog-oak into jewelry, ornaments, and other things, with an artistic skill equal if not superior to the wood-carvers of Bavaria, has been for centuries an heirloom of certain Irish families in Dublin and other places. There are only a few of the potentialities. What is the situation? With the exception of the linen trade, and the hopeful upward movement of woollen manufactures, all the rest have barely an existence. Some of the causes of this condition are very obvious. To a stranger some things connected with it are not very clear. But one thing is very clear to my mind, and I say it after making a sufficient examination of the matter to enable me to judge fairly, that if the Irish American population of the United States back up the Irish woollen manufacturers for the next five years as they can and should do, without any cost to themselves, the Irish woollen industry in fabrics for business suitings will bear comparison with that of any other manufacturing nation. Already they lead the world in friezes. If half the male members of the Irish-American families of the United States would procure their every-day clothing of Irish cloth for the next five years, success would be attained. When this great industry is built up, they can lend a hand to the next, and make Ireland a nation of diversified industries."

The reporter left Mr. Shuman with the conviction that this sagacious merchant had given solid food for reflection on the situation of affairs in Ireland, and had also pointed out a way in which the Irish-American might in the most practical manner aid the land of his birth or ancestry.

Gate of Heaven Church Bazaar.

A BAZAAR in aid of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, in St. Michael's Hall, bids fair to be a great success. Among the various contests is one for a horse and carriage (parish table); a barrel of candy, between the boys and girls of the parish (Father Herlihy's table); and a beautiful silver service to the young lady receiving the most coupons cut from Father Merritt's Bulletin. The fair is still going on.

Population of the United States.

THE population of the United States in June, 1890, shown by the first count of persons and families, exclusive of white persons in Indian Territory, Indians on reservations and Alaska, was 62,480,540. In 1880, Massachusetts was the seventh State in the Union in regard to population, but now ranks sixth; Connecticut has fallen from twenty-eighth to twenty-ninth, Maine from twenty-seventh to thirtieth, New Hampshire from thirty-first to thirty-third, Rhode Island from thirty-third to thirtieth, and Vermont from thirty-second to thirty-sixth. These figures may be slightly changed by later and more exact compilations, but such changes will not be material.

Cattle Disease.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal: It has been stated on official authority that of the forty-seven cattle suffering from pleuro-pneumonia, which were last year landed at English ports, every case came from the United States. Sheep affected with foot-and-mouth disease, similarly imported, numbered 101, and ninety were found to be suffering from sheep scab. Perhaps, after all, there is some reason in the contention that the imported cattle are not so free from contagious and infectious disease that they can be allowed a free highway.

Self Murder.

THE Catholic Mirror: The epidemic of self-murder, to which we alluded recently, is spreading alarmingly. The news columns of the dailies teem with the record of its ravages. Men, women, and children are falling victims in increasing numbers to the appalling influence of this unholy and unnatural passion. This is a matter of serious moment to the people. The State is powerless to stay the hand of the suicide; the duty then devolves upon religion. The Catholic Church is the most potent enemy of the monster, which she has successfully debarred from entering within the precincts where her authority is acknowledged and her influence directly felt. The chronicles of suicide in this country show that a very large majority of self-murderers are at least nominal adherents to one or the other of the sects. It is therefore a question that primarily concerns Protestantism. Protestantism has demonstrated its complete inability to cope with the giant evil of divorce. How will it meet the twin evil of its own nurture, suicide?

Baptist Opinion of Our Schools.

THE Catholic Mirror: Our esteemed contemporary, the Kansas Catholic, thoughtfully remarks that it does look as if intelligence was dawning in the most unlooked-for places when the Baptist Western Record says: "The Catholics of New England, anxious to have their children trained in what they believed to be God's truth, have established schools for their own children, just as the Baptists have done in hundreds of places. For our part we honor the Catholics for this action, and we wish every Baptist parent from Maine to Texas would follow their example and send his children to Baptist schools. In these money-loving days it is a grand and inspiring sight to see poor men, as many Catholics in the large cities are, preferring to pay out tuition rather than send to schools free of tuition, in which the children will not be taught what their parents believe — the true principles of religion." That is first-class Americanism, and thoughful public sentiment will finally veer round to this point.

The Church in Canada.

HOFFMAN'S REGISTER shows that in Canada the Catholic Church at present is served by 1,908 secular priests, and 464 regulars, in all 2,372, or one priest for 864 souls. The religious communities are divided as follows:

Oblate Fathers, 192; Jesuit Fathers, 78; Sulpicians, 64; Fathers of the Holy Cross, 49; Redemptorist Fathers, 39; Basilian Fathers, 27; St. Viateur Fathers, 14; Dominican Fathers, 11; Fathers of the Resurrection, 6; Carmelites, 6; Society of Mary, 5; Franciscans, 4.

It will thus be seen that in Canada the Oblates are the strongest numerically. In the United States the Jesuits stand at the head of the list.

THE Catholic National Charts for the use of Primary Schools, Benziger Brothers, is a small pamphlet containing suggestions for the use of "The Catholic National Charts." The Charts themselves we are told are 24x31 inches in size, and the illustrations in this little pamphlet are photo-reductions, and embrace a variety of subjects. It strikes us that the plan here indicated for instructing primary classes is excellent. It is simple, striking, gradually progressive, and appeals to the imagination of the child as well as to the memory. Minute directions are given to the teacher for each lesson.

ON Saturday his Grace the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flood, O. P., who has been visiting the United States and Canada for the past few months, left for his home in the Island of Trinidad.

Harvard—Bishop Keane.

THE following communication was sent to the Boston Daily Herald for publication :

The gentlemen appointed to choose the Dudley orator at Harvard certainly made a very wise selection this year, when they invited Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, to speak on "Revealed Religion." Force, and yet simplicity in style, earnestness and eloquence are his characteristic qualities. He spoke for an hour without notes, and held his cultivated audience as if by a spell. Never had Appleton Chapel been honored by a more distinguished company of people, representing the learned of every faith. And the bishop's appeal to the young men, as he stood in that pulpit, attired in the habits of his holy office, must have made a lasting impression upon all. President Eliot and Vicar-General Byrne sat together. The professors and their wives were nearly all present, including Messrs. Goodwin, Smith, Royce, Sumichrast, von Jagemann, Child, Toy, Francke, and Lyon. The preachers to the University, with the exception of Dr. Brooks, were noticed there, while the clergy of Cambridge was represented by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Rev. Mr. Abbott, Rev. Fr. Flatley, and his assistant, Fr. Doody, of St. Peter's Church.

AMONG the latest converts to the old faith is Prince Henry of Nassau. This is the first Catholic Prince of Nassau since the Reformation.

The Irish Envoys.

THE little trip to France, which the circumstances of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien rendered a necessary preliminary of their visit to America, affords a pleasing opportunity for recognizing the extent to which the Irish cause has gained sympathy on the continent of Europe. The wonderful cordiality of the reception accorded to Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien in Paris, marvellous outburst of friendly feeling which the arrival of these Irish leaders provoked in France, is a remarkable testimony to the improving interest with which the heroic struggle of these two great figures of Irish political life against Coercion has been watched on the continent.

THE marriage of Miss Josephine Schayer, eldest daughter of Mr. John C. Schayer, and Henry Francis McGrady, was one of the most prominent events of our city. It took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Rev. James Talbot, D. D., officiating at the Nuptial Mass, and Revs. Father Sullivan and Corcoran assisting as deacon and sub-deacon. Besides the officers of the Mass there were present in the sanctuary, Rev. Charles Rathke, C. S.S. R., and Rev. W. O'Connor, C. S.S. R., of the Mission Church, Roxbury; Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., also of the Immaculate. At the close of Mass Dr. Talbot gave a brief discourse on the importance of the sacrament of matrimony. The wedding tour was pleasant and agreeable. The bride and groom were the recipients of many costly testimonials from their numerous friends.

THE recent elections have gone democratic throughout the country showing that the people are in the ascendant.

NOW that the elections are over we hope every one indebted for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will forward the amount due.

A New Method of Treating Disease.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include diseases of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* A circular describing these new remedies is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors. dec 90

Notes on Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Boston Supply Company.

A NEW BOOK OF FABLES, ANECDOTES, AND STORIES, for the purpose of composition.

We should think this might be made a very useful book in teaching the art of composition. The stories and anecdotes are interesting, and each one is succeeded by an "Outline" which embraces the principal points of the story, and forms a skeleton of the composition which the pupil is to write from memory in his own language. The introduction—"Method of Teaching Composition," contains simple and valuable suggestions in regard to the proper mode of using the book. In the latter part of the book is a "List of Subjects for Short Papers"; directions about "Letter Writing," and "Simple Rules for Punctuation," all of which are very useful. In looking over this book we could not help thinking how little of such aid we had some—well, say forty years ago, when we were young and making our maiden efforts in the way of literary composition. Still, there is no royal road to literary success.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. A collection of speeches and sermons delivered by his Eminence on occasions of interest during his Catholic life. With a portrait. Price 50 cents.

As our readers will perceive, we are reprinting these most interesting selections from the works of the late Cardinal, and will continue to do so, until the work is complete. The extracts will occupy sixty or seventy pages.

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1891, with calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. Price 25 cents.

This welcome annual is particularly interesting this year. The illustrations are very good. They include the late Lawrence Kehoe, Cardinal Manning, Father Mathew's statue in Cork, Cardinal Newman, John Boyle O'Reilly, etc. It should be in every family. Any of our present subscribers procuring a new one, will receive one of the almanacs together with one for the new subscriber.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

GOLDEN SANDS. Third Series. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Cloth, red edges, 60 cents. Persian calf, flexible, red and gilt edges, $1.50.

"I love these little messengers of God, one alone sometimes does more for me than a missionary."—Pius IX. to the author of "Golden Sands." No further recommendation is necessary.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC, for 1891. Price 25 cents.

The Messrs. Benziger Brothers have issued their Almanac in good season. It is filled with matter of interest to every Catholic family. The illustrations are numerous and good and in great variety. The frontispiece, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is alone worth twenty-five cents. Any person getting a new subscriber and sending four dollars will receive two copies of the book, one for each.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

HARMONY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVEALED RELIGION. By Rt. Rev. J. de Concilio, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, N. J., Author of "Catholicity and Pantheism," "The Knowledge of Mary," "Intellectual Philosophy," etc. Price $1 net.

SHORT SERMONS on the Gospels, for every Sunday in the year. By N. M. Redmund. Price $1.25 net.

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THE MONTH, for October, Price 35 cents. $4 per annum.

"Orbis Terrarum Catholicus" is the title of a work about to be published by the Rev. Father Werner, S. J. It will contain the fullest statistics of the Church in every part of the world.

All of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Father Russo, S. J., of Georgetown College, has placed American Catholic colleges under lasting obligations to him by the publication of a new class

book of ethical philosophy. His "Summa Philosophica" is considered one of the best text-books of scholastic philosophy that we have.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal:—"Beautiful Language," by E. W. Rogers. "I Was On It," words by Wal Rink, music by Frank Aylmer." "Bright Eyes," words by Will S. Rising, music by Will Robinson. "The Whistling Wife," words by Harry Randall and A. E. Ellis, music by Harry Randall. "Song of The Regiment," from "The Red Hussar," by Edw. Solomon. "They're After Me," words by Frank N. Scott, music by William Hoey. "Thou Art An Angel," by C. A. White.

Instrumental:—"Mon Amie Waltz," by Geo. Thorne. "The Conqueror," Spanish Waltz, by F. Perez. "Les Deux Alouettes," Impomptu by Th. Leschetizky. "Pasco Polka," by Carlo Franc. "A Last Farewell Mazurka," by E. Lopez. "Dream of The Past," Reverie by Paul Hervey. "Petit Minuet," by G. Bachmann. "Tongo De La Marina," Spanish Dance, by Emilio Arieta. "The First Violet," by F. Behr. "Evening Call Schottische," by A. Garcia. "Ma Belle Mazurka," by Narciso Martinez. "Once More," Valse Elegante, by N. Martinez. "Far From Thee," Mexican Dance, by same. "Grand Mexican Waltz," by M. Moralez. "Polka," by J. Rummel. "Joyful Lancers," by N. Martinez. "Valse," by J. Rummel. "Love's Legend," Reverie by Paul Keller. "Galop," by J. Rummel. "Sweet Raptures Waltzes," by F. Mohanka. "Woman's Grace Waltz," by H. C. Faulkner. "Mazurka Originale," by Wm. Dire. "La Traviata," Fantasie Brilliante, by Sydney Smith. "Chasonne," by Aug. Durand. "Egyptian Patrol," by Albert Butz. "Ribbon Polka," by Col. A. Blanc. "Out of Sight," Galop de Concert, Frederic E. White.

BOOKS.

"The Folio," for October,—"Winner's Boston Method for the Violin,"—"Steele's Humorous Gems," for Male Voices.—Gems from "The Red Hussar," words by F. R. Stephens, music by Edward Solomon.

Decease of a Promising Youth.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 22, 1890, in Dorchester, Mass., JOSEPH LEO GORMAN, son of Dennis J. and Joanna E. Gorman, passed peacefully to the vision of our Blessed Lord, whose holy face he had often praised and honored upon earth. His eleven years of singularly innocent and happy life were full of singular promise; but God chose that those years should ripen in heaven, rather than upon earth. In his last illness, the painful disease of tubercular meningitis, the little child showed the patience of a saint, and many things in his brief life come now to memory like strains from the music of a true saint's life. He had called his rosaries and scapulars and medals, his "livery," and often felt for them in his last days. Over and over again, he said his dear Hail Marys, and once cried out that he saw Saint Anne.

On a Saturday he received the last Sacrament; and on Wednesday, that day of the week devoted to the saint in whose honor alone he was named, at half-past six, the hour of his birth, and just as the last words of the Angelus were falling on his ear, in the angels' month of the Rosary, he passed to hear the angels' music, and meet the angels' Queen.

On Saturday, October 24, he was buried from his parish church, St. Peter's, six of the altar boys, whose comrade he had been, bearing him to the altar and to his grave in Mt. Calvary Cemetery. His pastor, the Rev. Peter Ronan, Rev. C. F. Glennon, under whose care he had been as an altar boy, and his dear friend, the Rev. Father Lane of St. Patrick's, surrounded the pure white casket, and threw the first earth upon his grave.

To his sorrowing parents whom God has made an example to all parents in sorrow, the love and prayers of all their friends is most sincerely offered.

Success of the Benedictines.

IT is certainly true, says The London Pall Mall Gazette, that the only permanently successful effort to evangelize the Australian blacks has been the work of the Spanish Benedictines. Pope Pius IX. handed over the whole of Western Australia to this order, and their labors for the benefit of the blacks during the past forty years have been singularly successful. They have established a monastic colony of their own some fifty miles from Perth, where the blacks have been taught a variety of trades and trained to a remarkably high degree of civilization. It is called New Norsia. The community numbers about sixty monks and brothers, and is governed by Right Rev. Dr. Salvado, the only mitred abbot on Australian soil.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. Wm. Cullen, a nephew of the late Cardinal Cullen, to whom he was at one time chaplain, died at St. Alban's Terrace, North Circular road, Dublin, on September 24. He began his ecclesiastical studies in Castleknock College, and completed them at the Irish College in Rome. For many years Father Cullen was incapacitated from most of his priestly duties through ill-health. He was gifted with a talent for painting, and through his long term of suffering, the fruits of his brush adorned many churches and convents.

THE death of Rev. D. McCarthy, of the Congregation of the Mission, at the Mother House of the order, Barrens, Perry Co., Mo., is announced. He was superior of that institution for the last fifteen years, and connected with it in various capacities for nearly forty years. There was no better known or more deservedly respected priest in the country, and his death, even at his advanced age, will cause general regret.

THE venerable Father Joseph Fransioli, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died recently, aged seventy-four years. He was a native of Ticino, Switzerland, and came to Brooklyn in 1858. He was one of the most venerable of the many noted priests in the Brooklyn diocese, and accomplished a wonderful work during his thirty years' pastorate at St. Peter's. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood last June, and then went to his native land, but the voyage did him no good.

THE Rev. Albert Sheffler, the oldest member of the Redemptorist Order in the United States, died in Baltimore on October 13. He was eighty-one years old and six years ago celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a priest of the Redemptorist Order.

THE death of the Rev. M. X. Carroll, at Washington, Mass., on Tuesday, October 21, is announced. Father Carroll was born in Ireland about sixty years ago. He was ordained to the priesthood for the diocese of Boston, at the Grand Seminary, Quebec, in September, 1856. He was for some time assistant to the late Father James Conway, in Salem. Among the places in which he held pastoral charge were Malden, Foxboro, and Westfield. Later he was stationed at the Cathedral, Boston. For some years past his health was badly broken, and he was practically retired from active duty, except for his service, for a time, as chaplain at Notre Dame Convent, Roxbury. His funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, Hinsdale, Mass., on the morning of Thursday, October 23. May he rest in peace!

WE deeply regret to announce the death which took place on Sunday, of the Very Rev. Canon Pope, of St. Andrew's Church, Westland row, Dublin. The deceased clergyman, who was eighty years of age, was well known in that city, where for many years he took an active part in every charitable and philanthropic movement. His last public appearance in the city was in connection with the strike of the Metropolitan police, towards the termination and settlement of which he materially assisted. On Tuesday there was Solemn Office and High Mass for the repose of his soul in St. Andrew's, Westland row. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided, and there was a large number of clergymen in attendance, after which the interment took place in Glasnevin Cemetery.

THE REV. FATHER CARRAHER, for thirty-eight years priest of St. Patrick's Church in Utica, died in that city on Thursday, October 23. He was a native of County Armagh, Ireland, and was born Aug. 3, 1821. He came to this country when nine years old, in company with his brother, the late Rev. Bernard Carraher. He studied at Fordham, and was graduated from Mount St. Mary's College at Emmettsburg, Md. He was ordained a priest in 1848. His first charge was over the parish of Augusta, Me., where he built a handsome church. He went to Utica

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in 1848, first as assistant priest at St. John's Church, and in 1850 as pastor of the then newly established St. Patrick's Church. He remained in charge of St. Patrick's until failing health compelled him to retire from active service.

THE Rev. John Bakker, C.SS.R., who, like Father Damien, was a missionary among the lepers, died in Dutch Guiana, on August 20. He was born in Holland, and had been stationed in the leper settlement in Dutch Guiana since 1886, and had been a leper himself for ten years. During the latter years of his life Father Bakker was perfectly helpless. He is the third Redemptorist priest who has died in the service of the lepers of Surinam. Although the vast majority of the lepers are non-Catholic, only Catholic priests have thus far lived at the leper settlement of Batavia.

SISTERS.

FORMER residents of Newfoundland now in the Dominion will be pained to hear that Sister Martha, of the Presentation Convent of St. John's, N. F., is no more. She calmly passed away to her everlasting reward, simply through age, after a long and useful life of seventy-six years. Sister Martha Healy was a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland, and came to Newfoundland over forty years ago. Thirty-seven years ago she entered the Presentation Order, where she had, till the time of her death, led a pious and exemplary life. She was not only endeared to the sisterhood, but to all visitors of the convent, with whom she was acquainted. R.I.P.

MOTHER MARY ALPHONSUS, of the Franciscan Sisterhood, died at the convent in Richmond, Va., on October 13.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE recent death of Mrs. John McSorley, of Everett, has caused deep regret to a large circle of friends, both in Everett where she lived many years, and Bangor, Me., her early home. She will long be remembered for her open, kindly heart, and generous sympathy to the poor. Her husband, Mr. John McSorley, of the Boston Custom House, and her only son have much sympathy in their bereavement. May she rest in peace !

MR. TIMOTHY DEASY, one of the oldest and most esteemed of Boston's Catholics, died at the family residence, 8 Lowell Court, Boston, on Sunday, October 19. Mr. Deasy leaves a widow and two daughters to mourn his loss. His only son, the Rev. Wm. B. Deasy, one of the most promising young priests of the Archdiocese of Boston, died two years ago. At the time of his death he was vice-rector of the American College, Rome. Grief for this beloved son, undoubtedly, hastened the father's death. The funeral took place from St. James' Church, Boston, October 22. May he rest in peace !

MR. RALPH J. WILLOUGHBY, a well-known and respected citizen of Boston, died at his late residence, 63 East Brookline St., that city, on October 11, aged sixty-nine years. His funeral, which took place on October 14, was attended by a large number of relatives and friends. A Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Leo P. Boland, rector, being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. H. A. Sullivan, deacon ; the Rev. J. O'Donovan, subdeacon ; and the Rev. J. F. Talbot, D.D., master of ceremonies. A widow, four sons, and two daughters survive him. The interment took place in the family lot at Calvary Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace !

THE regular November meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, was held Wednesday evening, 5th of November. The board of directors reported that ninety-three new members had been admitted during the month. The treasurer reported a large increase in the income from dues. The meeting empowered the president to appoint a committee of ten to take charge of the annual ball.

DUMPSEY — Blobson's wife is very small, isn't she ? Popinjay — Yes ; you would hardly believe it, but I have heard it said that she goes through his pockets every night.

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Landing of the Irish Envoys.

ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH ENVOYS AT NEW YORK.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, John Dillon, Timothy Harrington and T. D. Sullivan, arrived in New York on Sunday morning, November 2. They received a grand reception.

Mr. Sullivan spoke eloquently of his emotion on first touching American soil. "Thank God," he exclaimed fervently, "that I have not died without seeing America! I give you two prayers: 'God bless America — God save Ireland.'"

Mr. Sullivan while crossing prepared these lines upon the mission of the delegates:

Song of the Irish Delegation.

In our good ship Champagne
We are ploughing the main,
And our spirits are joyful and airy,
For we hear a command
From our dear native land,
And a message from gallant Tipperary.
Hurrah for the land that's before us,
The friend of the country that bore us!
We'll publish its praise
To the end of our days,
And we'll sound it in song and in chorus.

Ere long o'er the main
Shall we sail back again,
Our hearts full of high jubilation,
With help in our hands
For the patriot bands
Who are fighting the fight of our nation.
God bless all their friends and sustainers,
And humble their foes and distrainers,
And make happy and bright,
With all sorts of delight,
The friends of our faithful campaigners.

In Boston the envoys received an enthusiastic reception. Both the Boston and Globe Theatres were filled to overflowing on Sunday, November 9th, and over seven thousand dollars was subscribed. In New York, on Monday evening, November 10th, an immense crowd greeted the envoys, and thirty thousand dollars was raised.

NATHAN MATHEWS, JR., was unanimously nominated by the Democracy of Boston, as candidate for Mayor at the coming election.

New School Books.

THE Boston School Supply Company, 15 Bromfield street, has sent us a copy of a book entitled Epitome of the World's History, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Special Relation to the History of Civilization and the Progress of Mankind, by Edgar Sanderson, M. A., late scholar of Clarke College, Cambridge, author of "A History of the British Empire," revised and condensed, with emendations and new matter by John Hardiman, A. M. Part I., Ancient and "Mediæval." We take pleasure in saying that we have here a general history which has evidently been carefully and candidly written and obviously with a studied and laudable effort not to say a word that should give offence to Catholics.

The book is well gotten up; the style is good; there are numerous maps and illustrations, a copious index, and it strikes us as well adapted to interest the reader. In glancing at the table of contents, our attention was immediately attracted by the heading of Chapter VI," "Growth of the Papal Power." Here, we said to ourselves, if anywhere, we shall find the *animus* of the book. We confess we were agreeably disappointed in finding the following "general view" at the opening of the chapter: "We have seen how Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire. The Catholic Church in the Western Empire had for its head the *Bishop of Rome*, to whose primatial authority disputants appealed for decision and oppresed persons for advocacy and protection." Then, after mentioning the fact that "this influential position of the hierarch of Rome grew by degrees into a spiritual ascendency unequalled in the history of the world, and still flourishing in full vigor," the writer proceeds to quote from that splendid passage of Macaulay: "The Church of Rome saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca." He gives a correct though partial account of the origin of the temporal power, and his abstract of English history is suprisingly fair. It is not a rehash of the anti-Catholic romancer, Froude, like many of our modern school histories. It is not full of insinuations against the Pope and the Church, but it aims always to give credit to the Pope and other distinguished ecclesiastics of the Church, for moral influence exerted by them in an age when the tyranny of kings and barons sought to usurp dominion in spirituals as well as in temporals. In fact; we have sought in vain through the whole book for a single expression obnoxious to Catholics or Catholic principles, and we take pleasure in making this acknowledgment.

We have, however, one criticism to make on the account of the Albigenses. In speaking of the crusade against the Albigenses, the writer leaves the impression that it was simply a crusade against heresy, and that "Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, refused at first to join in the extirpation of heresy by the slaughter of his subjects, but yielded and took part in the attack on their strongholds;" and he gives a brief but graphic description of how "from town to town, fire and slaughter sped through the land." We insist that in speaking of the "persecution" of the Albigenses, truth and justice require that some account, or at least some allusion should be made to the abominable principles and corrupt practices of the sect. It would have been satisfactory, though far short of the real truth, if the writer had quoted Dr. Maitland, the distinguished Protestant author of the Dark Ages, who wrote of this pestilent sect: "They reprobated the vices of the priests, the superstitions, rites, and idolatry of the Church, and taught the unlawfulness of oaths, but I have yet to learn that any Albigensian teacher, on any occasion, ever propounded one Scripture doctrine, or enforced one moral precept." He does not find "anything that looks as if the Albigenses were at all more religious than their neighbors, or as if it was the object of their teachers to make them so." On the contrary, he con-

siders "these teachers to have been either hypocritical impostors or misguided fanatics." The fact is, the crusade was undertaken in defence of Christianity and of civil society against the corrupt and utterly demoralizing principles and excesses of these dangerous fanatics, who taught that marriage and the propagation of children was a mortal sin; who allowed the utmost excesses among the common people, and who attacked the clergy and religious, violating females, burning and sacking churches, and undermining the very foundations of civil society. We do not say it was necessary for an author to go into a lengthy description of the principles and excesses of the Albigenses; but it seems to us that it was due to the cause of truth and justice that, as we have said, some intimation should have been given so that the impression should not be left upon the mind of the pupil that the crusade was a cruel persecution of an innocent people who taught some doctrines contrary to the teaching of the Church.

With these remarks, which have been somewhat extended because of the importance of the subject, we close by saying if our Protestant friends never produced a more obnoxious book of history than this epitome for the use of schools in which Catholics and non-Catholics are taught together, we should never feel that we had serious cause of complaint. Of course, we have no hesitation in saying that our Catholic schools require Catholic histories, written from the Catholic standpoint, and designed to give the truth about the Church without fear or favor, without reserve, and without paring down or compromise.

THE long-expected "Life of Jesus," from the pen of the celebrated French preacher, the Rev. Père Didon, of the Dominican Order, has just been issued by the well-known publishing house of Plon, of Paris. It is in two handsome volumes, and consists of over one thousand pages.

Railways for Ireland.

AT a recent meeting of the Midland and Great Western Railway Company of Ireland, the construction of three new lines, one from Galway to Clifden, another from Maryboro to Mulranny, and the third from Ballina to Killala, was authorized. The aggregate treasury grants for these lines is four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which will about cover the expense.

THE remains of John Boyle O'Reilly have been interred in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass.

Pin-Money for Wives.

THE Catholic Columbian: Some husbands never give their wives any money for themselves. They have to beg for every cent they need and have to tell what they want to spend it for. They are tempted to make false statements as to the cost of goods that they buy, in order to have a little pocket-money to be used as they may see fit. The husbands will not give an account to the wives of every penny that they spend. They insist on having some change about them all the time. They do not have to humiliate themselves by asking if they can't have a dollar to-day for pin-money. In marriage, the partnership should be equal. Both parties should have an equal right and an equal share in all the possessions of the firm. Both should be equally interested in its welfare. Both should have an equal say in the expenditure of its income. Both should endeavor by economy and industry to promote its prosperity. And in the matter of spending money, both should have a fixed sum per week, on which to draw without solicitation or explanation.

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The British Government Tottering.

SPEAKING at Carlisle on the 6th of November, Mr. Gladstone said that the government is avoiding dissolution as a man with a bad tooth avoids dentistry. The recent bye elections for members of the House of Commons had set the seal of doom along an endured iniquity, and pointed to the beginning of an era of peace.

Chaplains and Nuns in the War.

THE Rev. P. P. Cooney, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame, has started on a tour of the United States to collect material for a history of the services of Catholic chaplains and nuns during the war in both the Northern and Southern armies. Father Cooney served through the war as chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Indiana Regiment, and the religious order to which he belongs, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was the first to offer its services for the sick and wounded to the Federal Government. Six of its priests were chaplains in the Northern army, and fifty of its nuns served in hospitals. Father Cooney expects to gather much matter of historical interest. He has obtained permission to examine the archives of the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph, and other religious communities whose members labored both in the field and in the army hospitals. Father Cooney was called "The Fighting Chaplain" during the war, and it is said that he deserves much of the credit for the Act of Congress in 1862, making the rank of chaplain.

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